

No 6 Cushing Street,

Providence, Apr 5, 1888.

Walter Deane, Esq.,

Dear Sir,

I write to inform
you that my article on Dr Gray in
the Providence Journal, has been copied
by the "Providence Cross" and you can
obtain it in this way.

Your remarks on
Potomac correspondence I can well
understand. Some of my dearest friends
have been made in this way, and not
a few of them, in this country and in
Europe, are personally strangers to me.
In the first few words of a man's letter
I generally know if he is a good fellow.
My style of reply is adapted to that
interpretation, I can be as formal as the
White Stick in writing, if need be.

My health is miserable. I caught
cold in your Cambridge horse case, and
I begin to think that rheumatism has
come to stay. It lasted it here about
now two months, accompanied by extreme
hangover, my work has been sadly broken up.

well! after 45, I suppose a man
must expect it, and I have had a
direct experience of it and doubt,

My crotch - feel is in full
flower - and Mithras is prophetic!
Which I saw a little profit of mine
own!

Truly yours ever
W. W. Bailey

No 6 Crushing St,

Providence, Apr 16, 88

My Dear Mr Deane,

I shall be happy to
send you a photo - as soon
as the Sun-god can help
the artist. This face is
now concealed by a north-
west cloud - and it is cold
and dreary withal. To de-
scend abruptly from metaphor,
I at present have no extra
pictures and must sit a
gain. I was pleased to learn
yesterday from my cousin
Mr T. B. Bailey - that he knew

you, This gives you a local
habitation as it were. You
is a point of crystallization,
as it were, around which
I can gather various floating
ideas, and give 'em form.

Chas Bailey of Manchester
England, sends me a charming
notice of Dr Gray. He quotes
part of my own.

You should join me
this summer on a trip to
Worcester Park in the State, for
Rhodesianism, Tolstain, Lovel-
lanthes etc. Don't that title
of far length you intend? And
the Chem (!!!). What shall

I say of that excellent and
excellent Li valve?

Shun a spot where Hepatic's grow - and
on a rock near it - Campitoma, think of an
else about the 25th inst. - with the records
and the chapters - and the all unseen
features that the world - dare say know.

Yours ever cordially
W. M. Bailey

Providence, April 19th 1888

My Dear Sir, The woods are free
of 'em; I mean those articles of mine
you refer to, I have at it, in "prose
and verse" for over twenty years,
I send you one or two excerpts I happen
to have by me. I have three big scrap-
books full. Of course I know Mrs
Morgan, and am pleased to learn
that she is so emphatic in re-calling
me. Now you have found me, no
doubt I shall haunt you like a Frank-
enstein, or a McHyde, or some such
unmeaning creation, Better take warning
at once and swallow the preventive pow-
der.

Yours truly
W. Whitman Bailey

for the Providence Journal, mostly
on botanical matters, since 1868,
Have been a contributor also to
the American Naturalist, Appalachia,
American Entomologist, The Adeline,
Appalachian Journal, The Independent,
Xenophon, Conting, Lucia Cress,
N. E. Journal of Education, N. E.
Teacher, Port Gazette, Torrey Bulletin
Johnson's Cyclopaedia etc, Most of
my work (in quantity) has been in
the Providence papers. The less
quality perhaps, in the Gazette
and Bulletin, But certain poems,
like "Cecropia", "Hepatica" etc, have
had a wide circulation, and keep
cropping up. My work is very un-
even; perhaps the worst of my
having to grub for a living. Pay-
ment will not always tell.

There is enough of per-
sonal matter, except that I want to
tell you that the next Gazette
will contain a sketch of my further

Cushing St.,
Providence, May 1, 1888.

Dear Mr Deane,

I am glad that my
"straw" tickled you. Perhaps you
are not aware that I am the
creator of the Olney Herbarium
- as well as all others that be-
long to Brown Univ. The duplicates
I sent you are the partial learnings
of the Exsiccatæ he was isomizing
in the last dump of his life. I can
add many more if you care for
them. It is more blessed to give than
to receive, and every botanist knows
the delight of receiving a new pack-
age of good specimens. Conversely,
who can tell his horror at a bad
lot! My expenses include both
conservation, since 1882 I have collected
but very little, In that year, I

spent the summer with my
young wife (Hesed days never
to be forgotten!), at my old home
at West Point, N.Y. And after-
wards at Iaconia, N.H., and
forth places I collected abundantly.
My wife and I had a real letter
day on Mt Lafayette, N.H. How
how long ago it seems! and now,
to think of it, I am hickered out
in a mile. I have been in wretched
health ever since my sad visit
to Cambridge. Besides chronic
muscular rheumatism, I am
troubled with extreme weak-
ness. Some days I can barely
write a letter. I begin to feel blue
about it, especially as my little
family are wholly unsympathetic for.
This winter, indeed, I have been
in extrema as to means, my
college salary - \$1350 - is not

adequate, but I see no hope of
betterment. I wish some other place
would only dangle a handsome
bit before mine eyes. I need
I live to the book? Oh no! Per-
haps not, But I am getting old
and antiquated in my thoughts
and methods - and am not of
the class. If, however, I had the
spark of ten years ago, I would
strike a little fire still.

With me the Spring is such
hard. Still, we now have Hæmorrhoids,
Cæmorrhoids, Hepatitis, Fluor not etc.,
I have had two short walks, but
the Dr says I must go it carefully
and slowly. Those two completely
exhausted me. You sometimes ask
about my published work. Come
proper you may like to see, published
in "Education" (3 Tommaset St, Boston)
last summer - on the "Colloquia of
Botany". I have written countless

which I hope you will see. If you
desire autographs - perhaps I can
give you them. My own list of
autographs contains personal letters
from Charles Darwin, Asa Gray,
James D. Dana, James Hurl, Dr
Chester, Wm H. Brewer, D. C.
Cotton, Tuckerman, Lesquerant, Christ,
Crepin, J. W. Higginson, W. D. Howells,
R. H. Stoddard, (Allan Cunningham
- auto in a book) - and a host of
others. I think by application to
Mr Frank J. Cheney, Providence
you can either obtain a history of
S. I. C. or learn where you can
get one. If I can in any way do it,
I hope this summer to re-visit
my always dearly loved home
- West Point, a change of air
of some sort has become imper-
ative, my native scene - I think
will help me.

I had the jolliest time of a
time last night at Pawtucket
at a G. A. R. meeting. I made,
as a visitor, my second speech
of my life, as it cluttered up the
house - I don't feel so bad as
I did. I enjoy this organization ex-
tremely, I belong to it in virtue of
service in 1862 in 10th Re. I. Vols.

But, compound it, there
I am talking again - in what
Thacheray calls the "long
winded". But, after all, I know
more about that elevated letter
than any other, and a rule of
composition is to confine yourself
to your knowledge - unless pos-
sessed of some imagination. Hence
failing me then, I have scribbled
too much about you ever
W. W. Benson

Pawtucket, May 19, 1868.

My Dear Friend,

You emphasize the fact that all men who are born free and equal, untrammelled by previous conditions of servitude, and imbued with Saxon blood, have, at some time, either lived in Rhode Island; or emigrated there from; or had parents who resided there; or fed of all, picked up their wives there, for what is like a Rhode Island lesson when all is said and done? Witness my hand and official seal!

Remember well when Dr Coolidge was here, I used - at that time, to attend Grace Church, but often went to St John's.

Yes! the Is in Olney is silent - Foresters, Thos; we have a silent Olneyville, "Alon" in Pawtucket, is always "Ethan", as to my service in the Army - I was soon in it. But in the war I was a private in the 10th Co, I. Vols, a three months regiment. I am a member of the the G. A. Co. Never has in action.

I am glad to hear of my friend Bailey's good luck. According to Tolstoi

Genius has nothing to do with it; even
Napoleon did not influence his father;
it was the men, and circumstances,
Somehow, although I despise the Great
Emperor as a man, I cannot help
thinking he had a vast deal to do
with military matters, and that the Johnny
Crapauds - had it not been for them,
would have stayed at home - or gone to
the devil (as they then seemed anxious
to do) in some other way.

I send you a sketch of my
father. I should feel better, almost it had
better alluded to my distinguished father
and less to

Yours truly
W. Whitman Bailey

Dear Friend,

I send you a sketch, which
please return, the blank leaves
at the end were of no consequence,

Thanks for Bailey's letter, which
I transmit, am rich as death
with a bilious head-ache, dry
head is tight - but my heart
(heigho!) heavy as lead,

Yours ever

(W.W.) Bailey

May 25, 1888

G. Cushing St

Providence, R.I.

No 6 Cushing St.

Providence, June 11. 58.

My Dear Mr Deane,

I wish you had copied my paper, some one would then have the facts correctly put. It is surprising what errors creep into such a simple thing as a narrative. In the recent Psalms Catalogue, the dates of events in my life are wrong - and the editor, too, had them right before his eyes. Rather suggestive tho. of the falsities of history, whom are we to believe?

Do not think I looked over the proof. No man, when well, is of a happier disposition than I. Lately I have been ill, very ill, and that may color my remarks. One cannot endure false narrations for ever.

My position here, too, gives me
much anxiety. No one in au-
thority thinks Botany of any
consequence. I am poorly paid
- and, except by the students, little
valued. Nor do I see any hope
ahead. I asked for increased
pay lately - and my request is
not almost with contempt. Here
I a young man - they should
hear from me yet!

I am going for the summer
to my old home, West Point on
the Hudson. I may be gone
two months. I expect to leave
here about July 1st with my
friend Denton. I shall scan those
old files. Look for results in
the Gazette & Bulletin.

I shall endeavor to hunt
you up a letter of my father's.

Perhaps I have others that
I can spare. Our Class Day
comes next Friday and I am
virtually through my work, now
for novels and Noviana.
I have seen very little of the
books this Spring - no strength.
But I hope it may come.

Your letters are always
welcome and will be answered
promptly - if not to the purpose -
By Yours in the Truth
of the Far Science
W. Whitman Bailey

No 6 Cushing Street,
Thanksgiving Day.
1866.

My Dear Friend,

I did indeed forget
to answer about the printer.
Please send me a list of
your desiderata - and I will
see what I can do. Our list
of duplicates is large; we
may be happy to make them
useful. I have just done up
for you a picture of my two
children and myself. They
are creatures of rare promise
and the delight of my life.

I was sorry to learn
that your wife had been ill.
I trust all is well with her now.

In the first of this day
"may good digestion wait
on appetite, and health on
loth". As for me, I am never
so cautious as on these days
of festivity, Pickers turke for
me in all pies, puddings, and
pastry. Let me know, please,
if the picture wins you. I
do not require you to praise
'em.

Truly yours
W. W. Barry

at West Point, but was ill much
of the time, I left my family
at home, Mr E. S. Denton and
myself had a few chairs.
Every thing was done to make
it easy for me. The Post Sur-
geon advised me to do no
work or study. I looked, read
novels, letters, and wrote to
my wife and Flessel Tobias.
We are well at home -
the little ones - Lord Halcott -
Leroy and his sister, growing
in all grace and interest. By
the by - did I ever send you
my picture or chairs? Reply
at once ere I send 'em to some
other omnivore.

Yes! It did rain and
flow here last night, and is
raining now. The Captains,
Sergeants and the pumpkins. It's

rough on the passengers.
Must ever W. W. Bailey

No 6 Cushing Lt.

Providence,

Nov 26, 1888.

My Dear Friend,

Funny, is it not?
who says that there are
not mysterious chains, and
affinities and sympathies?
The Fox people are hum-
bugs, and all that mental
cure business is a farce
and a humbug. But please
tell me how I should happen
to think of you just when
you did of me. Don't for a
minute credit me with any
serious belief in influences
and all that. I am the
most sceptical and ancient-
sinned of men. It was two in

me, Well, to answer your kind
query, I am, after a poor
fashion better, as contrasted
with last Spring, much better,
but not my old self, I doubt
if I can ever again climb Mt.
Lafayette or do my fifteen
miles a day, I am never free
from some pain, mostly in the
back of the head, often it is
horrible, I should say the
neck, rather than the head,
with this I have an insuffer-
able buzzing of one ear; the
sound of a big saw or mill
wheel. I do my lecture work
generally, but missal two
hours this week, Extra work,
which I once could do easily
now tells on me, There is
an accursed language ac-
companied the winter, but

the great difficulty, after all
is pain. Had you not asked
me I would not have in-
fringed upon you the story of
my woes. Last week I read
before the R. I. Tailors and
Soldiers' Hist Society - a paper
on "My Bygones at West Point,"
It took amazingly, next week
I read an essay before the
"Woman's Club" on the Flora
of R. I. By the by, Mr. J. L.
Bennett's Catalogue of R. I.
Plants just out, is obtain-
able of "J. White & Proctor, Prov",
I hope sometime, to take
you to Warden's Pond, and add
you a rubrical day to your life.
"O Botany, delightful of
all sciences, there is no end
to thy gratification!"
I spent the summer

My Dear Friend Deane,
Whom I have not ~~yet~~ seen,
You will think it quite mean,
Absurd, too, I wren,
That I forgot quite -
When last I did write,
To ask you, who might
Have a picture to spare,
To send it "with care".
To fill a neat niche
In my album for "Dick".
Believe me for which
Obliged in advance.
Then if ~~you~~ ^{you} can spare,
In the holidays, too,
I should hope to see you,
I'd Humbly? Do - Action!
W. W. Bailey

Providence, Dec 3, 1888.

P.S. I have just written, by request,
a paper on the "Flora of the Battle-field" for
a G. A. R. paper, I alluded to some time since.

Here all my funny printed
him; he's (perfectly) lovely!
The note is filled, W. W. B.

As to the dates of mine,
The "lots" were taken last spring,
Whit was taken April 2d - 1885,
Mey " " Oct 12th 1885

My picture was taken a year
ago this month, I shall be
46 on the 22^d of Feb next,

Your pet cat shall be
returned soon and safely. Your
chryses show the offshoots. They
triple my displeasure (?) - which
are and feel responsive to the
Cresura. So glad about the
Manual, Every thing is now
without one, I am tired - and
a-proposseme, Thine -

W. W. B.

Prov. Dec '7, 1885.

6 Cushing St, Providence, Dec 23, 88

Just up from a serious illness, or I would have answered your question. Will be delighted to see you. Come Friday on the 10'clock Shore Line. It reaches here about 2.30. That will give us the afternoon.

Very truly yours

W. W. Bailey

This has been the worst of many full-blown; my old enemy - Rheumatism.

NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.



Walter Deane, Esq.

5 Brewster Place,

Cum gratia -

Mrs.

No 6 Cushing Street,
Providence, Dec 26, 88,

Dear Friend Deane,

I shall ever welcome
the Friday or any other day
that shall come. But look out
for the mermaids on Friday!
Domestic difficulties made me
cancel Thursday - one of those
things "those stupid men" never
think of till they consult the
women. Thursday I was sure is
sneaking day - and Galvin with
his horn would not interrupt those
proceedings. Yes! I have been

sick enough. But I look forward
with joy to your visit and personal
acquaintance. I wonder if we'll
fight after we know each other!

You compliment me on resiliency
of resource. Try me once on math-
ematics - and see my Hylæstæne's
contrast. In place of the Greek

of figures - my Crabum con-
tains a vast racing - or if the
space is filled at all, it's with
some of Joseph Corbin (not the
actual) prophesies; He doesn't
understand him, and I don't mind,

Goodale and J. Deane
Smith at a dinner, "how!!"
"Wall I had been there!" I
don't know Smith, but I do Goodale,
and can swear he shines over
the board as the setting sun
on the horizon. We all had a

fine Xmas - especially Whit
and Peg - though they now tickle
a little over the Perquimans.

I shall expect you then
at 2, 30, my house stands
as an acropolis - at top of hill
just off from Prospero Terrace.
Bring an nice direct you.

Do you smoke? Thank
you, yes! I like to be a cigar?

Yours truly
W. W. Bailey

My Dear Deane,

I am able to gather up a few of
the missing data, "My muse Cates and thus
she is delirious", See Mr. Jago Barrett Booth,

- > *Carex stricta* - New Jersey, C. F. Parker, (S. a.)
" " *polymorpha*, Providence, June 25, 1868, Olney
" " *Schneinitzii*, New York, Cowles, (S. a.)
" " *flaccosperma*, III. 17, Cat. Bor. Am.,
" " *Chenopodioides*, Alabama, Peters (S. a.)
" " *miliacea*, Oriskany, N. Y. Vasey (S. a.)
" " *reticulata*, Providence, Olney 1871,
" " *hypoleuca*, Lily Lake, St. John, W. B. Parker, (S. a.)
" " *Grayii*, Hubbardston, Mich., C. F. Wheeler (S. a.)
" " *Halei*, Texas, Hall, (S. a.)
" " *Boottiana*, Worcester, Alabama, T. M. Peters (S. a.)
" " *sternisera*, Providence, Olney (S. a.)
" " *straminea*

Gonna intermedia, Hob., with the typical plant;
more frequently growing on same rootstock, with both globose
and clavate spikelets,

Pellis, sp. nov., Olney, MSS, Bor. Am. -

2. *Hob.*, sub-arctic America, China, Charleston and
Kinsieutt, Rocky Mts., E. Hall, Madelon
Wisconsin, I. J. Hale, Fountainebleau, Ill., Pitt,
Chen Island, Canada, New York. (S. a.),

→ *Lagopodiscus*,

E. Providence, July 16, 1871,

→ *grisea*, Wake 1803, Gray, Gr. Man 552, 1848,
C. *laxiflora*, Schk non Lamourch, Pucob 1, 43,
1814, *Hob.*, Penn Yan, N. Y., Sartwell,

→ *platyphylla*, (My specimens are from Geo Hunt,
Legit, Crown Lake, Arkansas, N. Y.,)

→ *untellata*, Providence, Oregon,

All these I have looked up in my
own set, but must run over the B. W. Herk for the
others, I tried in me not to think of it, But then
my gray matter is not what it once was, and
exhibits much fit.

→ *Briza media*,

J. L. Bennett, Legit,

Fort Monroe, Va., (S. a.),

If you are up on Libaries & Cataloging (I don't think the
in deference to the times) you will know that S. a., means
since now, But I find it is impossible to calculate

Upon what any man don't know, You seem to be
 of much the same opinion, as you give me detailed
 instructions for picking and sewing labels, I laughed.
 My question merely referred to the present mail selling,
 They are never the same two years in succession,
 My trouble was ill put up, but then so am I, and
 God help us all!

As to Scipione Clistori, I took the label
 in the paper without comment. I will see what is
 the matter.

I was taken (metaphorically) off my legs the other
 day by a letter from Mr. Moore, Manager of the
 Garden & Forest, saying it was to send me for the
 year free. Allah il Allah! "They in who too we
 love can die," Blessed is charity, and man-
 kind is a much mislaid race, There are men
 that are righters, One of 'em lives in Cambridge,
 but I won't mention him. Discipline must be
 maintained!

Yours & yours
 W. W. Bailey

Reading List, No.I. 1888-9.

1. Flowers, their Origin, Shape, etc. Taylor.
2. A Tour in Lapland. Linnaeus.
3. Scripture Natural History. Trees and Plants
Mentioned in the Bible. W.H. Groser.
4. Les Sciences et les Savants. De-Candolle.
5. The Colors of Flowers. Grant Allen.
6. Plant Names. Earle.
7. The Voyage of the Beagle. Darwin.
8. Shakspeare Flora. Griadon.
9. The Orchids of New England. Baldwin.
10. Himalaya Journals J.D. Hooker.
11. Natural History of Selborne. Gilbert White
12. Animals and Plants Under Domestication.
Darwin.
13. Life of Charles Darwin, by Francis Darwin.
14. Life of Agassiz, by his wife.

Reading List, No. 2. 1883-9.

1. Flowers, their Origin, Shape, etc. Taylor.
2. A Tour in Lapland. Linnaeus.
3. Scripture Natural History. Trees and Plants

Mentioned in the Bible. W. H. Groser.

4. Les Sciences et les Savants. De-Candolle.
5. The Colors of Flowers. Grant Allen.
6. Plant Names. Earle.
7. The Voyage of the Beagle. Darwin.
8. Shakspear Flora. Grindon.
9. The Orchids of New England. Baldwin.
- 10 Himalaya Journals. J. D. Hooker.
- 11 Natural History of Selborne. Gilbert White.
12. Animals and Plants Under Domestication.

Darwin.

13. Life of Agassiz, by his wife.
14. Life of Charles Darwin, by Francis Darwin.

Reading List No I 1888-9.

1. Travels in South America, Ball.
2. Morocco, Hooker and Ball.
3. "Origin of Floral Structure" Henslow.
4. A Voyage to Ceylon, Hœckel.
5. A Naturalist in Nicaragua, Belt.
6. A Naturalist on the Amazons, Bates.
7. The Geographical Distribution of Plants.
by W. T. Thistleton-Dyer.
8. Movement in Plants, Chas Darwin.
9. "Darwiniana," Asa Gray.
10. Origin of Cultivated Plants, De-Candolle.
11. Address by W. T. Thistleton-Dyer, before
British Association, 1888 Nature, Vol.
38, Sep. 13th.
12. Wanderings in South America by Waterton.

Reading List No II 1888-9.

1. Travels in South America, Ball.
2. Morocco, Hooker and Ball.
3. "Origin of Floral Structure" Henslow.
4. A Voyage to Ceylon, Heeckel.
5. A Naturalist in Nicaragua, Belt.
6. A Naturalist on the Amazon, Bates.
7. The Geographical Distribution of Plants.
by W. T. Thistleton-Dyer.
8. Movement in Plants. Chas Darwin.
9. "Darwiniana," Asa Gray.
10. Origin of Cultivated Plants, De-Candolle.
11. Address by W. T. Thistleton-Dyer, before
British Association, 1888 Nature, Vol.
38, Sep. 13th.
12. Wanderings in South America by Waterton.

List No. 3, 1888-9.

1. Vegetable Mould and Earthworms. Darwin.
2. Out Door papers. T. W. Higginson.
3. Walden, H. W. Thoreau.
4. The Maine Woods. Thoreau.
5. Birds in the Bush. Bradford. Torrey.
6. Waste place Wanderings. Abbott
7. Byways of New England. Wilson Flaggs.
8. Flowers and their Pedigrees. Grant Allen.
9. The Life of Frank Buckland.
10. Hortus Inclusus. John Ruskin.
11. Aspects of Nature, Humboldt.
12. Goethes Theory of Metamorphosis of the Flower
Vol. I. Journal of Botany.
13. Life of Goethe Lewes.
14. China, Tartary, and Thibet. Huc and Gabet.
15. Travels in Madagascar. Ellis.

List No. 3, 1888-9.

1. Vegetable Mould and Earthworms. Darwin.
2. Out Door papers. T. W. Higginson.
3. Walden, H. W. Thoreau.
4. The Maine Woods. Thoreau.
5. Birds in the Bush. Bradford. Torrey.
6. Waste place Wanderings. Abbott.
7. Byways of New England. Wilson Flagg.
8. Flowers and their Pedigrees. Grant Allen.
9. The Life of Frank Buckland.
10. Hortus Inclusus. John Ruskin.
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Vol. I. Journal of Botany.
13. Life of Goethe. Lewes.
14. China, Tartary, and Thibet. Hue and Gabet.
15. Travels in Madagascar. Ellis.

Dear Friend, Prov. Jan 5, 1889,

The photos came all right, 1000
thanks! Glad if you had a good time.
He did in receiving you. Yes! I can
load you with clauses. Dr. Jefferson was
as free as ever, I wanted to know, 'any
conventional restrictions placed.

I see Goodale is to give Garden
& Forest a dose of Physiology! I wish I
could take it, my first lecture in Carl's
course not much approved.
Yours W. W. Bailey



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE

Walter A. Lane
5 JAN 5 10 PM
Winter Place
Cambridge
Mass

of history, for the rectitude of an
intention, do they declare that
said package shall in good time
be forthcoming, Done at Providence
- and signed with our official seal
- a Bullock pamphlet.

I wish I could be by when
you open the bundle, which is like
the receipt of a package of flats,
How the recipient trembles and
pines, how the red corpuscles
dance through his arteries; how
vibrant becomes his spine and
chest! I mean, of course, if he
does not find a pile of disintegrated
leaves and inflorescences, mil-
dewed and "mashed", with the labels
tried to run with pack thread, and
no breakfast or date given, (yes, I
have seen these, and though hass-
ling as a mercenary man, I would de-
vote such a correspondent to prison at
Fort - and six months in Canada,
May you sleep as sweetly as any
mimosa! Yours in the Gay Science
W. W. Brown

Providence, Jan 17th 1869,

My Dear Deane,

Your letter reminds
me of a common experience, Did
it ever happen to you, that when
dinner were all around, when
Chinamen clamored for "two little"
for washing your single shirt, when
smokers threatened you with their
little awl; tailors boycotting
you at the grocery; the grocer
sparing eggs and butter, and, as
with Collier Little, the shop fell -
my generally, to have some provision
and give a note in this line;

"Inclosed please find \$20.00
for your poem on Spring!"
You jump with joy at the figures
- but find the artist has failed
to sign the cheque, and you are
left to speak left? Such was the ef-
fect of your recent despatch from
your dotting friend, so careful in
those days that Bailey -

Lifted up his voice, and did
prophesy - saying - 'Much more
shall descend upon him of
Cambridge, you and unto the
strong within his gates, In the
time of the Rethench Grover he
shall peak and pine, and in
the reign of Benjamin shall he
Tornish, was much as he dealt
thus with the righteous!

But seriously - I wondered
if my great ancestor's letter reached
you, I had not a blot for mine,
As "my Pa", as chip Lyman says
 seldom signed his full name, I
was lucky to secure this for you,
"I would I had seen there!" I
mean at that supper where you sat
yet the Colonel Pantown, you and
Mr Holmes, Last night I had
a blot again; my meningitis
"pletue me" - and today I have
Lugged the horse, Indeed, every
body has left all out-of-doors
to Bressa today, and he took

advantage of his freedom, my
Louse shook like an Asunder.
You see I am nothing if not tacti-
cal. And "Aunt I relative!" What
will your wife think of me? Tell her
of the food clown in the coars, who
thru's 200000000 on the asaw,
spits the sides of the (many-sided)
public! - And then goes home to a
guin and 200000000 - when his
wife Ben can extract no word from
him. He is the earliest man a
hie! Then in the course of human
events it becomes necessary for one
man to explain why he delays send-
ing Carica to another, a decent re-
spect for the opinions of the Tortoise
would compel him to declare the
causes of the detention. These are
1st Meningitis - a something
compounded of
2^d Chronic inertia, Incurable,
3^d Other business, domestic and
academic,
4th A desire to add to the Council,
Praiseworthy,
he therefore, relying on the judgment

No 6 Cushing Street,
Providence, Jan' 24th, 1889.

My Dear Deane,

I spent all the morning in a
chase after your remaining data. The mountain
lobes and these little volents are the insignif-
icant rest.

Angustata, as yet within
sterilis, Cedar Swamp near Waterford, d. f.
Parker,

Schweinitzii, New York, Canada, (State
or city - which?)

sub-fusca, Summit Camp, Lewis Ac-
veda, Kellogg, 1870

flaccosperma, near Catala, but no data,
squarrosa, nothing!!

gymanthes " "
ampullacea " "

The regular herbarium I have not yet consulted,
this may bring the information, often the range
is given but not the special locality, I understand
a lot of stuff I have not sent you, from St. Louis,

Junco phaeocephalus, var gracilis, Herin. Rev.,
 Thurnmont Comp.

And now, as this is College Week, I must
 ask for a return, what shall it be? Well, if you
 can raise Phoebe golacifolia, we have it not.
 Then send me any Louisiana Mississippi stuff, or
 foreign, Mexican, Central American, Europe, and
 Samoa, if the General don't gobble it before we
 try - I will get them. By the by, I should like to
 see those Dutch men holliped; they are getting
Two - tone!

What I have suffered for these days
 no man knows. Ask your medicine friends
 what is the matter with a man who has a per-
 manent ache in his neck, often extending over the
 head, loose throat, and get the credit of cur-
 ing a bad case (in my sense of the word, God
 help me!) At this moment I write another in cot-
 ton balm. with Asperula L. Canadensis, Yes! it
 stings, even beyond the burning of first love
 or the fellow with the "three small mice",

As to the Reading Lists, they are those

that I receive from line to line for my students -
 - an outside reading; A few appreciate them,
 I think they are good; then another no doubt
 concerned them excellent; I did not hesitate to add
 a novel - if, as in some of Kingsley's, science is
 shipples interspersed.

I can not stand it any
 longer. Then!! I belong to a stiff-necked, if
 not the other and more generous; my lower
 limbs are withering, my root-hairs are falling
 off; my stomach clogged. My inflorescence is in-
 determinate - possibly in Capitulum. Each cell
 has constructed its protoplasm. Fungi have
 established themselves in all sorts of places,
 Leichens increase my task. The little Tubercles
 are, however well, Like the Agave - I am
 proportionate to that degree, The main stem
 perishes; the young plants thrive upon it.

In agonizing distress,
 I throw down the pen -
 Thine W. W. B.

My Dear Deane,

I send you herewith an Autograph of Professor Henry L. Remick ("Old Dad"), my father's successor at West Point, one of the greatest and best of men, and the bravest of soldiers. He is known all through the old Army, and now lives at Union League Club, N.Y.

I also send you, and please return it after perusal, a Letter of Dr. Christi. It will tell you very cozily.

C. flaccidus, as near as I can make out, is C. grisea, Porter Ent., Franklin Co., Pa., 1850.

As to your question. There is no objection to money recompense; we have a thousand needs for it, and I don't know what to ask. I will leave that to you. I think I could find you some few new Caries.

Foraythia suspensa has flown here all winter out-of-door, in Pennsylvania. It was very ill yesterday - though kept warm. Better today. Miss B. and the "Zots" are well. I

Dear now than delicious justice,

Yours ever-

W. W. Bailey

Providence Feb 2^d, 1889,

P.S. On the 22^d George &
I will celebrate our birthday,
He will be a hundred and
some considerable odd, and
I 46, The discrepancies, of
course, cease there.

question, And they are getting
interesting. Read Sachs! He
"Hef his finger me!" all the
way. He is quite a chief, but
to Anglo-Saxon ears this per-
sonal honor-Homage is offensive.
And are the poor French under
Bismarck any kind of opponents,
I fear not. This is an answer to

some 1/2 dozen of your letters.
Their reproachful prices - if letters
can be thus persecuted, look at
me from all corners of the letter.
Hail I you from of a "ready
quitter" - it should not be thus.
I would keep square with you.

The dear, God blessed two
are well; two thirds of them
asleep. The other decimate of
their vulgar fraction - are dis-
charging felicitous obligations, Con-
sider me paid!

Who's a day-dog!

Yours - W. W. Bailey

Dear Friend, Profr. St. Valentini's,
1889,

Translation of the cuneiform
inscription. supposed to
have been engraved by one
philosopher, yea a student of
yours in the 4th year, last
month of Gresser the Demo-
crat, his met!

Carex grisea.

Texas.

Hall, Legit.
"Wearer the type of the species,
having the long indented peri-
gynia," Olney.

The accompanying label is
undoubtedly Kellogg's.

I am still in some fog about
that Carex flaccosperma.

By the way, my friend Dr Christ
is a Carex "sharp". Many how
these worthless weeds have attained
at great minds. There is something
in it more than common, "if I philosophize"

could print it out!"

The simple notion of your desiring to join a class of mine, you who sit as it were at the feet of the Gamahien of the Post-annie Garden, 'why! my dear fellow, my lessons are the broadest and most liberal, I know not little more. If I like of - say the "Anatomy of Botany" I am stumped. No, it is lucky that I am so soon to pass on and leave the guidance of youth to better hands. I have had my little day.

Yes! the last number of Gazette & Bulletin look fine. To tell the truth I have not yet read them. I shall first; peruse afterwards. I have lately had a superb lot of plants from E. Wilkinian Mansfield, Ohio; all from Christmas, Baileys turned up again!

Abarons, according to your extract appears to be having the

part of time that I presume kept Noah. But - I forget, that for many navigators had very few of a kind. With you \$4.00, I purchased some mounting paper headed in the flesh.

I have had no more reading lists of late. I am myself, Charles Baynes' American Coar-munteseth. I have always had their curious crossing of purposes. I have been a truly immense reader; not omnivorous either, for I always abstained when I considered trash. But desultory is no word for me. I should have been a literary man. I know that I mix both my vocations. Not that I do not love science dearly, but very poor widdle cannot grasp all their modern stuff of the German school. By the by, is it not true that the Germans were well overlopped by somebody? who is to do it? That's the painful

My Dear Friend,

Your ticket-paid is at hand,
Many thanks! Am glad to surmise, if not
to definitely learn, that there is a hope of
receiving the Gazette anon, Notice the new
spelling below, Oh! these type-setters; they
will craze me yet, "I am not mad, but soon
shall be!" Truly yours ever

PROFESSOR W. WHITMAN BAILEY,

will organize a class for the study of Botany on
Saturday, February 16th, at 11 A. M.

The course will embrace twelve practical lessons,
with lectures and laboratory work. All instruments
and material provided.

Terms, \$5.00 per individual for the course.

For place of meeting and all other information,
apply to No. 6 Cushing Street.

Feb. 1889.

Providence, Feb 6. 1889.

Dear Mr Deane,

Yea! \$4.00 will be satisfactory. I am sorry the things were not properly localized, but, as you see, they are very random now. Please tell me at once, if convenient, whether you have rec'd the January number of the Gazette. I have not though I paid in New York for money-order. I wrote the other day to Conster by mail but am not sure that I posted it. What is life or home without the Gazette? As Packard says "The Periodicals are our inspiration!"

I don't feel at all funny, nor even fretting this morning. So Ta! Ta!

Yours truly
W. W. B.

Providence, Feb 22^d, 1889,

My Dear Friend, It was thoughtful
and kind to remember my natal day,
46 cycles look down upon you, as
Napoleon said, from the summit of
my pyramid of years.

I have celebrated, first, by walk-
ing out to Cat Swamp, my botanical
Museum, and getting some pursies
and other tags (Horn can!), and
then taking Whit down to see the mil-
itary procession. Whif they had a cold
and couldn't go, so we bought her a
miniature of the dear old flag. May
all its stars shine undimmed on my
children and theirs! Tonight - Commem-
der Bartlett (late W. S. Hydrographer)
is to read before Prescott Post, G. A. R.,
about the "Passage of the Jeter Fellow
New Orleans" by Haragut, "part of
which he was", my niece is to play
on the violin, my part is as an
Irish sleeper, to applaud at in the
proper places. Mrs Bailey says that my

Class has become the "freshie", As
a matter of fact many ladies of the
journal. The more the merrier; it means
sequence, no doubts, and perhaps I
don't need 'em, oh no?

I have the King Devil, also
the Anemolyns, Yea! the Gazette &
Bulletin's new price. My new Gazette
Journal of to day

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No 6 Cushing Street.

Providence, Mass. 10, 1889,

Yes, My Dear Deane, I could no doubt
send you many things. For instance, I have
quite a number of Garcia duplicates, all fine,
from Florida, Possibly some of Conzalez's (not
so fine) from California, and several ferns
from the Plant duplicates. I dare say, too, there
are other Causes. What you ought to do is to
come down here and look 'em over. Do you
carry any dups yourself? I should like to see
my personal thanks.

When old Dr Torrey was nearly 80, and
I was with him in N. Y. he came in one
day with a lot of chandeliers, shepherd's-pens
and the like. He said he had put off col-
lecting them all his life, because they were
right at hand. Now, he must have them,

Gambler's of age! I find myself growing
increasingly reminiscent. Well, it is a harm-
less folly. As the poets say "Let it pass!"

Last eve I had a little reception at my house for my college Botany class, Mr Bailey, shone as hostess; my niece as star of the 2^d magnitude, and we had three pleiad friends. I took the part of cerat's comet, with wild hair and (swallow) tail, he had a milky way of cream, and a meteoric shower of other effluences. Music of the spheres, he responded dangerously near the Lord's key - and that too, in Lent, Peck - here I.

I am reminded of a funny joke on our Poor-Journal. You must be up in your cosmological matters to appreciate, my brother, a good chummen, too, from such ignorance, how we part. The article read somewhat in this wise, "The clock on Grace Church, which for some months has caused passage by to break the seventh commandment, is now mended." Now, you will own here is a sad state of things. Since Tristan Thorney there is nothing like unto it.

Yrs, truly, from
W. W. B.

My Dear Deane,

If I may be thus familiar, allow me to exhibit some pretty specimens of English as she is printed by ye ambitious German. Nothing could be more rich, unless, when! you and I perchance, should essay the venture, "Speak for yourself, John!" I hear you say, "But what a jolly mess I should make of it!" Now do let me have these back.

My Spring recess will begin on Thursday next - and last about ten days. Can you not then come down and struggle with Carey?

Now I am going to make you envious, yea, I shall glow over you, and winet (i.e. dance upon) you and jibe you. I found today - in FLOWERS, March 26, 1889, Houstonia caerulea!

This is my earliest recorded date of 26 years collecting. Dear little Peter, how I love 'em! Don't you?

Can Mass^{ts} that Kissel
Roger (and send him right!)
copy this? Are not Maria
and Phoebe better than the
Charles, the Core superior to the
Frog Pond? Come and see!

One thing I do beg you, I
want to hear the German opera,
but then, if it were here I could
not. I am flat broke; have not
horse-car fare to Pawtucket. I spent
my last winter penny on Booth
and Barrett last week.

For the same good and suffi-
cient reasons I cannot run down
to see you, with whom my soul
abides. Think of me often. I am
daily on my ace terrace, not breathing
the mine air, drinking in floss
from my cress-cups. They are
in their glory.

Cordially yours
W. W. Bailey

Mar. 2, 1859. New York.

Providence, Mar. 30, 1889,

My Dear Deane,

I have now for some years noted certain indications in myself of molluscan cerebration. But then to think of the post-man ever thinking that there was a place called Cambridge and under its lusher a light hidden from the world called Deane! Well, I forgive you. Don't come on a Friday. And above all on Good Friday. The day you know is unlucky since Pharoah started on his travels to the time of the ancient Mariner, and the Mermaid with the glass. Come when thou wilt, however, and thou art welcome. (Style derived from recent attendance on Ethel, the Foulie Range, etc). Have any one sent you the little Pipridanthus this year? It is one of the loveliest things in Jersey. It is a mistake that we don't have it.

I promised Mrs. Robinson,

2.

our President's wife, who is of my
Botany class, to show the members
how to analyze by the Fifth Lesson,
I did it in the 5th and botany
book up Compositae, and had them
look at, describe, and name
for themselves Eupatorium agnatum,
S. guarea muricata maum
circumspice! It is erected by the
grateful hands of such classes.

There grows in the Botanic
Garden - very early, a species of
Saxifraga, I forget its name, and
am too lazy to cross the room
and look it up, of which I should
like a few fresh specimens when
they are out, Buzz Goolala for
them. I rec'd from the Council of
the Victoria Inst of Gt Britain the
other day - a pamphlet by Rev Dr
Post on the Flora of Syria and
Palestine. Have you seen it? I
have often desired to read Hooker's
Journal Introduction to the Flora of
Yasamanis, he now has it and
I am deep in it. If I only had
peri-don, and corticis Spiderum and
all the stuff the magazines are full of

3, now-a-days! But I don't, and
the truth is all, Ignorance no
doubt engenders this dislike, for
it amounts to that, when I come
to a paper on the development of the
Corky wings on the stems of trees,
oh yes, But don't tell any body.

I have been constitutional today
to resign my position as Asst. Dir.
Inspector of the G. S. R. The state of
my health must occasion my leaving
such post, I never know a moment free
from pain, It is often more but never
less, Last night I read my
paper on New Point, at another place,

Do you see "Common School
Education" published in Boston? I am
writing some elementary Botany for it,
Please get it - and tell me if it has
critics; the sanction I know, I shall
not, as the Bishop did to Gil Blas
cause "you therefore, I have been

reading with huge interest, Paine's
American Commonwealth, To illu-
strate it, I went down twice to the
State House to see them vote (to my
purpose is for W. L. Parker, in
consequence, I am very selfish, as
my science reading, I have heard
that Linnaeus is dead, Is it so?
Do you think his system will stand?

4 What have become of his interests
my interest? He left a son, did he
not?

Goodbye, and when you feel
in merry mood - and may
that be often! - write to me, I
like to feel the rapid pulsations of
the diaphragm which the cerebral
call laughter, tickle me!

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

P. S. When the Spring is confirm-
ed (it is hardly yet established!)
and the weather is warm, my soul
tells me I shall seek solace in Can-
ada. I need attraction, Love to

Goodbye
Waton
Hudson
Seymour
and
DEAN.

Providence, Apr 22d
1888.

My Dear Deane,

One of my classmates, a
michel fellow he was - I know
him I believe; - he is now dead
and I must forgive; used to say
"Bailey, you are full of dry Hell",
I have sometimes had an idea that
he meant I was facetious; if not
that, what could he have meant?
Be that as it may, I feel suffi-
ciently full to allow of some over-
flow this Monday after Easter.

A bag of a lawyer I know,
used to say nothing could induce
him to attend Grace Church on Eoa-
ter; he was always so partial to
see Bishop Clark's consecration after
forty days of rigorous fasting. Now,
on the whole, I think he was more
wicked than my first friend, Rev. Deane,
you must be careful that
I don't mention you in my anec-
doteage! Well! I went to Grace
Church yesterday - and was really
pained to see and hear the Bishop

I found a year the other night at the E. St. B. Co.
when on Good Friday day the boys were "burying" Deane,
as the Chaplain himself says you can hear it if
on old Robinson had been as dry as I am the first
of another, he had a good dinner and much company -
Lange, he and the host was both served, after supper
the first said, "Hurray, ye'll find you were all
you, all too go to sleep" to all the great discomfort
- but, as that was done it, dropped into the
ground, as the Chaplain says, the other was the same, the
ground was, the other was, the other was, the other was,
"I said, ye're dead now and buried are, but
that's the people of the people,"
Heavens! Heavens!

"Then you're looking!"

Reverend Father,

He is really the wreck of his
self, feeble, melancholy, broken,
And he will neither give up nor
look an assistant.

I took little solat with
me. He was never in an Episcopal
Church before, I much desired to
to let him see Somerset Residence
the ecclesiastical Order, He behaved
very decently - and in no serious
way scandalized the Pope, He
lived Tranquil!!! Just think, fellow
patrist, when you first did that!
He is as proud as a Big Sun-
flower, you Helianthus annuus,
when it meets a fence, and turns
away from the sun. The poets
will insist that it wiggles the other
way. Thus do I wear my humble
pinstrip. Be easy Tom Moore!

What says "Papa! Die poets
go away and all sorts of things."
"I'm a soldier, Soldier have - poets!"
And then, alas! chaw! oh coldest
Canada, before wife and niece.
He remarks "No Anna, why isn't
that a hole in our?" Why indeed!

I hope you can read my writing, I feel it hard to do so.

Even the mightiest Julius died -
than Rome and I am young, that
and to be such an aperture, It
had not one fault, but the fault
of the times. Then the dear fellow
- more like a picture of Hawthorne
than even, but not so good as
that immortal youth - says
"May, let's go play on the piano!"
Here is the Le Bon after visiting,

May is as good as if she
too were the teacher. I have seen
Julia that she do! I have seen
by Mary Walker - and I don't
like the style. I and I is in
many ways better than I, Could
cheater. Altho' appears the
notion in more modest terms, and
without so scientific?

"Visit I solicit, the
Copperfield?" "No! let them rough
in no lie" and Helen are then
and in my "Hearts are, age in
my hand of Hearts."

Neurology & Neurotics
Yours
W. W. Davis

(over)

6 Cushing St.,

Providence, May 12, 1889.

My Dear Dana,

Your letter finds me as usual non composit corporis, if there be such a phrase. I have been seriously ill with the same old cerebral rheumatism, so rich indeed, that my Doctor has put me on such diet and forbids all work for a time. I had three days of horrid pain & it seemed yielded to anodynes. I have my I was a fear, but Mrs Bailey says "No! An old love!" I only said damn four times, and but twice suggested my neighbor's yapping dog to Ephraim. (Phew! in the literal version).

Did you - I mean since the ten years of Wisney - ever live solely upon a diet of milk? I think it is tiresome. No wonder Tobias squalls and has stomach ache! Duce! I like milk when I am not obliged to drink it, & I like milk's treats incessant contempt.

Ha! ha! And I love the sight of all its wild flowers in their native haunts. Fortunately, I have an

old fruit near by who grow many
of them in his garden, that I can
see them, from my window, too, I
look out upon a wealth of pear
and cherry blossoms, and apple-
blossoms; or rather I did; all are gone
but the last. Now the Western is
coming - great Southern racemes,
a delight of gold and red.

What Lisa becomes quite
used to his whimsy. He is as even
as a nut. The other day, while my
wife was working with the children,
a strange gentleman accosted him,
"Little Lord Mountbatten, how do
you do Sir," I was expected to meet
you." And, indeed, he does look
singular like that not so much.

Phil says "Mama, God make
Lissa and dogs and U.S. and
every thing. Then he dies us,"
don't think there's any fun in
that." I never saw, but herein
is the Malatesta's puzzle, no essence
of whiteness as the years well on
and what which, in the pulpit and
at, there is an enormous deal of

housework, indeed.

Assisi, he says "Mama, I
know the things the Lord didn't
make; the plants! They come up
from the seed, and then they have
other seed. The Lord didn't make
them!" Sometimes when studying Polaris,
or Canis, Polarisque, and most of
all Euphorbia, I am much of Lisa
feminine. Indeed, I could hazard a
guess as to whom they were made
by. I am glad to hear about the
Mamma. But why did they not
come at their Spring? I suppose they
went to work off the old stock.
I shall send you with this a paper
with some of my effusions. Bless
the life-seller! He has made a
horrid mess in one of them, and
that my favorite. I hope to mention
May; she is fat and heavy. You
must come and see us all again.
Sometimes, in the dim future, I hope
to have a collecting trip with you;
Othello's what do we have for?

Truly yours
W. W. Bailey

No 6 Cushing Street,

Providence, July 15, 1889.

My Dear Mr. Evans,

Do you recall the picture
in Doris has been for, which repre-
sents the last judgment? While the
awakening sinners are being converted,
to receive horrid and orthodox promises
next, the Jew, at length brought with
his Lotteries, sits calm on the pedestal
of the Christian, picking off his victims
with a deadly aim. He's made his
little god and there nothing to fear.
After this pitiful farce, he proposes to
act. Like Achananna - I think that
has his name, my wanderings have
admitted in location. I don't say different;
I shut my eyes to sin; I take my dose
of sin. And what are you doing,
Porosikos, friend of my later days.
I have seen you the week; who will
mean the direction but the composite
and the American a very fine the
applied. My plans for the summer
are not fixed. I shall be compelled
to "sift" in America as my wife is
going away with the children to Scotland.

Now, it happens that I am unable
to go to the Fair; the committee
have arranged my papers, & I
have to go abroad. I have been denied
my leave for that part. If I can
of accommodation, I will go there.
If not, I must not visit you there.
I have you a book which I can
dispart some weeks? Give me the
benefit of your own experience.

There is to have a new
President, and the one in the
house of Ward. The new men, Paul
Barbara is my own friend, a strong
man, and I have great hopes of
him, and for the college. As to the
opinion "de antea" and "de novo"
men? I closed the year with an ill
man that confined me to my bed.
Indeed, I was unable to conduct
my examination. Despite these
fruits of sickness, I am better than
I was a year ago, stronger at least
and more happy. Love to Louisa.

I am working with great delight.
My latest work on "Dionysus"
has just appeared. I shall be glad if you

can. Can they receive it? The
committee have been very patient
in my, I think. You had a chance
of the book of the house. I shall
say out of them are not to be made,
But then a man cannot know
any thing. I am now working in
my own time. In a half hour there
I spend lots of Grecian flowers,
I think only a few flowers. Does
not this seem antithetical?

If you are at
home, why cannot we frequent
on this little summer. Let's have
a meeting - "We have, I shall be,
Boston and Providence are now con-
nected by rail. Profit by this circum-
stance" and hasten to exhibit your
shavings much to you Louisa.

Railway

Providence, July 22, 1889.

Dear Deane, D.D., "If you be
Capt Martin Scott," said the ex-
perimical com, "you need not draw
a bead on me; I'll come down at
once!" So, I knew, that if I but
figuratively cocked my gun, Deane
would appear from somewhere, Leo!
and Schell; he is, like Jephthah's daughter,
or her companion rather, in the
mountainous Pennsylvania virginity!
Would I were there too! And, by the by,
as I hear nothing from West Point
as to quarters, can you recommend
a place? It must have all the
luxuries at the reasonable price,
Dogs and mosquitoes are considered
insuperable objections, It's enough to
have both these nuisances at home,
Dogs - I hate 'em all! - have kept
me awake three nights, Some people
seem to like their music, as no
doubt meplutes like his own smell,
There's no accounting for tastes, as
the old lady said who kissed her
cow. Seriously - I want a place for
just three weeks in August, for

self alone. Mr B. and the ~~two~~ will
go to the shore, where I cannot
stand the breeze, This letter and
others I have written today, will, no
doubt, have the effect of an umbrella
on a threatening day, and bring my
best Paris letter. Here, beside your
feast, we enjoy the excellent and
nutritious Mus arena, the pulpy
crenula papo, the indigestible crenula
mo, the luscina citrullus megaria,
the appetizing Lycopodium sculentum,
together with Vaccinia and Gulghu-
acine ad lib. The next mental
probulum I write, will be Weissman's
Heralty. I shall not get to the Toronto
meeting. No Canada in mine.

Does Google have a chess
this summer? Tell me all the news.
Here we learn of nothing but cotton
and wool, Prussia in the west
pool of Weser - and one called
oxymus. In other words, it stag-
nates. Ah! for a sound of some
cheer from; not Gulghu, but that
"by Antiochian echoes come", to wake
this sleeping generation.

Yours muchly - W. W. Bailey

Hillside Farm, Sugar Hill, N. H.,
August 9th 1889.

To the High & Mighty
Walter Barronall Dean,
Grand Vizier,

Sir, It was in the
first year of the reign of the Caliph
Benjamin (may his Turk increase!) - in
the 8th month, that Bailey-am, a herb
gatherer and seer, gathered his garments
about him, and retired to the mountains.
In that land there were exceeding high
hills. The valleys likewise flowed with
milk and maple syrup. The damsels
were comely in the land, and great was
the wisdom of the elders. Bailey-am saw
that it was a goodly heritage - and his
heart rejoiced. "You!" said he, "I will a-
tend herein and flourish like the bay tree."
The land of the Narragansetts shall never
get white - and its daughters shall know
that their prophet is departed."

On the fourth day of the eighth month
 Bailey - am Lewis then of mighty gifts, was
 moved to climb the cresting hills, you
 the peak of Lee-Payette that cometh into
 heaven. Youthful men and maidens gathered
 round him - and his face shone as the
 full moon.

In those days there was a goodly
 driver - known as Leonard - of the vigorous
 tribe of Smith. Now driveth so wisely. He
 handleth the reins like Jehu, and so! was
 possessed him upon the road. He brought us
 mightily to the Caravan-serai - you to the
 hostel and camp of the house of Benjamin,
 to the house called People. Here gathered
 we one upon another - and ascended into
 the hills. Partridge upon the mountains were
 one feet as those of the messengers of
 peace. Here and there we stopped at an
 oasis to graze the ever-living waters.
 Pardon my Har -ried style
 I will descend to Anglo-Paxon while I

to the top to the summit, I found I could make
 the ascent easier than in 1882 when I last
 went up. This is funny after my long illness.
 Mosses abounded - and met in great billowy
 masses over windfalls and rocks. How fascin-
 atingly beautiful they are! The chief flora
 below the sub-alpine region was Polidrupa hyper-
boica now in its glory, Veratrum viride grow-
 ing high up on the mountain. Of the true al-
 pine, I collected the two species of Prenanthes,
 the ubiquitous Arenaria Grevilliana, the Green
Coast Veratrum, Var. Peckii, Vaccinium vitis-idaea, Juncus
triflorus, Agrostis canina, Var. aspera, All other
 things rare in deal. It was so cold on the top
 that I felt my very marrow congeling. De-
 spite the glorious view, I had to turn tail.
 Like the little bull in the old Howard song,
 and streak for a lower declivity.

Yes! I have been here since the 1st and
 expect to remain till the 22^d. I'm a delightful
 fella, with excellent food, and jolly company
 - all at a reasonable figure, Money ad lib.

4,

My friends are at the sea-side near Leamington,
So. I. I miss them immensely.

Rev C. C. L. Richards of St John's, Prov. is here;
indeed, it was through his friends that I learned
of the place.

I regret to hear of your Father's illness.
I hope my letter will reach you either at Jaffrey
or Cambridge. Can I control any thing for you
here? Would you like any of the alpine men-
tored scenery? They are at your service. Earth
may have a finer mountain than Louisa; I
have not seen it. (I gave Walter a model).

"Be thus familiar, but by no means

meager,

+ +
The friends thou hast (I'm one
of 'em), grapple them to thy soul"

Poetically thine,

Bailez (W. W.).

Hillside Farm, Hyde Park,
N.H.

Aug 20, 1889.

My Dear Dear,

Despite your kindly ad-
mission of my Ruby Throat, he came
back to me repeated by the Independent,
which goes to show that we cannot be
guided by the approval of friends, I send it
here and all like it, I have now sent it
off elsewhere, getting a publisher, I take it is
as bad as having; "It do best all, he-
ow it do rain this summer," In the same
way, we cannot calculate on the editorial
weather, I have the manager Ester Con-
nie & all articles that they are damned,
hardly as contraries, confided himself to rice
publishing, the second book is accepted, not
has my poem in the Independent of Aug 1st,

What is Aster Lechillay and, Do, for the
sake of old John, tell me, I have not the sym-
ptom with me, and I don't know him, I want
him!! I found fine lot of Antennaria palmata,
of course not in flower, "Phala" of Antennaria,
Jenny! I never collected it before, when
Gray says "not uncommon", I feel a little
unsure of ever seeing the thing, I wrote quite
a little note to the Whay today, would like to
go to Montreal, but have not the time of
week. I expect to be here till Friday, the
30th My "Crosses and Lichens" came out
in a paper of the R. I. Society for the
Prevention of Domestic Industry - and
Increase of Cruelty to Animals, - G. V.
This outing has done me good, I much regret
the miles to day - and after thinking of it

in these glorious woods, where every
scene is new. Think of going back to the
bread-mice! No! I won't think of it,
what is September to me, or I to Hecate?
Sufficient unto August are the days
there - thirty one of 'em, and all,
upon my honor, not.

I long to see my wife and
Babies - God bless them! a doe,
I could have had the snow fls.
I have a nice big, quiet room, and a
store of my own. I sleep snug, I read,
think, dream, wander the streets of Bay-
dad, stroll the pathways that lead
to Lynesse, Lotus-est, and grow fat,
Blessed be New Hampshire! A Loa
your nasty "elixir of life", or death;
Give me the tonic, which is, not
your tonic, of Franciscan air!

In testimony whereof I have not
set my name -

W. W. Bailey

After collecting many species in a
previous rain. He proposes now, it
seems, to permanently join the service
of Estimil Chacaa, and de-
vise a "mission" for me. I was
very happy to reach a good word
for one of the best collectors I know,
that his collecting capacity of course
I know nothing, but if you can derive
good specimens from Vermont, he is
your man - as good, I think, as
Hosford or Pringle. I had a brief
note the other day from Dr. Britton,
who was just about to ship for
Canada. I say "just about", he is
going voluntarily - to the A. A. A. S.,
where they next meet in Boston, Salem,
Worcester, or even New Haven, I may
go too. No Canada in mind, thank
you! I have excited the curiosity of the
mission (old English sense!) of the
Aborigines, by calling all the Eastern
in Pennsylvania and Sugar Hill, in Little
ton and Locust. No Vermont need
come here in future seasons; the genus
Aster has perished from the region.
It will be found in my mass down
only, where I have "collected" the

Longdayanoo. I have not, let us hope,
No! I find no flowers of *Maianthemum*,
but it is too white here. The other day
I was down on the Locust road,
by the Palmer State mean, when I
had met by Mr. Maanely - the new
self-friend, he walked along with
a bit, and he remarked that some-
one - to his surprise (?) had brought
in the closed garden, I said "Yes,
it is very common here". The old
man's enthusiasm dropped two de-
grees. Then he added - "but the
spring garden does not grow here".
No! I said I, cautiously, "I have not
seen it, but I think that one you
is a better find!" and, by Jupiter,
a letter of gold and man, to whom
our ignorant Professor turned witness,
that was *Gentiana quinquefolia*.
I never gathered it before, I have since
brought this whole load, and only
find it there. Excellent *Olympus* has
me in its tender keeping. It is after
the two great events mentioned in the
bottle pages - I should see Diana,
known at once by her gait, you know,
as a true goddess - I should not feel
a bit surprised, but now say "nothing"

that he is disappointed in the
"Elixir"; he expected it would give
him a man with new liver and
spleen, and lungs; new lungs and
a heart, forsooth; and now they say
it's "poison". I propose to console him,
as the Arabian Nights (Loewe's edition)
would say, by "reciting the following
verses". The Elixir.

Brown Séquard got up an Elixir
And thought it an excellent trick, Sir,
He gave it to such
As loved life overmuch
And (oddly) desired to stick, Sir,

Alas! for that little Elixir!
Unless one shall carefully mix, Sir,
It causes abscesses;
The heart it oppresses;
And sends the poor patient to Nick, Sir,

I hope, if by chance, I am sick, Sir,
(The Power, you say? It's the trick, Sir),
You'll not think it fun
To assist your pop-gun,
And fill me with Hammond's Elixir,

I'd rather continue to tick, Sir,
And go my own way (that's on tick, Sir),

Then old age, to use it.

By piece of a white
On pig - in the previous Elixir!

And now, I think, you have
had quite enough of me for one
day. Let me hope that you will re-
turn to the dry bones of grammar
and geography - buried in haste,
and unaltered by summer sun, and
from New Hampshire with,

Though the world find me -
I am Thine - W. W. Barry -

Providence, Nov 12, 1869,

Where, O where, is my jolly friend Dean?
When, O when, can he be?
Is he chasing some Potamogeton down,
Or lost in the Potamogeton's spree?
Has he gathered a Sargassum of many names,
Inflated to trusting beside,
Or has he the Phosphorescent strings
Connecting the cells described?
How's this? I'm sure his attitude,
I'd really like to know
And whether his Chlorophyll grows, seen
In a quite proper fashion to glow?

As for me, give me liberty!
I have not seen so desirous for years.
My course is much increased in
time and quantity, not to say quality.
Pay the same, through you! It was
well thought of to inspire.

Among other things, as I now have
an advanced class, I have taken up
the study of Histology with a vengeance.
I am using Bovey's book - and like
it. My Helminths have well well, I am
interested in protoplasm, my cellulose
well developed, and my Lycopodium
to repeat or substantiate any statement
of Sachs or Nägeli. Some of them

have recognized extraordinary circles
and bodies called tubules; others
have fine exhibitions of cell structure
which prove to be epithelial, in fact,
we are doing fine.

Did you know that I am to
lecture, Jan 2nd before the Torrey
Club? No? Well! Dear, and I shall
talk on the safe grounds of the
Isle of Rhé Island, I claim to know
nothing of it. But I wrote me a
little note today, not about that, but
Lizzy. Have you seen the new
Memoria? Our new President, Dr
Bulwer is a Trump, he all
like him; I was going to say love
him, but that would spoil him, he
gave him a big send off dinner
two weeks ago. It was an nation,
De mortuis nil nisi bonum,
Resurrectio in pace, Dum vivimus
vivamus! And Long!

A funny thing occurred at
Lizzy's meeting just now. The Sec-
retary said "Gentlemen if they desire,
can step this way and see the
new catalogue in gallery from or
in page form." Whereupon, I re-

marked in a stage whisper that
I preferred mine in chloroform, and
doubled up a possible third of
the dose. What is life without its
little joke? Yet, as I saw those
since the thought occurs to me that
you may be in no mood for my
humour; that since I heard
from you some may have closed
your house. Below me, I am not
the little pate I was, there is a
corner in my heart that is very
for the still. But fear, if I should
put a weight on my bible, and
not let my lips escape, my own
pain would rend the tissues, ~~the~~ my
only relief to rattle.

The mother and the father
are well, "As King said, God
Hess as, everyone."

69 We are there
The Baiting

THANKSGIVING.

BY PROF. W. WHITMAN BAILEY.

Thanks for the crimson apples,
Thanks for the golden grain,
For summer's pleasant sunshine,
For April's genial rain!
Give thanks for all the flowers
That God in beauty sends,
But most of all show gratitude
For kind and generous friends!

What matter if the forest tree
No longer wears the leaf!
Our kindly mother Nature
But tries our unbelief,
And she herself in thankfulness
Now seeks a brief repose,
And smiles upon us lovingly
From out her robe of snows.

Thanks for the nation's liberty,
Thanks for our wealth's increase,
For faith, for hope, for charity,
And, most of all, for peace!
Blow, winds, our glad Thanksgiving,
Ye ocean billows roar,
And swell the hymn of gratitude
To God forevermore!

Providence, Dec 5, 1889,

My Dear Friend,

I have been wondering what had become of my active correspondent, and thought of writing again. Your letter explaining your absence, I am pained that it was occasioned by so sad a cause.

Your account of your Father, the student and lover of his book, is most interesting. I happy the man who has a Father through his youth and manhood to counsel and aid him! That treasure and the sacred memory is yours forever.

Lately I have been most miserable in health and low in spirit. But I propose to push that last fellow and raise him up. I am to lecture for the Torrey Club, Jan 29th - subject the "Flora of R.I." which is, as the men said, "small, but oh! Lord!!" I shall have to feel better than I do now. I have an advanced course this term; perhaps I tell you before, and have had to look up all my scanty knowledge of histology. It is, however, most interesting work, and my class

work well.

As I write my wife sits by
me - estimating the height and
depth of our quarantary bill. They
threaten to overwhelm us, "horse
and rider together", even as the Egyptian
bent down of old before the surges of
the Red Sea. In your botanizing
have you found the Desert tree -
and will you give me a cutting?

Dr. Morson appears to be having
a time during Begonia. I do not
save him the job, yet how jolly, it
must be to have his energy.

I hope in a few days to send
you our new Brown catalogue. If I
don't, please send me. I cannot write
while mixed up with these cursed
money accounts, so good-night and
God bless and comfort you.

Your friend ever
W. W. Bailey

No 6 Cushing St.

Providence, Dec 27, 1889,

My Dear Deane,

All happened to me that
should not and there is no health
in me. I went to bed sick last Mon-
day eve, and have just emerged from
crisis with disordered wings and
small desire for flight. I did man-
age with much heroic bolstering up
of my will to crawl down to see the
children's Christmas tree. From thence I "sluggish
and sadly laid me down" to the grip of
Old-ralgia. I am down to milk and weak-
-the Cambridge cakes, pies and "pigeons"
of the holidays are not for me.

Thank you for your pleasant re-
minder. I am much excited over the
promised gift from over seas; I hope
it isn't now half seas over! I have lots
of just such letters to write, so pardon my
Levity, pity my Levity, give you longevity.
God save the President! and a Happy
New Year to the Deane!

Yours fondly
W. W. Bailey

when? There are ten people in the
 room, and a whole bunch of
 myself, and in the first, I'll
 draw some of these independent fragments
 of. Oh! I forgot, my little note in
 the Bulletin, was a blessed thing,
 it's little called forth a most delightful
 letter from Bradford Torrey, who dined
 with us apparently at my finding a
 hummingbird in La Fayette. Do you
 know him? As soon as I got over the
 excitement, (what a love they are!)
 I'd send you some of my callings, just
 think, what are I suppose in need the
 rest of me, the little tumbler, doing just
 now. George Kent found here, Dec
 22d, Horstman's Bumble and Potentilla
 can remain in flower, Let Ingersoll be
 forever silent, the Lord reigneth!

Poor little Bailey,
 who's quite, dear,
 in his upper attic's
 piazza with rheumatism
 who with very goodness
 hunts his fly in "frees",
 Here, where, we see,
 Write to Walter Dean
 and sign, you see, by "Chimney"
 His happy letter under,

W. W. B.

In the shade of my little room see you "Chimney"
 166 Cushing St.
 Providence, Jan 12, 1896.

My Dear Friend,

I do not know how it happened
 that the pamphlet you sent me about you
 and your gospel my whole life long,
 this morning I got down and read all
 the speeches with utmost delight, to what a
 charming character they picture, and with
 what confidence they all speak of their
 kindly scholar and gentleman! I wish I
 could have known him! I hope you are
 so much so believing that I have as to of
 present this beautiful life. Indeed I do,
 and, in his character as here delineated
 I can see much that would be my own for
 you. Him I loved utterly.

We have been having a sick house
 here. Little baby was very ill for several
 days, and we not up to putting him up,
 except in two temper, which is as I believe
 character said of his wife, "a little nervous",
 Poor Chippy! He feels bad, and he talks
 it out in other and the rest of us. I
 know, too, there a bad cough. Last Wed
 night - I got up all night, as I supposed,
 eat my first breakfast, polished my
 boots, and was what to do with the
 unknown shadow when I thought of you,
 and I have been in the house most of
 day. I now feel fairly well again.

How you, (Chimney) are
 the letter on paper, I am sure
 had the same.

for I have escaped the "griffe" at
which, or with which, so many are
knifed on Facets, and one third
of it shut out, how I can do. I have
once over that handled; police men
are so desirous, that the women lay
to be taken in. I have that "Mephisto"
himself has been at a lot of
Bantons, and some married, some
folks are so genuine.

If my hostess hangs it. I prefer
to wait the metropolis on the 29th to
lecture as I told you, on the "Pera of St. J.
Smith writes me most jolly letters. Did
tell you that Dr. W. C. Rivers of N. Y.
sent me as a Xmas box, Gray's "Sci-
entific Papers". How's that for a perfectly
unrelated present? The Penn Alumni
had a dinner in N. Y. for Post Auburn
this week. Sunday. The Pres's speech
was in front here. He had de-
scribed it, that reminds me of a rhyme
I had last year at President Post
G. A. R.

"And I prefer, too, our most com-
munate Vice"
Prepared (or compare) with something else.
How many easy handling spacers
are usually pre-observed, I wonder?
Another great Xmas present I had
I may have told you all this before
was the 2nd edition of The Chase

Ham, with photographs, the book of
which Cambridge may sell to parcel,
and the way of my friend I saw of
the Washington Club, and other antiquities.
Do you ever read Norton? I do; often at
times, I do all things by spurts. The
last one I read was Walter Besant's
"Tells of St. Paula" a very unique, and
interesting little tale. The heroine herself
is worthy the prize of admiration.

You speak of L. H. Bailey's new
volume especially for work, and actual
performance. How do some men man-
age to run the engine so at top speed
all the time? My "small stationary" is
only warranted to run a limited number
of hours. But then an Bailey, and
Green, Goodale and many others who
keep it a full head of steam all day
and night, the steam meeting, the
engine with heat on valve; the cen-
turies — that is, they have no cen-
turies, they give her run away with
her. I thought, now, how the dance
do they do it? Sometimes, when I think
of other men's record, their daily en-
deavour and exertion, feel that I ought
to be kicked at an an incompetent,
but then I know Britain and Cambridge
are our, forsooth, for my doings, that
I hope he is not so thingy — as I think
he is; they men prefer to be well
entertained, if the adventure is not too
pious, it is stimulating, "let games"

My Dear Deane,

This is to introduce
my nephew - Mr Joseph Whit-
man Bailey - who is a fledgling
lawyer in Boston. He cannot
have too many friends, and you
are one of the nearest of mine, so
I take this liberty, hoping your ac-
quaintance may be to his advan-
tage, Give him a word of cheer now
and then, put him on the track of
business if you can, and remember
that anything done for him is done
for

Yours most cordially

W. Whitman Bailey

Providence, Jan 18, 1890,

My Dear Deane,

I will certainly look up
this C. placens Seem,
whether I heard Horatio say,
I hope we may find a date on it,
although that is queer fruit for a
Carex. We are in lots of trouble.
Now that what is fairly well a-
gain, little Max is down with diph-
theria, and you can easily imagine
our anxiety. The case is not
malignant - and so far she is do-
ing well, but the cure is unpleasant,
My wife's little school, too, is much
interrupted, Moreover, of course my
peculiar disease, is much augmented
by the excitement and anxiety,
and my lecture is due in N. Y.
next week, and what to do, I don't
know. Miserable - the doctor's bill,
like the poor, are ever with us, and
are unpaid, and the deep waters
confound me about,

Truly yours
Providence, Jan 20, '90, W. Whitman Bailey

Providence, Jan 26 1890.

My Dear Friend,

I do hope you will pardon the very great liberty I took in sending my nephew to your door.

Let me say a few words concerning him. He is a boy of excellent ability but at home has been a sort of heir to rule over all the rest of the family. He has, too, considerable false pride and sham aristocracy, combined (unwisely to say!) with Canadian uneasiness. As his grandfather, on the mother's side, was a Chevalier de La Louis and a Baron of France, he feels a little high. I think a good deal of adversity and nothing, hard work and trials, and a snub or two from the unadorned world, may temper these son than least. With all I have said, I desire the boy to do himself and his father credit, and like to have him have real good fellows, like W.D. But don't, on any

account, allow him to see you. He has
not always realize times a place
- or customs, but I think I notice signs
of improvement. If only he can become
less self centered, and ^{more} considerate of
others, but Lord! after a man in Italy,
the chance is poor. Again, I say, drive
him to despair, and on my "unaccustomed
house" I say, you will pardon my criticism.

My little girl is much better, sitting
up in bed. Poor white is still very miserable
with a sympathetic sore throat, and is at
his grandparents. My "plumbers" is a
real black head; it has caused the post-
ponement of my N.Y. Lecture till March
26th. In the mean time I shall be a good
deal, as on the 22^d of Feb, George and
I give gittings for our sister's hour. (47)
I shall be, if neuralgia, rheumatism, grip,
cold, ache, the dolerous, London. It is
on the ground, space one till that time,
C. of Prosperous is yet to be found. And,
by the by, why not come down some later
day and behold our duplicates, I have
no doubt you would find good things among
them. I send you specimens of my last week-
night, Shakespeare says (Midsommer Nights Dream
Act III, Scene II, "The whole earth may be loved",
has honestly led to a portion of the art.
Truly yours
W. W. Bailey

journal of Abner's journey,"
I have in the day case your ex-
planatory chart - and now I find
my way through the maze of labor
withal difficulty. In the group there is
a correspondent and namesake of mine,
Charles Butler of Massachusetts.

And one thing is looking to make
the group complete - viz, the "singing
piece of the day," in our corner.

I cannot thank you enough for
this thoughtful and truly valuable
gift. Nothing could please me more, in
the language of a typical opera "How
did you come to do it?" "Does it not stay
in you to look on all that restless
latent?" "If only we could (a la alcohol)
"stand away their business," I shall re-
main your debtor for many a day. In
my exuberance I want to poke you in the
rib and drop into the "old fashioned"
style of address. I am apostolized and cha-
racterized that my young relatives, anxious
to lag, I feel that some influence
are thrust at fault with him, as well
as Canadian backwoodsism, I am
not in favor of annexation, - but I do
believe in "manifest destiny." If they
get busy up there, Uncle Sam will have
to whistle for, but I don't want any close
relations, if my nephew stays in Cal., put

him out; a snout or two will do him
good. I think, indeed, I see a little
improvement, but he is, I know to me,
unimprovable. It was to help him
a good example that I gave him a
letter to you, but you must feel no obli-
gation to entertain him. He has, I fear
you it, at times, been too much for
himself and myself. I think he is apt to
consider civilities as his inherent
right, not as gentle attention's due. His
ideas have not always met my ap-
proval, but I have had no talk with
him, and my letter is simply un-
personally about his own swan. So per-
haps will I be about mine!

Dear old "bitch," he seemed
so well and jolly again today, full of
his fun, and with those impish an-
gels face beaming with innocent mis-
chief. May too, be about her usual little
self again, the most calmly and comfort-
ably of all the parlor, who are taken to the
Master's knee. I run myself in their
bath. Tomorrow is the day of prayer
for colleges, when they have a similar
day for professors. I shall visit a
special church in my Lottery (a thing
neglected - I'm not, don't here) to bring up
myself. At present I feel as if my
better days might be spent in the
Phillips' home. I have your care on my
mind, at present it is with me going.

Providence, Feb 3^d, 1890.

There was a fine fellow named Deane,
A botanical sharper, I ween,
He struck terra firma -

And cried "flaccosperma,
Thy label's complete now, I ween!"

Here it is; in Gray Herb. { No. I,
in Gray
sheets.

Plantæ Texanæ.

No 744.

Carex flaccosperma, Deane

Wet woods, Houston, April 12.

Eastern Texas, Coll Elkhorn Hall, 1872.

(No 2, in Gray). Same

from Louisiana.

Hale, legit.

Comm by J. C. Porter.

Both ~~these~~ these are included with one, apparently the
same, marked "*Carex grisea*, Wahl. B mutica

C. flaccosperma, Deane.

Hale, legit.

Red River, Louisiana.

2. One the first sheet are these notes -

1 set. ♂ spikes sessile

♂ spikes pedunculate.

♂ spikes sub-sessile. Some vivipara bracte.

I testify upon oath that this all I know of *C. fluco-*
sperma. I had a delightful letter yesterday from Dr
H. Christ of Basel, in English, and singular good
English, till he comes to the P.S., where he mentions
vividly that he has "an engaged admiration of
all German and German allies", and expresses his "illimi-
tated sympathies" with Miss Bailey in the school.

My dear little ones are quite well again, and we
are reunited, and with grateful hearts, I do want, when
I write to you, I am in the clutches of a rheo-
matic (now venous) neuralgia, much increased by having a
fine tall pane through a window near my head, in the
hot this afternoon, scattering fine glass all around me,
I thought at first it was an explosion, & indeed I went at
in a towering passion (Lord! how much I was!) and
metaphorically collapsed that young man. Even the women will
turn. With crushed to earth will rise again, and your comely
cabin friend - is a little peppery pot when he's riled. But
then Nature comes to me for all excitement.

I have the "Laminaria" on exhibition at college.
Have made a big bag to the thing, & via a great price.

Truly yours ever.

Bailey (W. W.).

No 6 Cushing St, Providence, Feb. 15, 1890.

My Dear Deane,

Your valentine in the shape of Bailey's useful key to the picture, arrived today. Many thanks for it. You are piling Pelion upon Ossa, to what shall I do to properly express my obligation.

The picture continues to excite interest and energy. I go, like the Czar of Russia, in chain chemise, but I feel fairly beset with by the costume. Mr W. V. Mason, who is the best microscopist in these parts (Goodale will confirm my words), desires me to ask you when he can secure a copy? He will gladly pay all expenses. I find in a paper of Chas Bailey's relating to Dr Gray, almost two years ago, that he even then refers to the picture as famous. I do wish, though, that Corallal old Hooker and make him serve.

The last two nights I have spent on the new Manual, I have written a notice of it for the Independent, but no doubt some sharp is ahead of me, so it may never see light. I suppose only field preachers will read all the novelties of the Revised edition,

I am gratefully, and prayerfully, laying out for you a
lot of duplicates; one thing and another, ~~as usual~~.
Green says, "if you don't like 'em, throw them out o'
mine". Have you seen a little book Ellsworth's "Gar-
den's Story", it is quite fresh and nice, though often I
disagree violently with the author.

I have an article in this week's Independent
on the "Natural Defences of Plants"; an odd story to the
initiated, but fun to the unlearned, for we it means
the protective part of insects. These do I look as
bear did soldiers, they ~~circumstances~~ are in flower; not an
unpleasant thing; I have earlier dates, but what is new,
is that all my primulas are in bud, as bright the
wind is howling, I have workhouse huts as to their
white development.

Ex cathedra barbari.

Thine

W. Whitman Bailey

P.S. We have again had a rich time of it, my children
are not yet all right, though up and about the house,
I myself have been laid out 2 nights and one whole
day this week, Bradford Torrey "allows" that he doesn't
know W.D., but he'd like to, I asked him to join me in a trip
to Woodwin Pond this summer, that and I am ever,

Providence, Feb 27, 1890,

My Dear Deane,

When you laughed "Ho! ho!" in your recent letter at the mere suggestion of my sending you duplicate plants, was it in joy or derision? If the latter, I shall have with substitute cheepots for every rare and precious plant, and leave the whole lot unprovisioned! How! as the girls say - when irate, Bless their sweet hearts! to think they should ever yield to such childish impulse, after the classic example of Juno! My cuscuses are well and sunny. Thank you! How are yours? A letter from West Point, N.Y. letter me that over a week ago, Carl (Prof) Mercur brought in a bunch of *Platanus Heparata* from the town of Lewis West. How! what? Does it not warm the cockles of your little heart? Why on this happy day - Tuesday was it? I found myself really growing credulous. The miracle of Lourdes, or a mind-cure tract might almost have passed with us.

I have a neighbor orthodox, did
you get a sense of this tropical
flow down in your sub soil?

Now, to answer your last
letter. My own impression is, that
in the absence of direct traces, the
memorial case had best be kept
in some way at Harvard; this
provided that it can be rendered ex-
cise. A lot of choice silver is a
contribution to mining, and I should
like to know that this was safe.
Next to Harvard, I should choose
the Boston Fine Arts Gallery - as the
fitting depository, or perhaps better
yet, the Natural History Society. After
all, you see my notes are rather
coarse, and of little value, but I feel
very grateful to Miss Gray for con-
siding me at all in the matter. I hate
hardly to think of my old friend as
looking this to the end.

For that matter, though, we all
are, I suppose. Last Saturday, the
22d was my 47th milestone, and I
shall hardly dispute it. George &
Jesse Russell; W. W.!!! Have a

two for you! Well is it, that the
cheers back, and the big guns
bary, and the flags wave. I shall
surely be see that like. The descend
ing scale, too, is so pretty. G. T. W.
- quite a symphony! Don't let my
infant nephew walk away with
you, or with you to death.

Keep Bradford Torrey in
mind - and he will buy Wooten's
Pond this summer. Almost am I
a try again to think of such a jolly
day, plant-hunting, not fast (day
one off again!) - hungry; jolly lunch,
"local pie + + he knows the lady
as made it" - a good drink of beer
water; a vesicular pill; gourmet utter,
punch, jokes, grapes, crabs (especially
the latter). Here a volcanic day
for you. "Such Carls, Pip, old fellows"
you, and it is written we shall
have in. Always

and ever

Chas.

W. W. 83

Providence, May 30, 1890.

My Dear Deane,

After turning out with the G. A. R. for Memorial Day, and marching miles, I am hardly ready for a very heavy or long letter.

Short time; like yourself, too, I long for vacation. I hope to spend it with my little family at Bullsmoor Beach near here. Had hoped to go on the Board of Visitors to West Point, but Pres. Harrison evidently preferred another fellow. I never did care for the spirit of Vitia, when high and acid!

My paper went off with the usual conventional compliments in N.Y. Many people, those Columbia's! Entire wrong, I didn't hear a good word of any body, unless Carter, the side of the Metropolitan. The criticism of the Masses is in keeping, but I imagine Watson can stand it. I don't know when I was so tricked the hard way, but I had to smile, and grin, & be a fellow, for I was guest. But I felt perished (Ha! Ha! - you will

2
amuses all the time. (How it am I, or two?
Better spelling?)

My old enemy sticks to me, like Bir, or
the conventional mother-in-law. My Luke's
lately had chicken-pox, and now has cold.
Miss Bailey is well, and joins me in tender
remembrance to him of the Strawberry week,
they long lost, but never-forgotten Chumney.

Thine—

W. W. Bailey

P.S. See "My Violets" in *Common*
week Independent. You'll like 'em!

Baltimora - R. I. July 7, 18

Dear Deane, I believe I owe you a letter, but am
not certain of your whereabouts, and hence send
this agent - Colver, Please reply. Here I am by the
"much assaulting sea", with pleurisy & my view, I see
scape, and torturing, Also, with my old neck-pain,
I hang on to it. Harsh for Botany and Prof. An-
drews, At my request Bennett is made Curator of
Herbarium, without my consent my wages "in viz", and
Prof. Burry comes also assist to Pritchard and my
self. We have a chance, too, of better quarters, I
you will perceive that the sack of the lightness is not
frank. In early June my little child was so ill
that we never expected to save him, May he be but
now less - and with him it went to Laura, both are
now well - and turned to the color of lobster, Pencil
Red; Red; Longer Red; Longer - Barley, n. n.



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE

Walter Deane - Esq.
Gaffney -
N.H.

Battonwoods, R.I.
July 22, 1893

Dear Deane, I am informed by one
in authority, one well up on all
the latest Anglo-Yankee fads, that
I must not say "my Dear" to an
intimate, and never, no never, write
"Yours truly." All of which is aside from
the purport of this letter, which is the
aspiration of the sea for the Creasy moun-
tains. Lord! how I should like to be
with you, culling simples, watching the
clouds, forgetting school, escaping from
fiery dunes. After all, this is what
my life here. I am practically camping
out, while Mrs Bailey and the lot,
and the grandparents inhabit a little
cottage, I am a woman, and dwell in
a small two-house. My shirt is just
big enough to hold me, my hat, a store
for wet weather, and a writing bottle.
Now I have my collecting material,
microscope and a few books.
What books have I? Well, *imprimis*
Grays much re-dressed (by Britton),
new Manual; Darwin's *Voyage of the*
Beagle; Burleigh's *Gardens of the Sea*;
Fishes' Origin & Life, Walter Bessants *Ar-*

moral of Longness, Emerson's Guide,
to Sea-side Life; old numbers of
Nature, Garden and Forest, Army &
My Journal etc, You see I am quite
catholic, if not theological.

On my wall are various prints a
pious and well chosen, called
from the Art Amateur and Harper's
Journal of Civilization and Progress, I
have a tin horn with which to twine
the Fortification school, in case a strong
melancholy should disturb me a night.
I read, I write, I dream, A death watch
ticks in my wall. Early in the morn-
ing little birds lope on my roof. In
the silence of the night I often hear
the heron on the shore, or the swan
for white on the Bay. My veranda is
a craning of cranes. I sometimes meet my
day; am laying in a raft of R. I.
things for the exchange heap of
College. It seems funny to come back
to my old loves, Chrysopsis, Polston,
Mentzeria cornuta etc, I also pull
Cattaphis for bird, who, like the Po
Pope him, has developed a young
cruze for these scientific creatures of
a day, His whole talk is of Danais,
Pieris, Colona, Argynnia, Grapha, etc.

May Helpe, the dear Tom Day! Poth
the children are true as the mite
of Ceylon or Castorion, I myself often
take a dip in the Bay. It is delicious
warm, as if heated up on purpose.

By the way, a little country girl told
me the other day that her mother did
not let her go in at high tide. "The
messing tide being a blessing; the
outgoing carries it away." This in the
19th century, almost the 20th and
when the Municipal Place and Gen-
eral Pop and Disper Society is in session
in London! "A man thinks is nature!"

A story is going the rounds of
the papers; how much there is in it
I don't know - but Brown is to have
a new \$500,000 Technical School!
And that it may be so!

When you climb the mighty
Kebblap a any other present, pray
think of me. Much do I long for my
Deane, Parker the "my" I thought; one
must not in any way descend to so
poor a level. A true old woman!

Thine

W.W. Bailey

Poem in this week's Independent - "The Least Thing",
Read it.

Oct. 1871

Buttonwoods near Cowesett,
Warwick, Kent Co., R. I.

Go to, Dear Deane, go to! Do you suppose
you can outdo me by piling Cassia on Pelion
and tothing of Lobelia cardinalis up in the
wills of New Hampshire? Did I not, only yester-
day see whole scarlet regiments of it right
here in Little Rhody? Go to!

Well! I am glad to hear from you despite
your hyperbole of expression, and general
tendency to pile it on. I am ready to pardon any
thing in a Bostonian after the great reception
they gave us of the G. A. R., this week, Yea!
I was in that big procession, and never in
my life enjoyed anything more. I tell you it
was inspiring - the march, Revere Band,
and the universal motion, then, to think that
I was 39,999th man in that parade of
40,000 real old vets! Bah! bah! By Jove!
they were a splendid lot of tops; I was proud

of them. To end up a good week, my friend
Garene Vespy was elected Commander-in-
Chief - and I am happy.

Aren't you, about this time, just longing
for school to begin? Don't you itch to apply
the female? wish to turn up the small top?
I find that I can hardly restrain my im-
petuosity to be explaining to gaping Freshmen
the recumbent elements of Botany. A dinner-
ing revolution eats me up. Nothing would tempt
me longer to toll in hammocks, to gather
garlands, to read novels, to dream dreams, to
sport with my little ones. Ah! no! work is all
that I seek - "cursed energy" says me on!
You know how 'tis yourself, you say, Do not
the best grapes of recreation hang high
above your vulgar aspirations? Go to!

Adieu, eternal rule -

From Bailey (W.H.) -

Sophomore Botany.

Reading List. No. I.

180-91.

1. Macmillan. *H*, The Beginnings of Life.
2. De Candolle C. Origin of Cult. Plants.
3. Grant Allan. Flowers & their Pedigrees.
4. Henslow. Origin of Floral Structure.
5. Weissman. Heredity.
7. Geddes. Origin of Sex.
8. Darwin. Movement in Plants.
9. Darwin. Climbing Plants.
10. Sachs's Lectures Veg. Phys.
11. Vines. " " " "
12. Goodale. Veg. Phys. (Vol. II. Gray's
Text-book)
13. Linnaeus. Philosophia Botanica.
14. " " Lachesis Lapponica or. Journey
in Lapland.
15. Grisebach. Vegetation der Erde.
16. Masters Vegetable Teratology.
17. Bailey L.H. Talks Afield.
18. Kerner. Flowers and their Unbidden
Guests.
19. Darwin. Insectivorous Plants.
20. Himalayan Journals.

Themes.

Sophomores in Botany.

1. Roots: their positions mode of growth, usual and less frequent functions.

References.

- Goodale, Prof G. L. Phys. Bot. (2d Vol. Cray's Text book) Page 106.
Gray, Prof Asa. Bot. Text - book. Vol I. page 106.
Bessey. Prof C. E. Essentials of Botany. Page 63.
" " " " " Larger Botany.
Henfrey's , Botany - Page 14.
Oliver. Prof Daniel. Elementary Bot.
Sachs. Prof J. Von. Bot. Text-book.
" " " " Lectures on Veg. Phys.
Vines. Prof " " " " ,
De Bary - Prof Anton. Comp. anatomy of Phanerogams and Ferns. Page 315.
Strasburger. Mic. Botany. Page 133. 1
Goebel's Morphology
Le Maout and De Caisne's Treatise on Bot.
Darwin, Chs. Movement in Plants.
" " " Earthworms and Veg mould.

2. Carnivorous Plants.

References.

- Darwin, Chs. " Carnivorous Plants"
Sachs Text-book of Botany.
" " " Veget. Phys.
Gray's Bot Text-book. Vols I. II.
2. Reports of Amn. ASS. Adv. of Science. Vol.
Nature. Vol.
Vines's Veg. Phys. Page.
Gray. Prof Asa. How Plants Behave.
3. Climbing Plants.
Darwin. Chas. "climbing Plants"
" " " " Movement in Plants.
Sach's Veg Phys. Page.
4. Early Days of Botany.
Sachs History of Botany
Figuiex's Veg world.
Biographie Universelle. Art. Tournefort
" " " " Art. Dioscorides.

Nov 9

1890

Dear Sir,

Inclosed please find
invoices of goods in hand, to be
delivered C. C. D. Solicits your further
order, and with sentiments of disting-
uished regard, I am Sir,

Most respectfully,

W. W. Bailey

For Brown-Biss & Co.

All orders promptly attended to,

December 27th 1890

Master,

Dean of the Botanical Chapter,
explorer of Connaught, and the heights
of New Hampshire, dweller in darkest
Suffolk, all hail and greetings! Peace unto
you - and much fat cattle, much, wine,
and the fermented juice of the grape! May
you prosper to be as the number of the sand
in number, yea, as to multitude, like the
number of Christians! Many and hearty

thanks for your counterfeited presentment,
so horridly like myself when in view, as my
blessed two-thirds implies. Do you know
I have an idea! If ever I get out a new
edition of my Guide, as I sometimes threaten,
I think I shall put this photo of yourself
as frontispiece, introduction, and preface.
You face beams like the disk of the
moon in Ramadan. As an old German
here used to say "Never saw I in Providence
so face happy, brown!" By the by, and a-

2 propose, my wife, her assistant, and myself, are this winter studying German, ^{by} initio. I too, took up my French again, but I have only scraps of time to put into it, and my professor is no longer active, or my tutor meritorious, Triz?

Prof. Brulow, who is a "kustler", has my down for a course of twelve lessons in his new University extension school. I begin at Paderborn early in January, and am promised \$100 for my efforts. Of course you have heard of the, so far, unexplained, disappearance of our Professor Bancroft, it is a most unmeaning thing. Dead or alive, his exit is weird. How unpleasantly supposed to be at bottom of it all. "The Crime is a little murder" let — You know the rest of it, Orestes your skepticism, and when found make a note of. As Horace Walpole says. "Give human nature scope, it can still be sufficiently abominable".

The appointment of Morag to Columbia is great. My colleague Bennett is beginning a big work here, an economic exhibit mainly of all woods, fruits, seeds, fashions, products, he can raise. The Prof

3.

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Ha! Ha! English Society,

looks as ~~though~~ ^{if} they are filling our summer
 quarters so full, that we will have to
 have new and larger ~~quarters~~ ^{apartments}, speed
 their coming - while yet I breathe the 189
 phlogisticated air! If you have any
 syzygotic products, or can actuate any
 phlogisticated to send me such, we will
 not you debts. Be you're Rhododendron
 have my, you are sending coats (ex-
 cellent, however) to Newcastle, he can, in
 Kingston, beat all New Hampshire &
 then. My "swell" Christmas gift, was
 sent by Col. L. R. Bliss, W. P. A., for-
 had Bayard, New Mex. It is a stalwart
 cane of *Cereus giganteus*, surmounted
 with an elegant carved handle of the
 new material. Rieselite. Now I have it,
 as Punch says, "I hope I may live up to
 it", he had, on Xmas eve, a beautiful
 tree, in which I saw the angels
 choir formed with delight, in their
 presence for Hallelujah and Hallelujah
 And to see the children? Such looks!
 There was a large family party, and
 the presents were numerous and costly!

4. My wife took me by surprise by
some elegant photos of herself, and I
think you will allow she is remembered.
Little white box took the main part
of her glorious self, but she is a ten-
old beauty still. As to May, she is the
nicest, cutthroat, snuggly, snuggly,
loveliest, little maiden in all the
Union! You should see her with her
fourteen dolls! But I leave, what does
another case for my ~~man~~? Pax to ~~can~~
and a Happy New Year, increased pay,
and diminished work, expanded flig-
eteries, corporate immunities, and dig-
tini equal to new New Hampshire
emergencies. Yours in 1891!

I send you a bit of "rod", "Mobe-
Jehia, say, hand" like the Maccabees
with her compasses, and almost will
you see the high rays and groups that
you love — or wish to,

I have a thundering big mind to
run down and see you next week, but
^{the} more nearly close — and may me sorry
I am over —
W. L. Putnam Bailey

Cushing's Lt.

Providence, Jan 11, 1891

Dear Friend,

I have not sent you a send-off for the Year. Here it is, I look towards you, and town!

Mr Bennett, our Curator, and myself, are desiring of adding to our rapidly growing exhibit of vegetable products, we want to so fill our present limited quarters as to compel a new building. Can you in any way help me to seeds, fruits, wood-sections, fibres, drugs, fabrics - any and every thing vegetal. Please bear us in mind, we must have a new building. The President is in full sympathy with us. Among other things Mr Bennett has already put up in wrapper bottles - over 1050 seeds. Nine for embryologic study. He is beginning to arrange them by orders.

Letters only
Answer

Books

Conferences

Botany

Of course I was delighted with
the pictures; I only poked a
little fun at you about the Rhododendron - as we claim that
R. S. Foster the whole North on
it, Clam, green corn, turkeys
and Rhododendron, are our
"stop production," as the
geographers teach in my dear
old '50s, used to say, by the
by - on Feb 22 next, I attain
the ripe age of 48, - so many
cycles have passed over my
mortal brow, The last ten
numbers of Nature have been
full of botanical matter of much
interest, Do you see them?
What is heard of Goolale?
I suppose he will return laden
with riches of Australasia.
I wish I had this rare oppor-
tunity, Over Harvard send
any one to the Jamaican exhibit,

Next Wednesday eve - at 8
o'clock (at which time our
pw miké!) I begin my lessons
in the Univ Extension course
in Paleontology. I give 12 lessons
and will receive \$100.00

On the whole - my health
is better than for several years,
It has been a glorious winter
- and it makes me buoyant to
think of the chattering of
cock-tails, claret cup, coddles,
and all the snobs' coolness
in which I indulge so exten-
sively. Ta - ta!

Your little friend
Isaiah Bailey

January 31 1891

Dear Deane,

How are all at the Deanery? For the past week I have been hearing a "demonstration" at the examinations. I attended six freshmen, three of whom are irate and the others fearful. One man has contributed "sideral placitation" to the kindra hitherto recognized by science. I also learn that "poly-petalous" means "without petals".

"Bracts" - mark you "are the parts of a plant that when the outer covering falls off of the leaves grow out of them".

"A compound pistil is one having two or more pistils".

"When a flower prolongs the stem by flowering it is said to be indeterminate!"

Very, I should think!

"Leaves serve as a protection to the young flower." The question here as to their function. Another function is

"to catch the moisture or rain, to shade the plant". O shade of St Pierre! who himself was fanciful enough. But my tongue

must miss twice, I am moribund & expect momentarily to hear the passing bell and mine minutes!

Just as I was going into the hall to give my first Lecture at Pawtucket the other night, I fell over a little step in the yard, alighting on the tip end of my ~~quivering~~ fingers of the left hand, during the mail back nearly half a mile, I tottered in, however, cracked a joke or two, and then found I was going to faint, I crawled into the cloak room where some Samaritans soon came to help me, but alas! - and stupidly, did not pour in mine, Although in Test Tib and Sunday teacher, I lay on my back on the floor till I was well, I then got up, and went through the Lecture grandly. But didn't I pray for it? How I got back to Paw I hardly know, but I shall never forget my night in Feb. "I would not pass another such a night?" I thought long experience had made me familiar with pain, but there are depths and resources of anguish possible to the quick of the finger beyond my wildest imaginings. After holding out two days - the pain re-acted on my old neck and sent me to bed, Nausea has

Kept up ever since, then a little business transaction upset me, and then the examinations, I should like to go to Jamaica and leave all that behind. Now contrary, the dear wife and Louie's Lates are well, thank God! my furnace is mental, the coal-train full, and water-tap free. The idea of having to pump for blessed water!

Bennett is filling our rooms so full of boxes, drugs, fishes, bottles of seeds etc, that every one says "you need more room!" Now send on the Astor, or Clark, or Vanderbilt, or Standard Oil fellow - and turn us a lot and museum! Morong's appointment to Columbia is tip-top.

Come and see us! Do!

Your acrobatic friend -

W. Whitman Bailey -

BROWN CORPORATION.

Highest of all in Leavening Power

ADJOURNED MEETING IN UNIVERSITY HALL YESTERDAY.

Annual Report of Prest, Andrews.—Review of the Work of the Year.

An adjourned meeting of the Corporation of Brown University was held in University Hall yesterday at 9:45 o'clock. The annual report by the President, Dr. E. B. Andrews, was read.

Since the last meeting of this body only one member of the Corporation has died, Rev. Daniel Leach, D. D. He graduated from the University of Vermont in 1830, and studied theology two years at the Andover Theological Seminary. After his graduation he was called to the University of Vermont in 1834, and in 1836 he was elected to the Alma Mater. Dr. Leach in enigmatic terms, Dr. Andrews referred to his administrative and scholarly ability. He was a devoted and diligent devotee to his Alma Mater. The report recommended that leave of absence be granted Associate Professor Williams for the coming academic year. Such vacations have often been granted here in the past. The following enactment was recommended: That whenever any gentleman or lady shall have been a professor for six consecutive years, whether as assistant, associate or full professor, or partly as one and partly as the other, or whether or the others, he shall, if he choose, have for the next, or several years, a leave of absence on half-pay.

The absence of professors, of course, involves at the time some detriment to the work of the University, but this, it is believed, will be more than offset on the whole, by the addition which the privilege would make to the accomplishments of those availing themselves of it.

The number of students the past year has been decidedly larger than ever before. Three hundred and fifty-eight were in attendance the first half year, three hundred and fifty-four the second. Of

these sixteen were non-resident candidates for the degree of Master of Arts, the remainder in residence. Of the undergraduates studying for degrees during the year, two hundred and fourteen were in courses for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, fifty-four in courses for that of

Bachelor of Philosophy.

Dr. Andrews briefly outlined the work of the students which, although perhaps as good as at any previous time, is yet somewhat unsatisfactory. There are a large number who do their best and achieve splendid results. A great enlargement of this class and a benefit to the college community in general

to the students will probably result from the presence of
will devote studies pursuing critical invest-
igations. The faculty have also dis-
played unwonted zeal in recent months.
Large professional exhibition more than
our whole teaching force has been doing
and scientific work. Especially must
members of our faculty. Especially must
reference be made to the amount of labor
for the University, aside from teach-
ing done in various ways by so many
such as oversight of buildings in con-
struction, making the catalogues and
funds and

aluminum circular, and soliciting funds and materials. Dr. Andrews referred also to the new buildings which are being completed, as the Ladd Observatory, Lyman Gymnasium and Wilson Hall and the beneficial results which will result from their completion. The announcement of the following was also made. The

G. A. R. fellowship was also made. The Philadelphia Alumni Association have also undertaken to raise \$10,000 to establish a fellowship. The report recommends that the money derived from the Fayerweather bequest, which will probably amount to about \$50,000, be made library fund. No other of the main

be ready for use by the opening of the college year.

During the summer the east end of Rhode Island Hall will be entirely renovated and Prof. Jenks will fit it up as an anthropological museum, defraying the expense out of his own pocket. It was voted by the corporation to name this the Jenks Museum of Zoology, as a memorial of the generous donor.

The vacancy in the corporation caused by the death of Rev. Daniel Leach was not filled at 4 p. m. The body adjourned to convene again at the regular meeting in September.

Entrance Examinations at Brown.

The entrance examinations to Brown University were held yesterday, and will be continued to-day. The number in attendance is rather small, one taking the finals for the B. P. course and three for the A. B. course. There are nine taking their preliminary, the number taking the entrance examinations is no criterion by which to judge the class of next year, for all the best preparatory schools enter students on certificates. Dr. Andrews considers the outlook for the entering class very favorable, and only wishing to say that it will undoubtedly be a large one.

Gardner Colby of New York, Treasurer of the Lincoln Fund, has presented some very interesting statistics in connection with that fund. The total amount is \$100,467 3/4 made of 232 subscriptions from the alumni and 77 subscriptions from friends of the college. The class of 1884 has the largest number of individual subscribers, 16. The class of '56 ranks first, according to amount of subscription, \$13,050. The largest subscription was \$13,000.

The song book has met with a very good sale, between 400 and 500 having been disposed of.

F. G. Crosse of the graduating class intends to spend the summer at Blood Island, and in September will return to his home in Los Angeles, Cal.

His home in Los Angeles, Calif.

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It was recommended that the extension of University teaching into the larger communities of and near Rhodes island, so far as may prove practicable, be adopted as a department of the work of Brown University, and that permission be given to members of the faculty to engage in it, subject to the condition that they first fully and faithfully discharge their college duties, it being understood and provided that the University be no arena what-

The Advisory and Executive Committee recommend that Wilfred Harold Munroe be made Associate Professor of History in the University, and Director of the University Extension, having from the University no salary for the latter function. Mr.

Manro is admirably adapted for this office. A Rhode Islander, graduated from Brown University in the class of 1870, he has had many years of experience in teaching and in responsible school management. He has travelled much, and has spent the last year in Germany. He

The conditions embodied in the faculty's report are as follows: First—They shall take the entrance examinations at the college and places and under the

same times and places and under the same conditions as young men. Second—The advanced examinations they shall take at the college. Third—In order to be admitted to advanced examinations, candidates must have passed all the entrance examinations and all examinations in the previous year.

but candidates may present certificates in place of entrance examinations, subject to the same conditions which apply to young men. Fourth—The subjects for women's examinations, when not identical with those in the courses of instruction given in college, shall in all cases closely

correspond to them. Fifth—For an entire set of entrance examinations or of advanced examinations, each candidate shall pay £10. For any extra examinations the fee shall be at the rate of \$20 per set. Reports of proficiency will be given after all examinations. Upon the satisfactory

The corporation adopted the recommendation of the President in regard to University extension.

Chace shows a balance of \$108,904 20 in his possession. The funds of the University have, during the year, been largely increased by the John Larkin Lincoln fund, of which \$95,496 has been paid in. If to the sum is added the value of the fund given by the Messrs. Cheney

the land given by the Messrs. South Manchester, Conn., the full \$100,000 has been raised. Another source of income the last year has been the gift of John Nicholas Brown of \$1200 toward the salary of the Assistant Professor of Latin for the next four years. The most notable increase of income of the com-

fund has come from term bills arising from the greater number of students. The have amounted in the last year to \$4349 31, against \$35,226 82 in the previous year, and \$29,248 72 six years ago. This increase has been offset by the increase in the salaries of the officers and

Owing to the increase in the comm-
fund, the Treasurer recommended having
a permanent office of the Treasurer and
a salaried Treasurer.

The corporation voted to increase
tuition from \$100 to \$110.

The corporation convened again at 5 o'clock, and proceeded with the regular business. Ten new professors and instructors were appointed: Charles E. Benn

who graduated from Brown University
1878, will be called to the chair of cla

in the same conditions which apply to young men. Fourth—The subjects for women's examinations, when not identical with those in the course of instruction given in college, shall in all cases closely correspond to those. Fifth—For an entire set of entrance examinations or of advanced examinations, each candidate shall pay \$10. For any extra examinations the fee shall be at the rate of \$20 per set. Reports of proficiency will be given after all examinations. Upon the satisfactory completion of any course of study, candidates will receive certificates of their attainments.

The corporation adopted the recommendation of the President in regard to University extension.

The report of Treasurer Arnold B. Chase shows a balance of \$108,904.20 in his possession. The funds of the University have, during the year, been largely increased by the John Larida Lincoln fund, of which \$95,406.73 has been paid in. If to this sum is added the value of the land given by the Messrs. Cheney of South Manchester, Conn., the full \$100,000 has been raised. Another source of income the last year has been the gift of John Nicholas Brown of \$1200 toward the salary of the Assistant Professor of Latin for the next four years. The most noticeable increase of income of the common fund has come from term bills arising from the greater number of students. These have amounted in the last year to \$43,349.31, against \$35,256.82 in the previous year, and \$20,248.72 six years ago. This increase has been offset by the increase in the salaries of the officers and other running expenses of the college.

Owing to the increase in the common fund, the Treasurer recommended having a permanent office of the Treasurer and a salaried Treasurer. The corporation voted to increase the tuition from \$100 to \$110. At 1 p. m. the body adjourned to a University Hall, where a collation was served. The corporation convened again at 2 o'clock, and proceeded with the regular business. Ten new professors and instructors were appointed: Charles E. Bennett, who graduated from Brown University in 1878, will be called to the chair of classical philology, which will be a new department in the Brown curriculum. He is at present at Wisconsin University, where he holds a high position. H. P. Manning of the class of 1883 was made an instructor in mathematics. Prof. Wilfred H. Munro of the class of 1870 will be associate professor of history and director of university extension. Mr. Munro is ex-President of De Vaux College, New York, and has been studying in Germany the last year. Edward B. DeLahere will be associate professor of psychology. Mr. DeLahere graduated from Amherst in 1880, and since that time has been studying his specialty under prominent professors in this country and abroad; Adrian Scott of the class of 1870, instructor in German; Augustus T. Swift, instructor in German; J. M. Manly, who was called to Brown from Harvard the first of this year, was made associate professor of the English language and literature; Walter M. Saunders, instructor in chemistry; George G. Wilson, '86, instructor in social science; Ode E. Randall, associate professor of mathematics and civil engineering; F. T. Guild of the class of 1890, who has been instructor in chemistry this year, was made registrar.

The faculty report on the granting of certificates to women after passing certain examinations was referred to a committee which will report upon it at the regular meeting of the corporation in September. At that time it will be made a special order of business.

The Land Grant Fund was discussed and it was understood that the committee on this question should act with full power in this matter, and should decide upon the disposition of the fund.

As to Hope College, it was voted to proceed at once with the renovation of the whole building. The plans were submitted to the inspection of the members of the corporation. Work will be begun immediately, so that the dormitory may

be ready for the coming year.

The corporation adjourned until the next meeting of the corporation in September.

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My Dear Dean,

I enclose an extract from
the Brown news in the "Boston
Budget" which is simply phenomenal
in its blundering - Here surely is
the champion idiot; he ought
to vote the Democratic ticket and
I presume does. I need not say that
it was in 1867 that Mr Watson
joined us - that Dr Gray was
not elected - but that we
were somewhat south of the 14th
parallel! I've seen the time, when
for a few months that reputation
life had been seen in change.
Now, now, so poor to do so.
Sincerely, In all friendship
Your true friend

Brinsley

Providence, Mar 31. 1881-

P.S. Dear me. I forgot Dr Gray
in command of the Expedition. Do
tell me, soon, please!

April 25 1891

How are you, young man? Give
an account of yourself say, why
sentence of death should not at
once be pronounced upon you? Will
you vote the United States of Columbia,
or the elective chair of King King?
I wish! I send herewith a few dozen
notes for your edification, I hope you
can answer the questions better than
did the Capt. This morning I had some
"pyxis" from New Jersey! I wish it was
here, I should like a big yellow
cactus, and a section of Cereus from
New Mexico, They have so long on
the way that they look (and it is
and is - it) like dead mummies.

Yours confidently
W. B. Peck

May 12th 1891

My Dear Dave,

I had not heard of
poor Goodell's affliction till your
note - and I grieve for him. I
will try to tell him how much,
He is especially affectionate in his
nature - and true friend of Witter -
who, I suppose is the one who died.
I recall her as a very bright and
promising girl. I too was in N. Y.
during my Easter recess. It would
have been funny had I run afoul
of you, but I avoided shops, and saw
neither the Britton, nor Morong, nor
anything floral, except flowers.

I found that Bennett knew of
and had ordered the revised man-
uscript, now send me on a flexible
covered and interleaved copy!

I hope to spend six weeks from
July 15 - at Takonnet Point, Little
Compton, R. I. This said to be fine!

I have never seen them, I recall the
Faintest recollection of some new-
things (for the region), near there,
May look much as you!

A week ago to-morrow night
I dined in Boston with the Local
Lesion at the American Hotel, Har-
vart St. We had a big time, I
was a guest merely - as I am not
eligible to membership, turning round
only in the room. Bennett is raising
a fine lot of things for an evening
in historical museum. Please
bear this in mind and keep us
when you can. All our secretions
aluminum eat, facts! though I'm
doubtful of my Later.

Viz! that brochure of
Hesperia is fine - apparently.
I have not studied with it; but,
after all, is the crucial test.

Am. no letter, but I hope no
more, and I am always

Very cordially yours
William Brewster Bailey

My Dear Dean,

I meant to give the address of Noyes & Cobb for the portrait, My train ran me off to
Dorchester, Softening foot!

W. W. B.,

Providence, Mar 15, 1891,



Walter Deane-Esqr-
5 Brewster Place.
Cambridge
Mass

Dear Dear

You may like to take
your wife to see the portrait
of my Y³ at Dodge's, where
it is on exhibit; painted by
C. Wall Nelson. Go and see it,
The artist has given it to me.
So, with the original, I am well
set up.

Ta! ta!

Your friend
Baileys, W. W.

Providence, Mar 11. 1891

Providence, June 20, 1891

My Dear Deane,

"Your esteemed favor" is at hand, "contents noted", and I hasten to reply that I have need of a "line" of the same goods, viz vacation. Do you know, if it were not for the coll I should run down either to Y. B. K., or Commencement at Harvard. But I'm as poor as Job's crow - and couldn't raise enough to carry me beyond Northfield.

Both my boys are larking with whooping cough - about 3 weeks into it, and we are all thinking it a much underestimated disease. My, a part of the time, has been seriously ill. Both of them, now, however, seem to have "trumped" to the relief of it, and come up after a spasm (comparatively) learning.

The thing may have the secondary effect of stopping us from going to Little Compton, though we hope not. As for me, the phenomenal drop in the temperature has developed in my bones more pains than were known to Coliban, son of Scleros. The mischief of it is, that I was full of repugnance of work. It is two years since I've touched my herbarium. I am more than doubtful if I ever can again. In many respects my department is coming up. Please bear in mind that you can aid us with any respectable exhibits; tree-trunks, fruits, seeds, fibres, drugs, etc. Please tell Goodale of this.

I hear that Barnea is going West again - for keeps, is it so? The Brittons, I believe, have gone over the water, and

you herewith a report - which may interest you.

I am in such con-
founded pain with my neck
that I shall have to pull up
- not the neck, but my pen.
He! he will write this sum-
mer - and if I do so hereafter
with a stub pen, may my right
hand forsake its cunning! One
night we well had a Latin lean
pole. With regards to Mrs.
Deane, Dr. Watson, Goodale,
Barnea, Gering etc.

Your fellow tourist

W. W. Bailey,

P. S. The smell of burning
resoline, adds to my joy. In
fact I am incensed.

Sep. 5th 1891

My Dear Lane,

Yama reached me on Sea
Coast where I have put the
last six weeks, practically out of
sight. But your weather all
the time; indeed, too good, for
doubt was the result. A more
equable climate I never knew;
a tropical island could not be
more delightful. The air did me
immense good. I am brown as
Copper, and was as hungry all
the time as a shark or a school
boy. I spent every day that passed
and was not much like to try
the Congressional trick of putting
such the hand of the clock.
Char! the 1st of Sept. is now on
hand and the 1st of November just
will be near. I have not yet
the school's plan for the

Concessions do. All your pathology
 was supposed to show vaccination,
 but I am out of the elect.
 By the way, I had in the same
 house with me - Mr. Collier, Pres-
 ident of Roxbury Latin School.
 Reminded them then? What can
 you tell me of Goodale? I wrote
 him just after you told me of his
 daughter's death, but I never
 had any reply. What then did
 he look for them presidential ad-
 dress? I did not attempt to speak
 of this in season. Presented plants
 were Euphorbia capillaris, Phys-
alis perfoliata, Asiaticum, Scutellaria,
Callispermum spicatum, Amorpha
canadensis, Compositae etc.
 I spent the whole time in read-
 ing a meeting. I did not write
 to them, and our friend to be
 far it. I lost my opportunity to
 reflect a duty. Wife and Lilies
 are gloriously well. And Lilies are

Growing, late of Arizona, I met
of no! perhaps not! What has
up his name for Culliflora 189
— he is dead with a tree and
and his own little. Then what
his name is of Dacrydium, Picea,
Juniperus etc. I do not I could
get the key into the museum
time. There is every prospect of
of this at Brown. Things are
happening here. I send you the
draft report. You will see the
value of our free science. I
deed, who can resist the will
of Man - though through the
I planned today to take a
ride out in the woods, but a
little winter shipman where I
am proposed. The President gives
Saturday. I found a perfectly
perfect stock of material to make
things on my return. May find

7
Call it at the Post Office, my
"heavy" mail. When do you re-
turn to the many-gated Caenotus?
I venture to send this to Joffrey
hoping that you may still be
waiting under the evening
shower of Roundhead.

What a "swarm" of White &
land people are with you! I know
most of them - and love some,
but all my regards and best
for yourself as just measure of
affection.

Yours most kindly
W. Whitman Bailey

I have not it all yet. I have
 been to the post, & I have
 written to the "my wife"
 with love and great affection.
 You good people, may try to
 do better — Poems and I
 prefer this, my Boy, little bit,
 will bring, "Papa, at the end of
 the letter, I will change it and
 give it. One of the most of the
 present state. This immediate
 answer shows, a similar one
 nearly right, I am, & see!

"It is not cheap then" but
 a price as if Philip's inscription
 change in our hand is not an
 answer to a desire for much love
 and. Under the impulse of duty I
 shall, however, no doubt, show the
 love, so you know, I think you
 what if getting at a new edition
 of Philip's "Collection of Hymns &c."
 at a low price — so you know,
 I have the book on hand and
 it is just what you need to a set of
 it in the state, I think you will

things. The book had the in-
 fluence of Gray, Eaton, Gardner,
 Brien, Chas Wright etc. Even 189
 now it is in some hand else would, but
 I never would have been \$25.00
 for it and a new binding of
 chamois and cloth, the title of
 'gloria Horticola' I met with a
 glorious copy of my old book
 which has been safe in, but
 not so splendid. By the way I
 collected yesterday Arcticus. I left
 10.00. The book has been
 big but I could not credit my
 own name. If you can make a
 species and species have been
 collected on the little ground, but
 a good one. The price of the
interest to be - and I should
 have been the delight and
 pretty young man. I am, I am,
 what is the new way to be

For my classes, I have been
asked to put in a petition
and, let the galled jail
my other Receipts are
being. In Church of Bith, a fine
old fellow, but had paid them
some time, and he has a few more
specimens for Joseph. He writes, in
I am, say, given, very anxious
and wish to, I send us any and
all seeds that you can. Mr. Bith
is putting up all American seeds
in bottles, with a view to enlarging.
He gives his whole time and thought
to the seed business and is not
to the herb. but at any rate, it is
off my mind. I am only responsible in
the point that I recommended this. He
is a queer stick. Let us have from
you on the subject of Charles, when the
offspring of him you, come down to the
shores of Lake Ontario. "Will each
of us drink deep as you depart."
On the steps of the scaffold
Your respectful friend
H. H. Bailey

September 22^d 1891

This from beyond the Styx to
him who dwelleth by Charles-
greeting! Be good while ye have
yet time, Carry no person this
salary, Take care of ourselves,
Avoid sedges, Then Desmoulin,,
Skip Potamogeton, Skip lightly
over the grasses, and you may
yet reach these elysian fields.

He who are here, mind little
now of the throe of our judicial
murder, Cough he while the time
when all shall meet Charon at
the bridge. Ah friend, if you only
knew our joy, gladly would you
lay your head upon the fatal
pill block! Honest virgin, I
have 53 shuttles in Potomac;

Whom can I stir up to endow me
and give me new rooms and a
modern equipment? Dr Andrews
& after such a man, so am I,

Yes! I could live idly, in
the view of holdings, and yet
to mankind rich service. I am
sure of it. Instead - I must, like
Pygmalion, toil in galling harness
or kick my shoes off on the
dash-board - or the devils in it!

But Lord! how eloquent Pygmalion
in Lecture I was the Charm &
advantages of old But! I could
feel the ~~throb~~ up my back bone,
and the "Hysteria passio" of a
nervous emotion. The tops "rob"
whed! or rather clapped to the
ceiling, and by force, I knew my
"win set" that it was good,

Yours ever

Bailez - W. W.

Oct 26th 1891

Dear Anne,

Yes! I have been in a
very Mephisto of a state, sick in
bed every Saturday and Sunday
for three weeks - the last time
with acute rheumatism, but came to it!
For my sin? Pish! Well, I have
not lost a single class, though I
had to leave me from my bed for
two extensive lectures. I have 25
more. God wot, in this same course,
tell me, my girl, why the 99 so
close to Boston? You speak of
entering on your "herbarium", happy
am I! I have not touched mine for
three years. Lost it a while to
be so lame, when all the same,
there's lots of game, and everywhere
for eyes afield, true hard to tame
him whose name
is - as ever
Affly yours
W. W. Bailey

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION. 1891.-2. LECTURE V.

Saturday. November 14th 1891.

Subject - Compound Leaves

1. They consist of one, several, or many leaflets.
2. The kinds of Composition dependant on the venation of simple Leaves.
3. The degrees of Composition - as.
 - (a) Uni - pinnate
 - (b) Bi - pinnate e t c.,
 - (c) Uni palmate or digitate
 - (d) Bi - palmate etc.
4. Pari - pinnate, Im - pari - pinnate, Cirrose - pinnate.
5. Leaflets described like simple Leaves,
6. Pairs of leaflets known as Juga - hence
 - (a) Uni - jugate pinnate or Binate
 - (b) Bi - pinnate, the pinnae uni - jugate etc.
7. The Rachis, Partial petioles and Stipels,
8. The Decomound and Dissected Leaves.
9. The Expression " Ternate "
10. Palmi - pinnate conditions -
11. Texture, as Membranous, Coriaceous, Filmy, Succulent
12. Leaves of Peculiar Conformation - as vertical and Equitant Leaves, Perfoliate and Peltate Leaves.
13. Leaves with no distinction of Blade and Petiole
14. Froids and Thalli -

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SURFACE TERMS.

- | | |
|---------------|--|
| Glabrous - | smooth |
| Glabrate - | nearly smooth |
| Scabrous - | rough to the touch. |
| Pubescent - | soft - hairy or downy |
| Pulverulent - | dusty or powdery. |
| Glaucous - | with waxy bloom. |
| Setose - | bristly |
| Pilose - | hairy - as distinguished from woolly or downy. |
| Hirsute - | beard - like |
| Floccose - | woolly |
| Arachnoid - | webby |
| Velutinous - | velvety |
| Villous - | with long, weak hairs |
| Sericeous - | silky |
| Tomentose - | hoary |
| Hispid - | with scattered stiff hairs |
15. Vernation or Praefoliation
- Inflexed Reclinate.
- Conduplicate, Plicate, Circinate.
- Convolute, Involute, Revolute.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION. 1891 - 92.

ELEMENTARY COURSE in BOTANY
LECTURE I.

The Purpose of the Science

Its Power in Education.

Its Relation to Kindred Sciences

A Study which inflicts no pain.

(Ha! ? ?)

An In-expensive pursuit.

The abundance of materials.

Simplicity of Elementary Facts.

Relation to foreign languages.

The technical language of Botany.

Aesthetic aspects of the Science.

Yum, yum!

Extreme finish in Nature.

Friendships of Science. e.g. Walter Deane

Botany's Relation to the Microscope.

More Practical Objects.

e.g. insects, microbes!

Relations to Horticulture, Agriculture, Floriculture.

Medicine and Commerce.

Lambago etc

The great influence of Kew Gardens.

Practical work of Botanists. Uses of the Botanic Garden. *for*
nurse-maids etc

as a looking place for + Uses of the Herbarium. The Scope of Botany.

Definition of the Term. What is a plant?

Nature draws no sharp lines of demarcation between animals and plants.

Some Motile Plants considered, as Diatoms; spores of Algae.

Some movements of plants parts as Leaves ^{of} Mimosa, Desmodium

Root-tips. Tendrils. Flower-parts. Fruits.

Some carnivorous plants considered, as, Dionaea, Drosera, Sarracenia, Darlingtonia.

Other Vanishing Tests.

Close observation required of the Student.

Division of Labor necessary- Definitions of Morphology, Physiology- etc.

Primary Divisions of the Vegetable Kingdom.

Phanogamia, Cryptogamia.

Nov 1871

W. M. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

December 28 1891

Dear Dear,

W. W. B. B.

You will, I should presume, say,
let me know at once, what I
may editorially do him justice
in the Providence Journal,

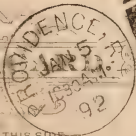
Your whole reports "B. B." are
telling.

Yours truly

W. W. B. B.

Dear Deane, I am delighted to hear con-
tinual good news of F. W. Your labors and
kindly keeps me informed, the Lord will
have F. W. All the churches and people's
members in the country would be anxious
to hear of you, I hope so. I am the first
to hear of who ever knew F. W. as much. He
went on King's Expedition July 1857 - and that
is a long time ago, my dear friend.

Hope you will soon be coming for
I hope so. You are my dear friend,
I am and will be, I am ever,
Yours ever F. W. F.



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane Esq -
5 Brattle Place -
Cambridge -
Mass.

(to be sent, but then I
wonder, like the cat-birds, to
wonder the old nest, and
better by the constant sup-
ply of new ones, As to John
Baker, he is a more ready
to the house at citizens. I
don't think Europe could make
any use of me; I am more
and more devoted to the
old place every day. I have be-
lieved that in their recent
meeting the Paris kept a stiff
upper lip and insisted upon
my home and dignity. It is
high time we were asked our
share. Excuse all friendly
love to - and believe me

Ever affectionately yours
till the crack I hear
Ed. V. Benson

Providence Jan 27. 1842

My Dear Sir,

I have been thinking
you shortly, while you waited
for the letter that you saw, and
keeping words of fire upon my
poor head. That was all right
all, what was done by the ex-
cellent states of Providence, but
let that pass, you can pass in
the time when you need me!

I am rejoiced that my good
friend Baker is doing well.
The second is all right to the
best. If you are here, do let him
know my interest. This was
really of many a long day since.

I am myself but indifferent
well, as I think might say. My
age is an extended letter -
I have a long list of friends. Pro-
bably the attendance of the
conference is not more than a 100.
There is no doubt will do, I hope again

Providence, Feb 7, 1892

20. I wish it were possible that the papers
begin at that point. I know as you need
for it. I thought we had the paper and
wanted it. It was a matter of time. Such a
long time must reach the system as fully, as for
the, my only conflict in that my neck is not a
paper. I wonder if the Cambridge men have
requested you of the neck. Can you not get in
with the five fellow to the Bonn. Almost
which you Thursday are at Yonkers? I hope to
be there and to speak over the machine like
some author. I had mean to speak like the 10,
A, but like him, to speak, I see. I see you at
Yonkers anyway - about 4.30 P. M. in a place, I shall
indicate. You with some. I am ever yours.

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.



Walter Deane Edge
5 Brewster Place
Cambridge
Mass.

Providence
Eve of St Valentine
1891.

Dear Susan,

With my adoption of pro-
gressive medicinal action in the
world's cup, I have been so
anxious to be well, gathering all
love and life, for its sake.
And it was, after all, too early
to let, that of "Monday" to
and you still well to stay at home,
I see now, as you know, for
the "feeling" of my "heart" - both
precise about when you compare
to previous one condition.

I spent in all my life so much
with Stella and Boston shared, I
wonder I time to speak of them. Still,
he had a royal good time, with
her, music and speeches, and a
look of an incomparable news,
my efforts was duller to some
extent by the fact that I expected
my name to be called on for
speech. I had the religious officers
of my parish to both, but not
being called up, I had been very
glad, I was pained for a good one.

Ys 13

had a fine day in the
city and I had the
time for the escape of some
thieves, the transient glories
of the day. My occasional need
was not so great as usual -
in time for instance. I got home
about 2 o'clock in the morning.
Some of my old class (1864) were
present, all had passed. Only fellow
with good exposure, and char-
acter of worldly success, in-
stead of the usual, John. Tell
me what. Don't forget that pro-
mise to come down some day. The
sisters. Sister shall be plain,
the old criteria to fail, and
you shall make of my little
letter, I will show you also two
fine scenes. By the way, I must
tell you a good one of my little
daughter. I will be the other
night the story of Pinel the Pastor.
The next night she said "Paper
let me to hear you about
David Wail", which I think I
had at all. I've known lots of

that sort. It seems to me that
the friends in town, I think,
give us some of the efforts of
E. L. Jones, Foster and others.
I first spoke a lot of per-
formance, I believe to be
of the day, the Gray had been
you for some time. I believe
if you can find any like
Comptroler in the Boston market
to the other Comptroler or Person
to send me in, I will be glad
to send them the book like all
others. If you know of a case
for insurance just, I will be
to
Your affectionate but
still partial friend
W. W. Bailey.

Sept 17th

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My dear friend,

Of course I want Compositae.
etc of course, many indeed, except
Eupatorium and Pigneria. The
latter the gardeners call Steris
I especially want some volante
I would like to see some, but alas!
I am flat & my back and chest
are bad, and they are now dry.
Now, too, I am still in the house
though corvina volante, I hope to
be up and out tomorrow.

I fear from what I wrote
to that letter was not so
well, still, I shall hope so.
I must be well on Saturday to
meet some Union Extension class.
The Journal announces that I
will meet them at 10 P.M.,
with a proper regard for the af-

proclaiming "No-birth" as well
on the his demands of immor-
tal values which that have
not the justice,

Consider then my Valentine's
card I - I think -

W. W. Bailey,

Providence, Feb 19th 1872.

Honored Dean,

I am well. I was in flat
on my back from Sunday noon till
Wednesday ditto, Saw Fones in at
Providence. At present I am far from
gay but am still Tapleyish. Thank
you!

I write to say that I
have just come into possession of a
very good copy of Vol V. of the U.S.
Geog. Expl. of 40th Parallel. As you
are doubtless aware, this is Watson's
Solary and is a scarce book. I would
like to sell it for a consideration. Can
you ascertain for me what it is
to bring - and perhaps find a few
cheats? I leave you to yourself. If
not you can have it cheap; any
other fellow must pay full price.
I leave what you can find out for I lack
dexterity.

I repeat the fact that I have done

Providence, Feb 19th 1872.

2
old Old Range, I ordered five books
for college, The Bitten in series, Thompson
on Last Long Bulletin, I have ordered
also the new Flora of America, and
the publication of the Brittony
Botanic Garden.

Tomorrow, Cervix v. lante, I begin a
second course of Union Extension Classes.
The proper advertisement them at 10 P.M.,
A institutional respect for the Ladies
Day, and certain physiological lessons
have compelled me to put them earlier
in the day than announced. I am
sorry - but flesh is weak.

Oh, you young fellows, what a
delightful time you are having, you
in the high-day of your youth, let
play, fly, and the cannon click!
Consider, why next Monday, the
22^d the nation day of the nation
festival. I shall be 49. Would it

think of it, diss. late man, I shall
 pass you on that day looking
 pretty soon some Canlidre
 for the one of Boston (I have
 to such that end now here), and
 asking for Lager, what for? why
 to Chyl for your friend Brain.

Did you hear about
 those girls at Wellesley - who are
 asking to a Boston paper; how
 to spread their gymnastic fan-
 cies as to necessarily develop
 the biceps, the triceps, and the
gluteus maxima, whose ignorance
 is thru the folly!

I had occasion today to clean out
 my dust bin - and incidentally
 found out some of my white not
findings. There were Cephios locom
and Libby concerns, and upin
down trifles etc. All at once the

seen before me remembered - and I
 saw in succession the meadows
 of Sugar Hill, the distant Green,
 the slopes of the Lafayette. I shall
 see again behold them with the
 melting eye? You later? for stay
 say again keep not,

If you had heard me go down
 to the Cape yesterday, in the
 "Crest" of Saracen, you would
 "No chance for Bailey as an angel; his
 place in Congress is the Devil." He
 did put it to me! Do you know, Ho-
 lmes, there are men walking between
 Heaven and earth - and representing
 a Pope in the present guise of the
 Devil, who shall, in good sooth, be
 a man of blood or blacking boots, and
 yet "Lorraine" to much of the "Re-
 sponse man." Ay, for good, I hear
 you say - and the best, and the best
 day - day! This - M. M. Bailey

what I do to let it through is
not to let it go.

If you believe that France
is going to be the better world
for us, I shall say, "Porter
is a fool." I fear the French
have not yet, I want you to
see, I have to thank you for
it. They do not mind, and
perhaps the French do.

My mother was not and
perhaps each other in my country
is as much as a "Bleeding
Heart Case," I hope so?
No? Then, pray what is it?

Your Truly-
Frank Bailey

Providence - Nov 2^d, 1892.

At Republic Solitaires

I have seen the French people
of France, and is dedicated to
the French people, 1892
of the French people, the world
is.

When I have seen the French
people, the world is.

The world is, the French people,
the French people, the French people,
the French people, the French people,
the French people, the French people.

And I have seen the French
people, the French people, the French people.

The French people, the French people, the French people.

And I have seen the French
people, the French people, the French people.

And I have seen the French
people, the French people, the French people,
the French people, the French people,
the French people, the French people.

And I have seen the French
people, the French people, the French people.

And I have seen the French
people, the French people, the French people,
the French people, the French people,
the French people, the French people.

And I have seen the French
people, the French people, the French people.

And I think to see a friend like
you, my own, who to show
they had the plan of little
things
In their lives days of old,
A part time which had wholly
gone
Or nearly so, we're told -

For now they chase away our ills
By saying here ~~there~~ sugar pills,
So does the medicinal path
Did these two friends advance,
And put the guiding influence
Of later Renaissance.

Which taught them much
exacter rules
Than those of Galen's ancient
schools,

Today we find the comrades
Still
Not now with Cave in hand
The work with me in hand

The wisdom of the land,
Everything else they cannot
And being seen you may be seen

And he, who has sweet bliss
Tells,
And our for great day,
Acknowledge that to Medicine
He one on your army
Of names like Tory, Engelmann,
Pantun and Wick and Guy!

These "wild and whirling"
notes how the first and only
of a piece of time with which I
often thought of the late
R. D. had tried, the same
was too late, so I decide my
series and my paper as
usual (not this) is now
great and in the 8th month.

I would with great anxiety
city you note that from
Dear old Watson, I have written
at my remembrance of this, my
little tribute, but I hope to be
able to write more (perhaps any
one can for it).

With obliged for the same

Providence, May 4, 1891

My Dear Sam,

I have felt fearful
since I wrote my last that
you might think me self-
proud and heartless. You
know the old saying, that
the clown in the circus
is the saddest man of all,
if I did not joke. I should
have said, for "that kindest and
truest, kind word all in
here about my heart!"

Poor Watson! I grieve to
think that I may never
see him again. He was the
first lieutenant who made
his acquaintance - and our
friendship grew and ripened
with the years. To think, too,
of those old days when I
strutted at the Greeks! How
many days, many minutes of

Which were crammed full
of pig, I can see those sum-
mer composites in the garden,
(I wish I had 'em, by the
way) - and the little pig,
and the joyful face of
Dr. Gray. Ah me! I have
now for sad thinking.

But - I must not
go on the other tack and
depress you. I think some-
what of the Independent
in case I have sad reason
to use my poor virtue;
or perhaps the Independent
- but I don't want it to be
thrown into the basket,
this Prov. Journal, for
which I wrote for 20
years, in 2.00 and 2.00
Democratic sheet, or an

the house, which is now, it cannot be
longer for ought of mine, for, at least,
I am now at all times the anything I
will use the word, I hate the sheet-
with the leaves now that are indig-
a; hearts are not afraid the person
seems, what; look out for yourself,

the Daily and I am so sorry
to hear that you are ill. I am
just at the end of the school to your
house - as so good a time had de-
termined!

Yours always
Wm. W. Parker

like myself in. hardly deserving
of the honor I am in of con-
gratulating this man every day!
I could wish with little grace much
up to a well defended cabinet.

In conclusion, let me beg
you to hold your tongue about
all this. My prayer is that
the offender will - as our
Northern brethren say - "git!" In
the mean time, the wrong
done is too much for me. I
died tomorrow as did Leguin
the Jew. I know how they in
need for the Curatorship? What
Donald Smith do? This is the
only man that now occurs to
me since Barnum shook off
the Cambridge dust. Rumor
says that this has the result
of a feeling that your good paper
was cold, reserved, indisputable,
in the words that Mrs B.
has at the bottom of it. Alas!
Cleopatra - lost Actium! I never
saw any such thing either in Boston

R. D. Smith, (probably) because I have
written to him, that I may be his
friend.
Pardon me
Pardon me, Dec 14, 1868

My Dear Dean,

I am so sorry that I
was unable to pay the last
sad honor to my much loved
old friend. He was one who knew
no shadow of cunning, was pure
eternal reproche, Christianity.
- I don't mean consanguinity -
even almost affectionate. Some his
loss is irreparable, and so it is to
science. Who is there now to hold
in check the Latin of Cambridge who
were chafing at the bit, trampling
over the dead board, casting mud
on the robes? How this figure comes
back to me, and his great self-
perpetual sleep in the Herbarium. Oh
again, I think of him and Charles
Majors walking single file, as
they always did (proceeding on
to Cambridge mud!) - as they
went to dinner, Gloriana days here
I had at the old Garden, days

in which Boston figures prominently, under the management of the Committee; after walking down by the little spring, and delightful study, suffering all the first year; then, that I saw that I was in deep trouble - my job was indeed then. To-day again the fishes are all out of me, and I feel lone and lorn. Like other Emerson being, it may be written of me "he rose, smiled again." The trouble now is an element - or period and study time I have been hearing at college, and the end is not yet. The man, Bennett, who I got in as Tutor, has neglected the book, he is in over sea with mine, and infected with German, dirty and all this. Yet, all the time he has rubbed the thumb at morning seeds, long's problems.

3 The presentation of letters of Thomas etc, the time for a short lecture and a sort of review. In explanation I have finally to show the President the same, other people too before this very often, and this must be the list of students, the as one appointed by a Board, therefore, and myself as other committee to examine and report. I thought - when as I felt, that I would explain when I should part of the same. "The book as in there, now, with them very faint, the the dark board, I'll be down at a report; as I write it you may guess it was negative; the Dr. Bennett - and the list as that might be in "I would 'till tonight" - the father's name, by the way, the book, then one, then the same one.

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

P.S. Free Stanley, Center Santa Polymers. It
a mail to John Smith.

April 10th 1892

Dear Friend, Your letter must
have been addressed before I went
to Blair, not Dr. Kealey, and
that the li. certificate of you, which
I have had great interest,
in which my letter have all your
rights. Now that you have found a
price for the 5, please tell me
also if a purchase, I should like to
receive. In looking at my Mess
Name yesterday I was delighted
to find that I had printed in letter
from Lesonoreux and James both,
this is a habit I have, and it, of
course enhances the worth of the
volume. Then I have included vol
umes of Darwin, Galton, Darwin,
May, Huxley, Holmes, R. H. P. Huxley,
E. H. Huxley, Huxley etc., all the

Letter came to me, too, in answer
correspondence, I have nothing but
small envelopes.

What! what! what! I have not
lost my notebook in four
years. The cruel pain in my
head is especially intolerable
in this sort of work.

The Boston Herald very kindly
by noted me to correct the error,
and I suppose published my note
this week. I am very much
interested. The Independent would not
publish mine, so I sent all my
notes to Goodale.

Spiraea is for
Spiraea *fruticosa*
Rosa *canina*
Alnus *incana*
Salix
Populus
Prunus *serotina*
Juniperus *horizontalis*
Viburnum *opulus*
Cornus *serotina*
Rhus *corymbosa*
Syringa

Urtica *media*

Could we possibly to day, Wiley as
a Democrat, send publication? Right up
to a good for nothing, I suppose
Bailey

I Dear Deane, Providence, May 10/84

I have not a stamp to place myself withal - hence resort to the scheme of a prima facie friend mine and make chapters of my career. This is F.R.I. No; I had not heard of Mr. L.H.'s illness. It is too bad, but I am so glad to hear that is out of danger. I depend upon him in these degenerate days to keep up the family name. Good to note he would use my notes in his Obituary of S.W. in the American Journal. Instead, Prager writes the note. I feel disappointed. Nature says Wa was begun in 1872. Dear me! How about 1867? I have a mind to set em right, if an Englishman can be set right except by a down-right New Orleans or Bohemian. I hope you are having good health -



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane Esq -
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge -
Mass.

II and the men and which accompanies
a round body. As for me, I know my best
days are over. It is hard to kick against
the pricks when there are in the neck, I think
little. Only is a heavy, As to summer, my pres-
ent hope is to go to Block Island, Do you know
always had a fancy for exhausting the Flora of
some such island, and of all islands, that is the
one, as it belongs to my own presence.

Have not been really out in the woods. Don't
know how I could stand a week, as in last
shape. Shall we ever meet in this state or
another? If you are good, perhaps so.
Sincerely Thine W. W. B.



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE

Walter Deane - Esq -
9 Brewster St -
Cambridge -
Mass -

Providence, May 11. 1871

My Dear Laura,

I have just this moment
finished writing to my Boston
friends (mostly friends) - & of
whom you are one of the many
loved ones. There has been a de-
lightful change from - of course - at
the point - not at all. Nature
rejoices. The many seedlings
left that week long have been
planted. There will have been
about 1000 of them. The flowers
for one small garden, some
with some a little plant. I have
from my friends, with my sister's
eye, "Hortia" all the plants in
the place for and that with joy.
Not every branch of a branch
a new branch they have in their
like a newish in gentle garden.
I have to return thanks for the

Yesterday I went out for
walking about 12 miles with my
Union Cyclist Club the party

November 21 - and included
my dear old friend Mr.
George Thum, who saw right
last January, but who can
get me off my friend legs.
I will not speak of what he
will do in this way with the
rest of the party. As they can
China for them, property for
to be for next morning any
thing but their bodies, and then
get over the road with
little breath. So some people
presumption, children, and "dread"
Canton (by the way). "Dread"
Canton etc., In the same way
the white and black, which
like spectral ghosts. The red
may be seen in full view. So
was a "ghost" when I reached
by Winterville, or rather, to feel
undulating mountains.

I have rarely had a more

delightful day. I reached Jila
like a shot by (a matter?)
- and arrived at noon in a
refreshing manner after Capt. 76
a Poppo. The party which
the experience a huge success
and we will have another in
two weeks. Come and join in!

And now, please tell me
often to Mr. Brown is he? I
have thought of him much. How
kind of such a man will be
you. I have to him many. I
have known who are you. My-
self, Dr. B. Brown, Hanks,
Henny, Gray, Strong, Nelson,
Chas. H. H., Hanks, Henry,
Hunt, Leggett, Lescroart, Jones
etc. I had what a joy it is to
have known such men! What
friends some of them have!

Dear Lord, just my promise
"I am in the" and "the Power"
"to the Church!" Really, however, I
I am in the "I am in the Church!"
I am in the Church!

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

BY W. WHITMAN BAILEY.

I FOUND a camp-meeting of teachers,
Most wonderful ever was seen;
Such quaint and prim little preachers,
In pulpit of purple and green.

I knew not the words they were saying:
The sermon did not understand,
But saw all the flowers a-praying,
And hid my own face in my hand!

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

N. Y. Independent -
June 9, 1892

Am in the throes of the reading of
examination papers. Beyond is the
quiet sea, the blue sky — Heaven!
May we all deserve it,

Yours,

The Author -

Providence, June 24, '92.

My Dear Deane,

I hope to be present next week at the Harvard Commencement as the guest of a friend in the class of 1879. Look out for me in that part of the procession. I shall grieve if I fail to meet you.

Watson's post mortem article in the Gazette I should think would be worm wood to Britton. How clean-cut the article is though! Well! the academic year is over; the vacation days are here, and Lord! how I do enjoy the sweet rest from responsibility. 'Tis China that kills. Hoping soon to see you in the spirit, I rest you in the flesh - or "wisay-nergy".

Love L. H.

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

On the Old Chair
In the First Baptist Meeting House; a Ballad
a la Dobson,

Ancient, mellow and Crown,
Flat-bottomed, level and grand,
Here flows the dignified gown;
Here all the candidates stand,
Tell me, now, Is it not grand?
Maidens in beauty are there,
Think of them, men, if you will —
This is the President's Chair,

Think of the crowns it has seen
Pass as the doormats unfold,
Gather to talk on the green;
Ah! we are all growing old,
Most of our story is told;
None with the tops can compare,
Bore whom we knew once at Brau —
This is the President's Chair.

No graduates longer salute,
Nor tearful express a farewell;
Philosophy fails to compute
Errors that science must tell,
All has been changed by a spell,
Latin itself does not dare

Utter itself as we knew —
This is the President's Chair,

Envy,
If we its record could scan,
Whom would our scrutiny spare?
Each President was but a man —
This is the President's Chair,

—o#o—

Two Crowns Imperial

Two crowns imperial for me!
To part with either I am loth,
And yet I think you will agree
I scarcely cannot wear them both,

Were I Germania's Kaiser boy
I might perhaps the thing contrive,
The dual troubles to enjoy
And make my double kingdom thrive,

But as a child of Yankee birth,
These coronets of fatal gleam,
Excite my democratic smite,
But not ambitious vanishing dream,

I'll keep them for the grice's sake
Spent upon my curio shelf,
No tyrant hand the crowns shall take;
Ere that I'll wear them both myself!

Providence, June 30, 91

My Dear Old Walter,

If I have sent you those before, and in print, I will go and hang myself ineffectively. I think I have not, and as one of them is a prop of yesterday's jigs (Lord! what a good time I had!) I send them now, and chance it.

The fact is, you and Pinney must come down to some Brown racket, "he will teach you to drink deep 'ere you depart". And then, Kennedy — he must come too. Indeed, you can bring the Prosser Magnificents and all the Senate, we'll look out for 'em, to use to Harvard!

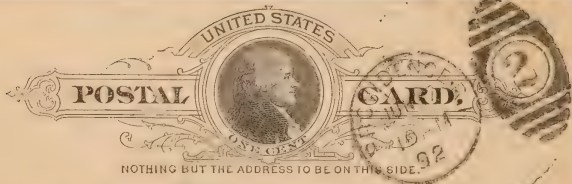
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W. W. Bailey

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Dear Deane, 6 Cushing St., Prov. R.I.
June 27th 1892.

I expect to be the guest on Com-
mencement Day - of Mr Amos Pinney
'79, I thought all Cantab revolved a-
round Harvard? How dare you keep
school on that day. I want you to be present
when I receive my L.L.D or D.Sc, that I
may hide my blushes on your waist-
coat, May Wakonot (whose soul is in
peace!) have you in the keeping! Dismissed
W. W. B. -



Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brewster Street -
Cambridge -
Mass -

No 6 Cushing Street -

Providence, July 7, 1891 -

My Honest Dear,

Your little escape from the mountains passed my feared snow-whet-time I ripped the natural coffee. How I should like to take a picnic with you!

What the Photo do you mean by Ellen simplex?

I had a nice note from Kennaly the other day, acknowledging such in the Pulpit. My muse does not at present narrate to me the causes etc, which induce such poems. I am hopelessly ill. Spent all this morning in clearing out my college room for the penitents and penitents, a devil of a job. Young Collins and myself to-morrow over the fillet in Eve Lamb's the other day, found

Arachis hypogaea

Antennaria biennis

" *Ludoviciana*

Desmodium illinoense

Alisma plantago - 4° high!

Anagallis arvensis (blue!)

Lotus corniculatus
Galium triorne
Alyceum prostratum (typical)
Papaver dubium -

Tomorrow we are to try the
lowest heap near the coal
wharves. Nothing is more than
than a dump heap if you can
stunt the various stinks, as of
sour toiles and open cess-pools;
and the unsightly mingling of
broken coal blocks, with paper col-
lars, tin-cans, and cast-off
crochets; I hope to go to my island
- my St. Helena, in about ten
days. In the mean time, as I
say, I am loitering - and thinking;
my thoughts run much on the
upside before of time, and the op-
portunistic solution or dissolution.

My lots grow apace - five
months with - at least I, feel
proud to think so.

In some number of
the *Foray* so long, look out for
an entertaining letter by my Pa,

written in 1835, and telling of
his first meeting with Dr
John Torrey - I've a mind to give
an my recollection of Watson.
Is it - tell me? too late? There
was a man indeed!

You must know young
Boring better; he is so spruce,
honest, spry, open, cheerful
- one of the Brahmin types with-
all - and with 6 generations or
so back, Holmes is right; it
lets (often). Give my love to the
sly Linnæus, the dandied Oxalis,
and the assertive French ferny -

Yours in smiley-like
words
(multifold stipules!!)

Bailey
H.

W.

Δ. Δ.

Providence, July 12, 1842,
We will try to catch Cr. triseriæ; also keep our eyes peeled for Tillaea, Plant on college campus that we
ask to be Scrophularia nodosa. We found Silene armeria
and Xanthoxylum spinosum the other day; Echin. l. by the
ace. Here I am with the mercury in the higher 90s,
and you dare to tell me of walking in cool mountain
streams. Methinks in my mind's eye, I note the nymph-
like progress. I have in a stream, the Copper Mine Run,
in Wisconsin, on which is the Bridal Veil Fall, Ah me!
the sweet times I had on it in 1832, and "paid the
gossamer fine". Never again will return those days of life
and romance, and have sultron, slouch and alas!
I am mortal now for two days in a most unexpected
and discomfiting manner, nothing serious, but a com-
plete stopper to gymnastics of all kinds. Remember my
address is permanent - and fate cannot conceive
Thy W. W. B.



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane - A.M.,
Jaffrey, N.H.,
Mrs Shattuck,

Pock Island, July 31, 72

Care Wm G. Sands,

Dear Dean,

You will notice from the caption that I properly recognize our affliction and follow the Blessed Law of priority in women's clature, for they do say that the crew of the Palatine were afflicted with the dread disease - However that may be, we, that is they, viz, some wash-women of Hotel Manissee, had it, At once all the borders as all the hotels flew like fleas - birds at the time of migration, for a few days the island was left pretty much desolate, for I held the fort, I had provided my family by a week, As soon as Miss Bailey heard of the danger here she was impressed by a mighty fear, but when I represented the real facts, and the precautions taken, she came on with the lot, There is now considered to be no danger, but the thing gave a jolt off to the Island for the summer, we are here a mile away from the disturbance, the infected ones were at

once removed to a remote part of the island and quarantined, and the hotel and outhouses where the disease appeared were also quarantined. It is now 14 days and there are no new cases. Such is the history of the very natural scare.

When I laid upon myself the task of botanizing this island, I undertook a big job; more than I alone can handle. The undulating surface is full of ponds and big holes and there abound in plants, such pond-lilies, almost as fine as Victoria. I find tufts of *Botanidium laevigatum* and *viridescens*, *Phloxia virginica*, *Pogonia phryglossortea*, *Euphorbia quadrata*, etc. On the shore I was delighted to gather what I take to be *Arenaria peploides*. *Solidago maritima* is very large. *S. nemoralis* and *Canadensis* also occur. I found *Cladonia ulmifolia* this morning, but not in flower. Some of the pond-holes are full of *Cephalanthus*, the only trees are *Populus alba* and a few locusts about the houses. I have seen the following ferns, to wit:

Aspidium Noctua, and *Thelypteris*; *Asplen-Gilix* Goen, *Dicranum*, and *Cheilanthes*, *Adiantum carolinianum*, and *Cheilanthes*. I find also *Sphagnum*, and a *Polystichum* - and several lichens. Sea algae are scarce.

I find myself speculating much as to the ancient history of this island, which is all of drift formation, boulders, clay and sand, where did the plants and animals come from and how? How have the butterflies - *Papilio Asterius*, *Argynnis apheles*, *Cynthia carolin*, *Hesperia* etc? How did they get here, I pause for a reply. Not as the Mexicans until today. Mercury at 90 for 10 miles at sea and no breeze. Today the ship came in attempting the refreshing gale - Continue to live and write to you always

Admiring friend
W. W. Bailey

Care W. B. Sengels - Eng -

Block Island, R.I., Aug 10. 92

Dear "Waller", Yes; I will try to recall *Hab. virens*
in fruit. Today I find a *Spiranthes*; am not sure
yet which it is. So far I have recorded about 190
species of plants here, exclusive of algae & fungi, which I
don't know. Do you save them? Had a Faculty meeting
here today. Just took a dip in the briny - g - a - Loris.
Best of your little runlets all hollow. I have a plant
on the shore here, with thick, fleshy opposite leaves. I'll
die in my tracks if I recognize it. Can it be *Glaux*?
There are no flowers on it. It forms dense, circular
mats. The stems are pale yellow; leaves opposite, ovate
and trigonous. Do give me a hint. Are you laughing
for the prospects of the class-room, the "school-boy crush-
ing like snail etc." Ah! had we only been born to fortune
and not to genius!!
Yours ever W. W. B.

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.



Walter Deane - Esq -
At Mrs Phottucks
Jaffrey -
N.H.

Care W. G. Sumner Esq
Block Island, R.I.

Aug 18. 1892

Dear Deane,

I now have young Col-
onia of Providence walking with
me for a few days. Yesterday
he added 50 to a list which
now embraces 250 species. Among
those new Pluchea emphorata
and he thinks Habenaria finlayana
Yes: no doubt my fleshy plant
is Arenaria pepideris, he had
no conclusion. On the beach, in
one spot only, he picked up a quite
late Laguncularia plant, with blue
flowers, and pinnate, trifoliate
leaves, and coiled roots, like a
Medicago. So far it tests as,
the fruit Gaylussacia dumosa, var
nitellus, in R.I. for the first time.
No Biliaceae as yet.

You should have been with us
yesterday as we explored the bog
holes, and muskeg, and finally

lunched at the top of a sand
dune by the multitudinous sea,
Crabs & chesse was the chief
of our diet. After this, ever & over
Egeawrei saw napasargas to
the Great Salt pond, around
whose shores we found lots of
good things. I never saw *Ra*
numukia cymbalaria so abund-
ant. Here, too, I added a rare
bulb for wheat, something I never
saw in the State, though just here
it appeared common. By the by, if
you can catch the *Limonites* black
with white bands, so common up
your river, feed him with winged
toe fish, pinkie is 'eal, and send
him to me. I expect after leaving
here to go to Princeton for a week
— to see what mountain air will
do for me. I am suffering horribly
here and dread the new term
consummally. But then, I always
do. Your cycle would be of little
use here, *thanka mas* is the
best, *ceteris paribus*.

Ta-ta
J. H. Bailey

Block Island, Aug 27, '91

My Dear Deane,

I can appreciate the feelings of the late R. Cruise, mariner, when after seven years' residence on a "disolute isle" in conversation with Friday and his parrot, he lamented the insufficiency of communications facilities at Juan Fernandez. I was already to go home this morning when, lo, a westerly gale from the coast and the Providence steamer failed to put in an appearance. So, here I am still, literally isolated, I uttered not a single D, however, but with botanic philosophy settled down to the in-devil-table. When I think of the juicy steak awaiting me in Providence, my purring cat, my own cozy home, nostalgia gets the better of me - and I could, like the Creole chief in Campfells' poem, "weep." It is cold here, too, and I have donned my thick underclothes and begun to grow my beard. I assure you an island is a mistake in geography! a peninsula is tolerable but an island must be home. Enough of water heat this, poor Cephalopod - and enough of fish. Hereafter I shall taste ven to cook a novel, where Fin is at the end!

There is no sign of fire in the house
and I long for the domestic hearth
and the Penates.

Now, I shall have to take a
little cut over to Newport on Sunday
morn, change to another steamer, and
thence to Prov, only to return here next
day for my family. I have but \$1.00
and my honor. The second will hardly
pass me on ship-board, and surely
not the first. The devil is in it!

But I should not complain. On
the whole, I have had a good time
and pulled about 250 plants, among
them *Elatine*, which I never gathered
before. A quaint little darling. I have
got no need to notice all I see but I
expect I shall be jotting down the plants
of the mainland. My eye has acquired
its old acuteness. The climate, however,
has been "agin" me. My neck is worse
than ever. I expect on Sept 3d to run
up to Wachuset for a week and
will make a visit to Joppo. My Dr
thinks it will do me good; not the kiss
but the mountain. Collier and I had
great fun here together. He left little
undiscovered. I wish you could have
been with us and gathered *Phacelia*,
Phacelia, *Discopleura* etc. I have
had red letter days - in South -

Sunday the 28, Aug

After sleeping upon the above I see
no cause to change a line. ~~Am~~ Barring
nothing - "Ct it presa." The mercury this
morn stood at 58°, it is now, at 11 A.M.,
about 60°, but, here is a change for you!

I still pick up a few needles. Only a
moment since I found *Lisium usitatissimum*
which has escaped me all summer. I shall
eventually make up an article on my sum-
mer work. Indeed, I sent some notes to the
new Botanical Section of the A.A.A.S.,
Halested writes me they had a good time,
that do you think of their publication
on poor old nomenclature!

I have found seven *Polidragos* here -
viz - *S. pinnata*, *Camelauris*, *myrica*, *neurorhis*,
serpentina, *linearis*, *lunata*. So far I
have found only one *Aster* in flower, viz
tridentatus; a *Cit* mine are on the shore,
the species of *Bidens*, too, are not yet
ready. I wrote the Pres. the other day
about in my opinion. 15 years faithful
service merited an increase of pay. He
promised to see it in the same light of
honor for something - so he says.

I feel melted to-day with an attack of
acute indigestion. I shall be glad to get
to my customary cuisine. Love to all
who cherish the memory of

Yours well-attached friend
W. Whitman Bailey

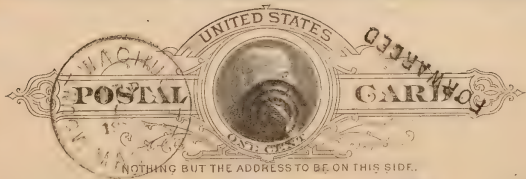
Grand View House -
Mt Wachuset, Princeton Mass

Dear Mr

Esq

Sept 7, 1892 -

I imagine you in harness to-
day, yes I hope not, it is a day of days
- full of autumn and Solitudes - the
sky and breeze. You ought to be here
with me, I shall be here till Saturday
or Monday next - alone, The dam and
the little ones are in P.W. All well,
271 species from Blount Is, with some to de-
termine, Write me here - W. W. B.



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane Esq. -
9 Brattle Street -
Cambridge Mass -

He had swung around the corner, 'the center' 4
I was passing the little district
school house the other day, with a
party - when one of the ladies called
out to a man who was un-bowling
at to a man who was un-bowling
at the window, and asked him if it were
the school; so first he did not an-
swer, but finally became irate, like
Nose, with the disarming smiles who
clung to the ark, and said, "What
did you think it was? the goal? It
ought to be by by - when people said
all our doors and windows," There
were, nevertheless, a several impli-
cations that such outbursts were due
to summer tourists, he passed on,
as did the ark - similarly,
Again, on the summit, I met with a
young man devoid of humor, one of
the rabble of matter probuchian's, a
friend stepping up to the sorcerer
counter asked the clerk "How much
he asked for" him for some trifle,
The reply was - "There is no extortion
here", I stumbled up - in my head and
internal measure. Like Mr. Heller,
and nearly lost with suppressal
laughter. He could not get any thing
but despair from the youth,

Then I met here an old fellow
who never, summer or winter, he
said, ~~was~~ ^{was} any thing but an
alpine suit; no underclothes whatever.
The alps, too, is of that peculiar,

Grand View House -
Mt Wachusett, Mass -
Sept 9, 1894.

My Dear Deane,

You are at hand, but you
are entirely mistaken about the position
of my house. I am not astride of the
summit as you graphically depict me,
but am (without slant in it spoken) on
the slope. My house does not com-
mand Monkswell. It is only by climb-
ing the mountain that I can even en-
joy a view. This I did yesterday, man-
aging the ascent by a ravine in half
an hour, and descending by the
road in $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. The view from the
top is grand; one of the finest that I
know of anywhere, but the looking has
always seemed to me meagre in Wa-
chusett itself. It is good in the valley.
On the top there is a carpet of Potentilla
bidentata. Just now, too, all along the
carnage road, there is a deal of Sol-
ilago profusa and Picola, with an
astounding lot of Aster umbellatus,
There are many mountain ash trees,
and some spruce. I have seen not
any rare or peculiar in the region, though
lots of pretty familiar things. I walk
considerably - five or six miles a day,
and am in good pedestrian trim.

2 I wish I had gone with me, as
present there are no other
guests here, though there are some
folks at the Mountain House opposite.
My wife and the are at Warren
R. I. I myself expect to return to
Providence on Monday, the new grand
Seymour on the 21st. Somehow I do
not dread it as I did last year,
though in good truth I hardly not
after it, I think, on the whole I am
in rather better shape than this time
last year. What a terrible thing
this cholera business is. I suppose
it keeps up; will it not just an
end to the Chicago Fair? I have a
friend in quarantine on the Cal Brown
goes to N. Y. He has been about
some years and accumulated a
vast amount of pleasure. This has been,
or will be, all fumigated, steamed,
and ploughed the very devil with, and
he says he would as soon have
had the cholera and died, as to
understand hard luck.

I have been sequined into play-
ing whist two nights here, I told the
party I was only a fair dresser, but
I have beaten each time I played.
Fortune never deserts her chosen
sons. I grudge every day that
Jesse, just such, he has

3 had about ten days of uninterrupted
fine weather, such skies as the gods
love, and which inspire my girls.
The world seems young, the golden
world as now described; the waters
have an extra glow; the glens
have stolen the tone of heaven; and
such green swales and valleys as
could delight an artist. Every point
presents a picture complete in itself.
I am enraptured with the place,
I am enraptured with the place,
I say, would I might see for months,
I am so glad that you are not
yet in heaven. Poor Pegasus, I
grieve for you, misplaced sympathy
for those you are death the shadow
of gloom. I would, please of
Heaven, that a country, this is of
me, I fight for it; of course I would.
"I love its rocks and hills; it's worth
and. Capital hills."

It seems like an age, —
a golden age, since we met in
Cambridge, oh! that was a day to
remember! Met with Miss Brainerd,
Jolly Dean, and Kennedy, what a
good time I had!
And now I must tell you of
some funny expenses I have had.
I saw a wood-chuck today, a gold,
let fellow, walking for home, but it
was not of him I propose to speak.

6
"It surprises, a man to play cards,
so that he looks grieved in spirit
when I take a hand at whist," "He
a corner of my heart that is sorry
for him still," He too, speaks of "a
minister of the church, eloquent and
ferent in prayer," "Pluff! Of course
he cuts with his knife and speaks
of 'the Sabbath' - Gold is a beautiful
sun-day and day of rest. I have, now
I feel better, for the first time in
my life that I can now recall, I for-
got to bring with me any book to read,
I had one number of the Independent
and six Nature, but soon went through
them all, then I was in despair, but to
day - oh joy I found "Shakespeare -
"King Lear" and he says to me the
"work notes" of Arden and the forest
of Arden. He has been my companion
of many years, by the shore, at the
mountain, in the forests of Nevada
and "far, far at sea".

There is a penny library here
to copy the names of French poets
not localities. I have, we have the
"Hélène" and "Echo Book", as much
like the originals as I to Heracles,
though poor and sweet, and small, I
needed this morning a little milk of

universal ferns and I am, methinks
suffused with their mellow glow,
"Was ever so fine a neck human on
earth," In every glen I expect a nymph
or naiad, in every grove a dryad,
as when earth was young and the
morning stars were together, City life
is a quiescent alibi, mine is the
lap of riches, the odour of prison,
the sweet smell of gale and fern,
No doubt you think I am wild,
I am, I am intoxicated with the
free serenity of mountain air, and
I doubt not you too are loopy. How
at these old memories proceed do
not that the way it was.

This house, though not at
the summit, is a tip-top house,
"This was sometime a paradox, but
now the time itself goes it proof."

Oh! I forget! we have an old fellow
near by who secured his wife from
Pennsylvania by advertising. She was
a teacher. He married her out there, then
came home, and after months, went and
fetches her, she has a little bit of a place,
and settles or makes for Tulsa. She
is shrewish; she acts, she secures
more and he tells her up, now
she is all right and supports both
by washing. Her good private came

4 with her, but had to be supported
by the neighbors until relatives came
and took her back to Pa. Here's a
story for you! Another local tale is
of a child that disappointed, many
years - after, a man dying in God's arms
confessed that, to spite the father, he
had killed the child, here I Scott
or a Dickens, or even a Barrie, I need
make somewhat out of these legends.
The plot you see, is all cut and dried;
it needs but the skillful working up.
I often wish my fate had led me into
authorship. I am never so proud or
happy as when one tiny little literary
child is patted on the head by
critics and public. I value the money
that comes for above my hand
wrote for salary. I think, too, my lot,
if I have any, lies in that field.

Now, am up, go well, love me, and
that I have given you a good long
recall. You are not compelled to read
it. Even do as you like, but believe,
when all else fails, that I am

Ever I live -

W. W. Bailey -

5 Hair-of-a-complexion, that makes
him look like a new political stone
juggler; positively ghastly! This image
haunts me, and such a distinctive
old chap! Dogmatic as an ax for
him! Learning that I was from Bonn,
he opened on me with the startling as-
sertion that our college allowed no one
to enter who was not orthodox, I assumed
him he was entirely mistaken; that no
questions of a religious kind were ever
asked; if they had been, I would not be
there. Well "he was so informal"; whereupon
I replied - "That's funny; I am a professor
there, and I am not orthodox!" "What are
you then?" he said. Remembering dear old
Robert Dick I replied that "my religion
was that of all reasonable men, and sensible
men never spoke of it!" Then he said -
"You don't mean to say that a Universalist
could enter Bonn?" "Yes I do!" "Pro-
testant or a Unitarian, a Quaker, a Metho-
dist or a dweller in Massachusetts!"
By this time I was, you see mad, but
not in this day and generation - and to a
teacher of science, one who daily stands
in awe before the works of the all-
father! I have no patience with them,
which me such theories!

Now, there is another great man,
a fair set of fellow, but a "Methody" and
narrow as the plate of Galadriel's vision
for. He is a prohibitionist, and thinks

William Whitman Bailey -
to Walter Deane,

Greeting -

I would be glad to
sell my duplicate Watson
at \$5.00, Do you care to
purchase? If not, can you
put me on the track of any
one, I'm callously W.P.

W. W. B. -

Providence - Dec 10, 1892

Acheron ultra Styx -
Hades, Isles of September -
A. W. C. 1892,

My Friend of the Upper World,

I passed to the shades on
Wednesday last, while waiting
for Charon I botanized the banks
of Styx, finding *Plumula stygia*
and other characteristic plants. As
these specimens posit that of my present
spiritual nature I cannot reserve
duplicates. By the by, Le Page's glue
is used even in Hell.

The act of execution was easy;
the suffering was wholly in an-
ticipation. As I have often remarked
there is no break, no lacuna, between
the two lives. One drops there, and
wakes up in the other without sur-
prise. I perceive at once an ad-
vantage, however, in the advance ex-
istence. Hellish spirits tell me they
have no pain. Possibly, because the
mortal elements still cling to me.
I myself have Plutonian twinges
of facial neuralgia. I have tried
to get a further peek at Persephone
- but cannot find the cur Cerberus
chainal up. I'll fetch it yet!

2,
To return to earth; College opened
in due form on Wednesday, with
an entering class of 140, ex-
clusive of the Normal Adjunct,
which admits 30 or 40. I have
50 men in my department of
Botany and carry 15 horses a
week of class work. My rooms
are too small to hold them, I
have chided myself, compressed
myself, etherealized myself, and
still I am puzzled how to handle
such a crowd. I have a good
assistant with the advanced men
but oh! the prospective work with
the primaries. The Prov. tells me
I owe it to him, that he "has
seen an apostrophe of Botany!" Be-
sides the question of room, is the
one of apparatus, if reading the
multitudo, papers etc.

I see by the Annual number
of the Gazette, and Britton's ac-
ticle, all the elements of a nice
little No., except the absence of
the parties of the second part!

3, January Evans' breakfast for in the embryonic,
then really he could impart an autograph and
there was nothing on the pin! Well, I am not of
it all and still keep out. Have you seen my
note for my father's diary? It interested me much,
I am at work on my Black Island notes, and 16,
see other things, I very hard youth, health, and
botanical - should make a booklet, I tell you,
When are you coming to see they and
think! They are happy fine, things mine, for
the book "it helped me as Newton's" the is con-
founded "if every creature's head"

While the sun sets there
I am always there -

W. W. Bailey

Providence - Sept 20. 1892,
The Case of Execution,
From the Old Bailey -

My Dear Dean,

I appreciate and keenly
feel the kindness of your farewell
card, My gavel allows me to pen
these few lines in reply. The fatal ax
will drop at 8-45 A.M. tomorrow. I
have quite nerve'd myself up to the
ordeal, I assume you I die an inno-
cent man - and "these few precepts"
in thy memory look thou character".
If in after life, you should ever meet
my dear lots, be good to 'em for their
father's sake, I can command them
also for their own. If my boy should
show any inclination towards teach-
ing, pray communicate with him mindly,
"Pay these six fell the angels", "Pring
thump gently, lead him to pasture new,
If you should hear that my daughter
had contracted an alliance with
a totane's, do, I say you, ere it is too
late, warn her of the doom of such
contract. As for yourself, be virtuous,
and you'll have a soft thing, then
lots; farewell class-day friends,

especially, omniscience are those of
Hansen. I die content, my heart
in charity with all men, Be
thou my eulogist, Friends are
kindly requested not to send
flowers, or if any, a few geraniums
only. An opportunity will be given
to view the remains. An autopsy
is considered unnecessary.

It comes over ^{me} that as the
years go by, and my record
is examined, posterity will ex-
claim me a martyr, Jesus will
be shed, and people even will
say Cold Blood killed him - for
Jehovah. Pray ask my wife for a
coat that hangs in my upper
chest. It is there with my pass-
ing. The last on my taking
W. W. B.



Happiness
be thine this
Xmas Day

"Where's Walter? Deal-
ant he?"

Just - here a
Merry Xmas to him

Yours
W. Bailey - W. W.

1892

Δεαρ Δεαρ,

Δάρτ wear in my to wake
you may see expressage. φάκτ is
διδόντ αγε. αρεδ! Χρόνικα χχ
ερεδ γη. Ωπε γ'αλ λικε θη Book
As γ'ερ says - "I'm γελλ; Mey's
γελλ; πὰ πας γελλ;"

My επίστε το τη καρτα
βρίδγears πως ενδεθ

Θινγ φορδλη

Bailey

Οκτ-18-



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane Egan

9 Brewster St.

Cambridge.

Mass.

Providence, Jan 23, 1893

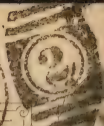
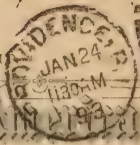
My Dear Grace,

God's Father finds me in some distress, ~~the~~ the thought, my precious darling, is very ill, and has been for a week, with Influenza, pneumonia, &c. &c. today, thank God, a trifle better. I am alone out, and feel as in a Prison. Mrs. Bailey, who is in bad shape, but today I have hope. Again let us think the "All Father" more anon. Yours ever - W. W. B.

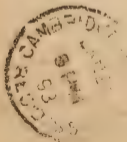
POSTAL CARD ONE CENT

United States America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.



Mr. Walter Deane -
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge
Mass.

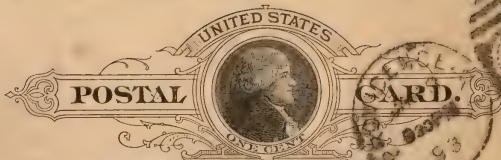


Bro. Jan 8, 1842

My Dear Deane,

Absence in N.Y. for the
winter will account for my speaking
like silence. Mrs B. and I saw Morsey,
Britton & Rusby. I hope my news in N.Y.
May all the possible good suggested by a
fruitful - but well requested January, be
yours in this present year. Many sweet
and in pictures plenty; may your cycle keep
cultivated - and your garden be free from
aches. Pardon the top if necessary. Re-
member I go on & miss it.

Yours ever
W. W. B.



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.



Dear Sir -
Rem to Street -
Canby -
New York

Dear Deane,

What do you do about your collect-
ing papers, ~~boxes~~ etc? They are bulky
and heavy. Do you take an empty trunk
or express to destination. I do not think
they can go as luggage. Please tell me
-and involve me out the corruption of
my lumber room. Sitting at Clara Day's in
Memorial Hall, a girl asked me why that
castle picture was placed on the walls of
such a place. My answer was "Certainly a
hell!" Yes, if not guilty; and she
laughed, as I hope you may.
Pittsburgh June 26. 93 Butler



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Dean Egan
4 Pleasant Place
Cambridge
Mass.

Providence, Jan 25, 1893,

My Dear Leve,

Our darling is much better & if nothing superhuman, will recover, all thanks to the Unit. Our Doctor, a classmate of mine (his name is Ham) is a trump. Miss Cooley was here to see me yesterday and when I learned she knew W.D., I rec'd her as the French might say (Toute particulièrement), with emphasis. Thanks so much for sympathy, with
Wm Bailey -

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.



Walter Deane Esq-

9 Belvidere St

Cambridge

Mass.

A.A. I learn from Exam papers that
a perennial plant "blooms at diff. times
throughout the year, while a bi-ennial
blooms twice a-year". "Buds are protected
by the floral envelope". "Pollen drops in
pellets through the hollow style". "Cotyledons
were made in order to distinguish three
classes of Plants". The last is delicious.

Dear John was awfully ill last
week - but he and Mary are now
being well. An anxious winter. I am
To write I write
Yours
John
Parr. Feb 26 -



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE

Walter Dean - Esq -

9 Brewster St -

Cambridge - Mass.

Dear Dear,

Reside, Feb 8, 1888.

Thank you for yours. Yes, we are all right
feeling in quite well again. And still so
much to tell you. You shall see much more
of us. Prof. Newell has an good time every day.
He is a jolly fellow to meet him. - Now just think I
can tell. Present company - Packard, Morse, Thompson,
Latham & Baird, Dr. Ham, Mr. Edwards, Cap. Lakin,
my wife and a whole lot. My cheeks ache with coughing
now. Before he had been here 10 minutes when he
the children all over him. He is going to lecture on Evolution
at Colley to immense audiences. I want to talk about
the man & to sleep at 5 A. M. price of "the man" to
sleep that hinders up the wheel sleep of "the man" why
does this trouble me as it does. etc. etc. Comrade you W. S.,
and make a note of it. Mother's already - I'll send the
morning air" of coffee. All right in passing over. Re-
member love to all. I shall be 50. Love B.

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.



Walter Deane & M.
9 Brewster St -
Cambridge -
Mass -

Providence, Mar 6. 1893.

Dear Walter,

Dear Mother,
You are at hand,
"All doth it become me, O citizen
of Rome", to envy my neighbor
his wife, or, or area, but I do
confess me to a jealous citizen to
gaze at his barbarian. I shall
soon have a recess, from Mar 24th
to April 2^d. So there am, just cause
or impediment to prevent my see-
ing you in that usual Easter season.
I shall write of it and report.

Did you ever catch a yellow
critter? I did the other day, and
he is now giving exercise. You
like Latin grandfather in good. What
like Missions I mean, that the boy
the penman, thing I ever knew of,
that he had happened years ago
when I was a boy at Merriam High
school. Mark the same, for the
job is Cornish in nature. Instead
of rendering the Greek text - "The
sin is terrible to the work" one
will find by reading "the sin is
terrible", "To please."

Here is a good one on me,
I spent the other day to college
to get my mail, and pulled
out an envelope addressed to
Mr Bailey, Brown Hair, I think
wrote it mine, I opened it - and
found a bill in there -

"March 14th for use of
four women two nights \$4.00,
March 15, for use of two
women one night - \$2.00"
With fraternally solemn
face I took it to the Receiver
and said - "Goodness! this is
not for me. I never know the
commodity so cheap!" The sub-
sequent proceedings interested him
no more. He elapsed his ab-
dorm and collapsed.

It seems the bill was from
a theatrical costume - and meant
for the manager of the college
club for "mops." Funny eh?

Why, as he by the new laws
illegal to write "Constitution," I think

it is some game, according
to Britain? I am myself indiffer-
ent honest - but if I could crawl
out of that I'd like it, As I once
told you, I think since the death of
Dr Gray, and later Watson, the
safely, Watson are off - and the "ce-
lestials" playing the devil,

Yes. Little "Spit" in
well again, thank God! but we
have had an anxious winter
with both children, and what
a winter it has been. Even now
I have Polio-pitad on Gaea in my
back yard, Hanchen have to be
due to the cloths, lice, parasites,
of opposite construction for the ash
bin, and what to do with that,
is this out in a problem, All this
in March in the 1st year of the
2d year of Grover the Tetrach.

Graduation tell me it is a
good year for bills, and am I
have the Hoffman, hypericite, cer-
cusa, and tulip, there is to the
season. I mean you about now of ob-
stinate and purple trillion, and
the hepaticae, and sunny, thick
woven! Ah! we shot an "un-
grateful" I once had, and how glad
I was of the time of getting and

My Dear Deane,

It is so long since I
have heard from you that I
fear you are ill, I do hope not.
Tell me of your welfare, I was
in Boston last Friday with my
wife - to meet Prof Morse, & I
snowed - A dull!

"The death of Vassay was
a shock to me, I had not
known it till the official no-
tice, Now I see that De Can-
dolle is gone, and Mortentale,
While thou art left, however,
my soul will rest in the land
of quiet - and I am
Thy attached friend

Baileys

Providence, Apr 10, 1837.

Providence, Apr 12, 1882

My Dear Deane,

I am tickled to hear from you, I learn to fear all sorts of things, and my worst dread was, that I might have given offence by some too French story, I had almost made up my mind that if such were the case I'd never tell another, & it lay right in off my mind, but come back to the fold!

No, I have never seen the glass flower, and I think it a shame, for this reason, I wrote to both you and Goodale that I might come down in my Easter dress, I heard nothing from you, and Goodale only wrote the week after, and so I did not go.

Last week I went with my wife to meet Prof Morse at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, & he had a high, & a a Morse himself would say, a "he" time. Affinities we all dined with them

Wm. B. Rogers. Then did the
great assembly. By the by, it
was last Friday - when it should
be. My latest examination
year was one in which the
partil was uniformly spoken
of as the "pistichle", which,
considering its nature and func-
tion, appears to be a heaven-
directed error. But let it pass
- as Plummer would say.

I would I could wheel,
too, "What fun we will have,
Alas! I am as rheumatic as
ever. I wish you were a P. M.
We are going to open our superb
new Chatter House on Friday
he - and I shall read some
"prose or worse" - as Theo
Hook used to say.

Do you read French easily?
If so get Verlot's "Botaniste-
Herborisant"; it is delightful,
and will renew many a scene
of your (continuous) youth.

My children, who grow like
Chenopodium, have the stamp
craze, so if you have any
postage stamps of out-of-the-
way character, old or new do
send in on. I'd care not expose
how deep I am myself in the
same phrensy.

And now, in the sweet
halls of the dear old literary
of my youth and innocence, when
Rome was young - and Pictet
and Buchanan dwined in the
land - "the Land of the with thee,
and with thy spirit!"

Truly ever
W. W. Bailey

Penn., Apr 15, 1848

My Dear Sister

Among the many terrible things of
our Pilgrimage during the other night
- i.e., last night, I heard of some Alca de-
aprop who was accustomed to get her pro-
prietor confined - and on one occasion produced
this - "Evil Conscience's Corrupt Two
in a Week" - which from certain inhuman
obstructions of mine and - I conclude to be
true, he had a royal time; my sister, who
now with the daughter, such night and
many days of deepening of head-ache, I feel
of how I kept down the house
your own Sister



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane - Eng -
9 New York St -

Cambridge

Mass -

The memories of that older day,
So long familiar in our stay,
And all the hosts of former men,
We know in days of former glory,
Will stay my right, but not for long;
My voice is not attuned to sorrow,
Come, let us have our stirring song,
Though care should cloud the coming
morning;

I love "The Bays!" both young and old;
I seek myself with those of twenty;
I hope the Legion's banner may
be
Certified in Fortuna plenty:

That not a dollar she may
lack
To make replete her secret coffers,
For them we all are welcomed
back;
Our Treasurer will wait for
them;
Yours ever W. W. Bailey,

Providence, April 19. 1893.

My Dear Deane,

You are an old trump;
the children are blessing you for
those stanzas, and their chosen ones
canonize you - and your place is
to the right in the Kingdom -
check in the Book of the Church!
I am in that State of per-
fectly perpetual influence. When,
as all the noble Seaman "dem-
and instant and unpleasant"
and headstrong by the dozen are
put to dry over the register, and
all noted offenders to be dis-
missed or a willing up like a scull, it
becomes a delight to recognize so
domestic a rule as that "perpetual
phases of priest, govern the the dunes"
- if they do. I know they do some
thing deliberately. I am just in from
an extension class in Pawtucket -
a city on the confines of Massachusetts,
I tell them there what a most staid,
good Botany - but in my mind's eye
I see the new "Petropermat" and

Cursed my fate that I was born
in this transition age, Dada is
all! wasn't Beethoven and Horbe-
good enough? Dada seems in all
that I have yet seen of the Spring
Flower, though doubtless we might
have of a Homotopia or a shame-
ful unwound. I have had a
rough winter, I must send you
my Res to you. — as it hangs
down the house, I have given —

At the Opening of the
Singer Chapter House, Philadelphia
April 14, 1893.

O, had I in my freshest days
Once disarmed of such a vision splendid,
That e'er my material gaze
Should rest on this fair pile ma-
pendant;

I would have thought my sober sense
Had suddenly her throne forsaken;
That for society's defence
I should to some retreat be taken,
I should, of course; what Toy does
not?
But in meet, requested presence, —

My presence would sometimes trot,
But now, in age, behold the
presence!

I cannot longer hold him in,
For Sylvia looks him by the middle,
With after he probes his glossy
skin,
And will not let him once be idle,

I fear tonight from what I see
The Hippogriff is due to trouble;
He feels, you know, so full of gloom,
This gritty master he may trouble,
Who, in these mischievous times,
Endeavors then to show his
pleasure,
And here his simple chieftain
triumphs,
In view of our enduring pleasure,

Oh no! despite of all I do
Within this fair and goodly place,
I cannot wish of old Poi to,
And keep the time from out my
chance,

April 25th 1893,

My Dear Deane

Your abounding youth,
and vim is my envy. When
you speak of riding your wheel
from Laurel Creek to Cape Cod,
and of working on your herbarium
by night and day - "I
smile and say - (that is no first
time)." How the time does fly
to it. "Horatio, who knows it not
how red all is about my heart"
to think that I am practically de-
barred from excursions, and that
I can no longer, without extreme
pain, do herbarium work or any
writing, I feel very downy. Still, I
keep up a measure of hope.

Last week I was mes-
saged with influenza, and lost
flask, hearing, smell, I was seasick
everything. I am better - but by
no means gay today. I enter-

discard the subject of ~~grass~~
to my class. I wonder my
dollar and fall off, as the
Veg. world say), and will they
not sigh when they reach the
div. reality, with glimmers, prolets,
Columella etc. By the by, what does
the Nation mean by so long
pursue of such a book as the
Catech of Davis? It seemed to
me poor stuff. Tell me, (a Belmont,
don't thus arrange the Herald
by the new system of Britton and
the rest — all honorable men?
Must I, too, come to it?

The stamp cage still presses,
my blood — all my labor and
their debt. Many thanks for
your kindly contributions.

My assistant — Orestes, is to
visit Prof Seelye at Wood's
Hall this summer. Brown is
pretty strong down there, with Ben-
jamin, Orestes, Gray, Walmsley,
Dexter, Thomas etc.

I have not seen out as yet, ¹⁸⁹
but I do hope I may yet see
my loved *Hepatica*. I know a
bank where it grows, and
near by the *Camplosum*, and
in the swampy ground just there,
the *Botrych Virg.* So you love the
wet-places! The smell of its flowers
is as on the lotus to the
war-horse with me. So is the
early and quite different odor
of some mosses.

But I feel profoundly
rich tonight & most full. W.
I am always

Your chummy,
W. F. Bailey

Providence, June 20, 1893

Dear, Old Blessed Dean!

The Lord be thy comfort and make wide thy phylacteries! Isn't it hot? I snatch a parenthetical moment from reading some hopeless examination papers, to take a metaphorical cooler with thee. I wish it could materialize in form of claret, lemonade, and the permissive straw.

And here I have seen on my little back, helpless with malaria and scissies and no Dean to comfort me. I did have a pull of it, but am up, and, as my pericardium is volatile, but my Stomach says I must get off to Princeton as soon as possible (he will sooner, but I tell him to "go to") and I expect to start on June 29th for my old agrie on Wachusett. My family will go to New York for some weeks, then to New

Hampton, L.I., and later to
Sakonnet, R.I., where I may
join them. It is a case of Jack
Frost - one for the sea, and
Hector for the hills that flesh
is her to. I love the FroigBoiar
too, but Neptune pulls my
leg and makes me "green" -
as Jenny Wren says.

O'Connor my old neck
scarf lets up - and now my
leg is rather lame - and I
am ill, Father Walter, and my
miss are as scarlet.

The lots, dear creature, are
happy as grigs - whatever they
are. So I shall be when I
escape the visitation of decapit-
ated students - 14 ghosts of
whom now democracy and o'
nights, haunt my rest. I think
I shall have to run.

14 gory heads now lie

in my basket - and still
the sound of the bundles
resurrounds along the Via
dolorosa. My article on

Black Island will be out
in this month's Bulletin. Re-
member it. If you are to be at
Concord, why not run over
to Wachusett and see

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey.

Grand View House -
Dear Deane, Mt Wachusett, Mass,

July 2, 1893.

Please note that the above is my proper address, without the word Princeton, have now just discovered it - and found my mail delayed - an accused nuisance.

Yesterday I took my gun by and climbed the dark tower of the mighty Wachusett - and missed my home town's Concord, Berries of Dear Deane absolutely gorgeous, on the top Forecastle Mountain in full feather, Not much on the slopes. I could with Harvard & hope get to see the crimson above the blue - Thine Truly

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT. JUL

United States America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane Eyr
Care Miss A.E. Buttrick -
Concord -
Mass.

Grand View House

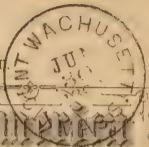
Dear Deane, Princeton, N.J. June 30

You never read the papers, so I write to tell you that old Brown honored me with an A.M., at Commencement. I had the glad feelings exulting. I arrived here last night - and am in bad shape - but hopeful. My flowers are in N.Y. Pepper - the cat, hobbles the foot, Sail I tell you may kill not? Ask me for it; The air is sweet with grape blossoms, the car charmed with choruses - and God is good!

Yours ever Bailey



POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.



United States America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane—
Care Mrs A.E. Buttrick
Concord—
Mass



GRAND VIEW HOUSE,

W. R. HOWE, PROP.

Mr. Brewster -

Princeton, Mass., July 7 1893

Dear Deane,

Both you and Goodale
have now pitched into me about the
nomenclature. I am not guilty, my
Lord! It's Britton's own doing. I
love the old names; but, tell me
pray, what are we to do in this
country with opposing camps, Britton
told me he'd publish my article, but
would fix the names. This is the
result, but why it should be attrib-
uted to me, I fail to see.

Collins and I are pulling the
needs, look you over now.

Yours ever

Brinsley



GRAND VIEW HOUSE,

W. R. HOWE, PROP.

Mt Wachusett

Princeton, Mass., July 17 1893

My Dear Deane,

Just as I was about to
leave here for Lebanon Springs, I
was taken down with a severe attack
of neuralgia, and had to go to bed.
My friend Collins, the Captain,
who was going home, remained by
the ship, which is now again a-
float and with all canvas set,
I expect to be here now till the
end of the week. My wife and little
ones are on Long Island. Later I
join them at Nahonset.

Collins and I have pulled lots
of weeds. Among the nice things are
Ophioglossum and *Habenaria Hook-
eri*. The mountain is covered with

Polygonum cilinode,

I don't know if you are still
in Concord, But even if this letter
is lost it is no great loss, Write
me when you can.

One day we climbed Crow
Hill in Westminister - a mighty climb,
One cliff was 160 feet sheer; you
could dangle your feet over the top,
We got lost in a lot of Kudzu; the
meanest stuff except Larix, in
our northern woods.

I have not yet seen my
Bulletin article, with all the
Britton's wrinkles, I don't like
'em, but what then? Doesn't the
Gazette do the same?

Truly yours ever
W. W. Bailey

Care A.T. Seabury.
Little Compton, R.I.
Aug 14, 1893.

My Dear Deane,

I have been wondering
at the prickling of my conscience -
the sense of an unforgiven sin -
and upon delving into my grey
memory I find that the irritation
is caused by a ~~thin~~ ticketed Deane,
to drop metaphor - I owe thee a
letter. After leaving Wachusetts
I went to Pittsfield, Mass., where
Arthur Garrison met me and drove
me over the Taconic Range to Lebanon
Springs, seven stations. There I
abode ten days, Lord! how he
and his brother and I, went
for those old mountains, Erst
while he had the sweet com-
panionship of some nice girls, and
pursued speckled around the luncheon
- and the supper "washed", at
the Inn. See Veril, passim.

Saw thee the King of the
Amelanchier - in your own land

by actual measurement - and
39 feet high; I also saw a
Carpinus of some magnitude.

I visited the Parkers,
but they shook up nothing for
me - and so, in my wrath,
I sat here, by the much resour-
cing sea. This is the chosen land
of the Lupinus cardioides, no
one ever really saw it anywhere
else. Today I came to an army
of it drawn up on the banks of
a stream - deep in a wood
full of Hesperis! Here, too, I
found a jolly lot of Woodwardia
angustifolia - and Hypochaeris
umbellata. I see that Hollick
visited my Black Island notes
while they were still in MS.
Nothing can hide time from me!

I feel the creeping policy
of approaching term-time stealing
over me. I bid a full goodbye

2 Knownest that a cure? And then, the monstrous
outlook is not most - and I see not to expect
in the century, they still - now on the sea, there
50 years - comes out yet to port, after the war
often - but always in the distant main, still, I
have faith in the Skiff - and stay in the car-
ge - now then in the - says, 'whichever a pin,
will suit. I see we have no (Parker
can be - and well. (Parker's health,

There are
W. H. D. B. 1855

Dear W,

Little Compton, R. I. Aug 26

A vast and great Case A. T. S. Calvary -
my sight! Let the earth hide thee! What have
dwellers by island mountains to show com-
parable to old Neptune, wrath of this week?
Relieve me it was with the price of admitt-
ance and I am so glad I was visited and
cured! It was the best of a full summer,
I can now ring none dimittis, I find here
Providence in August, but the plaguey thing
is not fruit, also, all forms of Cancer dis-
eases - Varicellula, very queer, also Scabies
Crown pus, then - as to Hilicars - what!!
I come - Sept 1st - I am occurring - Bailey

POSTAL CARD



United States



THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane - Esq -
At Mrs Shattucks
Taffrey -
N. H.

Providence, Sep 27, 1893,

My Dear Deane,

While you have been
sporting at Chicago and elsewhere, I
have been lying on a bed of painful
illness since Sept 6th. It began with
malarial symptoms and then ran into
acute inflammation of the bladder. I
convalesce very slowly and even now
am sitting up only a part of the day
- and writing is an effort. Often I wished
I had put my life down in your
hands - so that you not should appear
about me. But I am, thank God, still
here! Your G. Herbert is doing all
his own and my work. Let it down
- Scott had it - "when pain and
anguish visit the brow" woman is an
angel. Let me also, as Narcisse
would say "co-ect", in address that at
other times she tests Neplinto for
curious psychological issues.

Please give me the attitude of
Cambridge towards the Madison
convention and this informal new
nomenclature. Am I compelled to make

such desperate nonsense as Calutpa
Calutpa - and the rest of it? Does
Robinson submit? Must I?

Drop a line to your
stranded friend - and wretched
waif -

W. W. Bailey -

Oct 5th

1893

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand, I am
up and out, but frightfully rheumatic
and somewhat earthy. I am,
in yet, doing no work, but keep
my eye on it, I am you what are
these daily says about the Dept.
all time. And now, they might
add that with the increase of work
I remain at the pitiful salary of
\$1600. Your notes on years are
just what I expected; none but a
woman could write such unflinching
stuff over the grave of a man like
Ben Gray. But the whirling mill
catch up with him - and I don't
you forget it!

At the time I joined King's
Expedition I knew very little, and
it was a happy day for science
when I got there - and I don't

Utah took my place, I was
with the party in Nevada, about
7 months, when my health failed
and I resigned. Still, for a long
my work was not so bad. Watson
told me that he adopted my sketch
of the physiographic regions in his re-
port. For so young a fellow, these,
I think showed a certain insight.
You will find them in an article
entitled the "Snake & Humboldt
River Valley," in Union & Nationalist.
I kept a complete diary of the Expedition
- which, if occasion requires - you
can get from my wife. She was I do
seem somewhat ~~like~~ sitting in a
grave yard - to write about such matters
- but I am not at all awed.

As to my Army service, it was
in 1862 when General Sherman
sent me up the Valley, and assigned
Washington. In 24 hours our
regiment, made up largely of college
and high school boys, started for
Washington. There we were engaged

THE botanical department of the university shows a gratifying degree of progress. The recent acquisitions by gift of valuable collections, and the growth of the botanical library give the department new strength and efficiency. The time has long since gone by when the limited quarters in Manning Hall are sufficient to accommodate the resources of this department and the large number electing botany. A building is imperatively needed. Were it not for the fact that the departments of chemistry and physics have individual quarters, these branches would suffer greatly. Quite as necessary now is the need of a building for the department of botany. If such a building were provided, it could easily be so equipped with botanical material as to make it one of the finest of its kind in the country, and it would find such a ready use that no one could doubt that a need at Brown had been supplied.

in the defenses of the City and ¹⁸⁹
at one time was started to the
front, but recalled to his quarters
on the Callanix point on the Pe-
ninsula, he soon saw a battle,
but did the whole duty demanded
of us - and at any moment might
have been sent into the thick, I was
a private - and here again my health
failed and I was sent home in ad-
vance of the Regiment.

Yes; at any time you can see
the details of the Henry Claydes-
aster again by asking me, I don't
think my wife knows the look,
Ophelia by, she always makes young
mistakes in my age; one reason for
putting matters in your hands,

How did I come to that?
Pottery? Well, I suppose I was
true to it. After my father's great
loss, I was his sole support.

sitting at his feet as he worked
at the microscope, accompanying
him in all his walks. Our relation
was especially tender; I was the one
they saved from the wreck, they
two brothers were at college, they
were known to him as I did, & known
for a deal of his time in science
and thought. With this early environ-
ment it was natural to drift into
my father's profession, first Chemistry
and then Botany. Then my next
older brother, now Prof L. W. Bailey
of the Univ of New Brunswick, New
Brunswick, N.B., did much to guide me
into the same lines.

I think I forgot to mention, a-
mong my duties, my Bottl Collector.
Hullbrook - 1881. By the way, I am
re-creating and re-writing this, please
look up your copy - And send me
at once any details, visible, sugges-
tions as to field or closet work
that can be added.

Poor Ballard of the Agassiz
has lost his only daughter, Mary.
Heart breaks for him. Glad to hear
your name of Mrs Deane. W. W. Bailey

Exeter, N. H. 25/7-

My Dear Ellen,

I had a relapse after
giving three lectures in one
week. The week was quite
long - (the only day I knew of
which is called "this lecture" was
from the housework all the
dead my little sister was from
Canada. Now, what shall I
do? I am sure I am going
for day to day. I am sure
to go for the week.

Yours truly

Wm. L. G.

Pasadena, Nov. 21, 1893,

Dear Irene

At last I am sitting
up for a short time, Ehaw, but it
has been a pull, and the soul is
not yet, even now I can say out
shape, it will be long. But
I have learned that I have two
friends — and that's to me!

They tell me that Grace Letters
are at, I should so like to see
them! I have very the impression
now to sign my name, with much
love

Faithfully, as

W. H. Bailey

Nov 23 1893

Dear Helen,

You must have
known of me in a somewhat
hazy - perhaps from the time
of Presta John, for your information
is all I need.

As a matter of fact
I shall hardly be at such the
term. I have no idea of offend-
ing the family, cannot you
tell me that; our time is
much (no more!) and our
time is the same for you,
I don't think of me, however
it is not over

Yours

B. B. B.

Dear Sam, I write you, Dec 13, 93
I am except that my
heart is in the paper and not in
downy sleep work, I - on the doctor, pills,
powders, potions, plaster, poultices, and
all the accused forms - species and
varieties! A la Galen & Hippocrates. to
Haden with 'em all - old, new and little
things, this place is *grocery*!

I, Dr. and the Mexican fellows,
I write in advance of the new Eden of Sam,
I am in W.S.B.

POSTAL CARD



United States of America



THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter D. ...
9 Brewster St.
Cambridge
Mass

Dear Anne, Plowman Dec 15. 73

Peter came all night. I have
ghosted over them, showing the box. Have you
seen the last one of the which with Paula
you kept at C. L. I have for him attached a 2nd pair.
The other has a number to men and a pair to the
girls. The middle pair expect scalped. I think that
Britten catches it all through the number. My
old cockles were normal. Have had some
very nice of old since you left but feel prime
today. My 1st chicken will be as good as
you. Truly W. W.

Some you caught with in the Plowman,
the other is off with anti the down here!

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

PROVIDENCE
JUL 18 10
United States
America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr. Walter L. Love
9 Beacon St.
Cambridge
Mass.

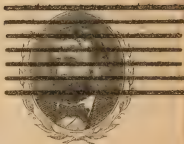
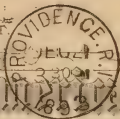
Providence - Dec. 12/1

Dear Dorae,

You surely have your sources
of information, I have not seen the Post Office
since Sept. I can only say you report must
have gone into me by the numerous dream-ship
has that timber-ship, or company "battered with
cannon in his tharoon". Oh! I am still practical
my God but suspicious. I am much disturbed
to know as if my report might come if I can
figure out in order that this was to me brutal
but in the blessed section in such cases! I
made this Sept. have several 17 years, and I
am becoming of late treatment, expectation, and
under, possibly, but can, though it is to you
Yours ever - W. H. B.

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States America



THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr. Walter D. Dyer -
9 Brewster St.
Cambridge
Mass.

Christmas

189

My Dear Mrs. P.,

You quite overpays me
and with your generosity. How
can I thank you enough? Can
I have some time in June
and we'll settle that question
in your leisure. It shall be sure,
my month before next year now.

I am steadily gaining, and
better of today, in a perfect tone
of voice, and a change of present.
I feel like unto the bridge you
of the returned prodigal - you,
like the wolf himself.

A Happy New Year to
you and Mrs. P., covered
with joy and the power of God.

Your obliged friend
W. W. Bailey

P.S. We send you a calendar
by separate parcel.

[illegible]

Pray do you the magazine.

And with the 'peace of home'

How to be a good man

Given Wm. above Re. J. Linn.

Paul came to the Rock-ledge place.

If you can't go, send love to it, as the women would say.

to find out what the other side of the coin is.

Legal with various polities at the State the history

the 100,000 and felt as previous. May 13 is wed.

and I believe I am happy and content. I
do not feel like I am in a place to be able

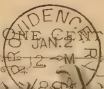
From the same, by Mrs. G. or P. as yet

Mr. Arvis, & happy to hear to me and your

and many happy returns to
Mr. T. B.

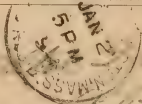
Received Jan 1st 1884

POSTAL CARD



United States America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.



*Mr. J. H. Brown
Providence, R.I.
Conn. Mass.*

Providence, Jan. 6, 1894,

My dear Isaac,

I found you today per mail,
the copy of Lib containing the
matter in relation to E. R. Greene.
In the late Mr. Gamp might
say, I think the young lady
"Bradstreet" a pretty effective
club, you will find I there
marked several things.

Mr. Joseph Jackson of Worcester
who is getting out a revised edition
of his Plants of Worcester Co.,
wrote to ask me whether to follow
the Manual or Reichenow, they
say, men "Follow the Manual
and shun the devil!"

My Assistant, who was at the
meeting of Naturalists at San
Francisco last week, said that
on an official letter by Eaton,
Farlow, Lettelle etc, the Polster
plan was noted and scathed,
Farlow was especially acid;
Now it seems to me, with the
Lachnium - we can write *Aspoph-
ora* - I wish to see Macaranga
brought by the polyphloides
ocean.

I am gaining all the
time but slowly. My January
sailing came all right, and
will be without a heavy
downing, I walk out ten min-
utes at a time on good days.
Such are service.

I was glad to hear
that my little two thirds

had asked you and Mrs. Lane
to come and see us, when
the holidays are over, and
Hepburn caught up the glass.

Thank the Lord! I can
walk! And I do so omnivor-
ously. My troubles now are
worthy of the rheumatic order.

The Harvard has sent
some Peper off, *Pulsatilla exilis*,
I hope Brown will not follow
out, but the times are hard
and "in the hardness of
our upress, down upon us
may work the ruin
of the law."

Good luck to you
from the
Cold Bailey-

IN THE TWILIGHT.

We wandered slowly
In the twilight gray;
The West was golden
With the parting day;
Within' the azure
Little stars looked out
And winked upon us
With a laughing doubt.

Not hand in hand,
But close withal together,
We strolled along
Amidst the fern and heather,
Now and then
A little bird would peep
To see my darling,
Ere he fell asleep.

For she was lovely,
And the passing breeze
Sang praises of her
To the listening trees,
All the flowers
In the leafy dells
Played chimes of welcome.
From their tinkling bells.

W. Whitman Bailey.

MY UNCLE'S LEGACY.

Can it be that my uncle is dead?
That his kind face no more I shall see?
Were you there when his last will was read?
Did he leave a few thousand for me?

To be frank, 'tis a very poor joke,
And I scorn all your unseemly mirth
When you say that my uncle was "broke,"
And that all that he left was the earth.

A. A.

THE MIST.

Cold and damp, drear and damp,
The winds from the marshes blow,
Damp and cold, drear and cold
Up from the swamps below.

Bar the casement. let the mist
Drift against the pane,
Hear the wet winds moan without,
See the drizzling rain.

Wrap your cloak across your heart
Lest the chill creep near.
The marshes throw their vapors wide,
Cold and damp and drear.

NONIAN.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Beneath protecting leaves,
Secure from prying thieves,
Fair Epigæa's face
Reveals its maiden grace.

When cruel winter goes,
When sunshine melts the snows:
She lifts her gentle head
From of her leafy bed.

Half coy, and half slighting,
Her glance is still inviting,
She does not seek to hide,
Nor dares she yet confide.

Sweet blossom, do not fear;
I'll leave thee growing here;
I love thee far too well
Thy whispered thought to tell.

Live safe beside the way;
The spot I'll ne'er betray;
But though I fail to speak,
Thy home I'll often seek.

W. Whitman Bailey.

There may be no mistake,
that while conversant, I am
not as yet able to assume my
work, Max Schuman has con-

cluded to stay - and great
is the joy of the students, My
own affections are set on things
else,

Yours truly,
Wm. Brewster

Providence, Jan 15, 1894,
My Dear Deane,
Most transient of all
earthly things ("unless love," the
modern free men just"), is stat
ionary, *Henriette Luce*,
suffered to be draw this page
at the thought that it is kind,
To explain, my un ruled or
anarchic paper, in art.

Your story of the Georgia wo-
man and the whiskey, is above
worth the price of admittance.

Yes; I am up, and out, and
around, but it is obvious to
the least observant, and more
fast to myself, that I have been
ill,

I am extremely clumsy, or
lunatic, and, like our cooks
freed, fail to rise properly,
then, as perhaps I told you,
my head is much enlarged
and some take me for the
ancient mariner.

I visited my class at the
Woman's College today, but said
nothing; let Estelita run it.
It was enough for the dear
girls to see me.

What and how have some
wintering children down below
and they sound like the
Abakats. (Note; I have the
proper plural to that word;
catch me saying "the Chem-
tims" - as I heard a min-
ister last summer.

I have lately had

my letter from King's Expatⁿ
come back to me; undoubtedly
good too, for so long a chap.
By the by, and don't you forget
it, I have a complete clearing
of my connection with that
trip; also of joining to New-
Haven - and from 1876
till now, nearly perfect, I am
little interested in 'em; lots of
facts, my earlier ones are de-
stroyed wherein I used to
write "Met her today, she
loved to me! took my heart!"
Lord! what fools we mortals
be, that she, I need not say,
was not Mrs B.

Don't forget our penchant
for stamps; especially old Amer-
ican.

Let me tell you again, that

Pross, Jan 10, '98,

My Dear I came, I forgot to answer your
question about Blake. The Faculty - beginning
with the J. G. have been issued, according to
priority. I came in 1900, I am the letter
man. But I have on myself, sent Ray with-
out to do with it. Of course, I have have pre-
ceded the Prop. I have had a bad night. En-
dless. I am a weak deacon, though I can hold a
good deal. Miss B. comes and you Ganna
Woman, as she was brought up in the old
country school, but her different taste widely.
My kind regards

Yours ever
W. W. B.

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States



THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane - S. W.
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge -
Mass.

My Dear Dear, January 25 1894,
How is it that you write
from Boston. Do the top of
the pond creep unawaresly the
water I across the Channel to the
city? Or have you been called
up. Well. It is a short time for
your irregular correspondence. Is
when the sign of Adams has been
white in snow, to inform you that
I am on my back again, for it is
not time, I say, think the Great
West, up and around, and even
visit my friends, my hand is on
after you, but I do not proceed
to exchange them further, leaving
the wolf still in the hands of
God-fish, I make quite a note
of the outside to one class
the other day, the fellow appeared
very much of a perhaps because they
think I have to leave them out.
But, as a matter of fact, to

Has given me the very same,
but it is good for them, and better
for him, He has got rid of
and out of them.

As yet I can go but to one
class a day, but that very one
good days, are "still such days
will come?" At other times I stay
at home and read. I have the
Angel, or star was it? But pre-
sent me my nativity; perhaps it
is the ~~celebration~~ of Balaam's
fall. At any rate, I have the
one that made me a reader,
and caused me to be good read-
ing. Yes; the children to be
the right, they had them not be-
fore, and had placed in them.
Yesterday I set out on my way to college
only to find that it was a holi-
day - or holy-day; the Day of
Fasting for College. I ~~assumed~~ ^{assumed}
wondered that I might have seen
it was a religious day of some
sort, as all the Trinitarians were
at work!" As to those glass
plates, which I have seen
seen, they are in their way.

value. How, for instance, are
they offered in teaching?

I please much about, in red
ink sometimes, that my wife
and "chiller", are still at the
stump lately. Old W.P. national
and further especially desired;
ditto Caroline, Is this so old
attire in Canton you can research?
Hunts come in in the 40s, but
about that time and before, certain
local ones were used, now of
great value. Have you read Locke's
Letters? Such a treat! There is
a commonplace line in them,
They are to me, too, very inspir-
ing and helpful. Lord! How
I wish you Howard men were
right to be! I wish my three
summers of study were entitled
me to some sort of degree, simply
that I might feel a unit in the
crowd of alumni, my father's
wish goes for me to go there,
but I don't know enough. I was
a sad loser in my youth, do
men have a longer scene to
work up with the Records of
their life in the

Chapman.

I read Harriet's - an old letter
of mine lately returned to me,
which please read and return
respectfully to a poor fellow in
the Institution, it is not so lost.
Dear old Mother was with me
then, tho' greatly suffering, but men-
tioned in the letter.

The time was mine, but of
my training in with Chubb, I used
to dwell on water-colo-
r - how a mercy! I have
letter now. He is glad to hear
and good accounts of Mrs
Leane. Tell her, if he tells
of us pull together on the team
of convalescence, you and she
may get right at our door.
The latch is up to the coming
men o' the water.

Yours in Lombard

W. W. Bailey

P. S. Give my regards to Dr. H. B.
and let me know the prospects
of the Boston Garden.

Providence, Feb 3. 74

My Dear Deane,

I wish you would look
in the ship windows in
Boston - and see if you
can get me some one flower
in quantity. The following
I do not want,

Eugenia caryophyllata,
Gossypia
Cyrtus Cassiniae
Picea
Prunella Piceae
Hyacinthus
Picea -

Some good *Laguncularia*, like
Cornicola - Will take, or
better *Chorizanthe elliptica*.
Send to college and we'll pay
the bills. I am still very
uncertain in my days, and
must visit a few classes,
Blanchet to the first again
this week, and a visit to

Black puppy

Tell me what you hear
of Dr. Brown, White to
think of her when you
alone! (The Librarian gets
day present at to me a
funny thing in one of our
old Y. American Reports.
It works in this wise

1. For the expense of
Prof. Brown's funeral -
(2.00)

2. For carrying out ashes
(2.00)

3. For white washing
(2.00)

Is not that a conscientious
accounting? The climax of
the whole republic in
grim and fine -

May is cruel up to
the point of what is wrong

The action never and my dear
friend opening and taking up some
business, I am sure you will see
the day (which I don't see) your
own way
C. J. Brown

My Dear Dear,

If you have sent Egyptians I am
(with exception of the late S. T. Paul of
Tarsus) of all men most miserable. The
gentleness of hot-tempered men (I hope they
will bring up in a better house, comfort
and change call it Geniality). My fate
cries out and wishes each second of the
day as hardy as the Roman legionnaire.
I shall say but live a free & contented
I am so hard, but with you, however when
my heart is yearning and if to my natural
pleasures.

Providence, Feb. 10. 1844. Wm. L. G.

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States



THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

Marta Deane - Esq -
9 Beacon Street

Cambridge

Mass.

Dear Lee, I am, I am at hand, On 2d thought
Letter not sent C.O.D, as I might not be
on hand at college, I sent to Brad Elmer, but
till to me, I say \$2.00 worth -

Ever yours

William Whitman Bailey

Mary 1850

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States



THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr. Walter Deane
9 Brattle Street
Cambridge -
Mass.

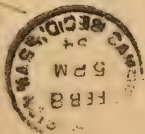
Dear Emma, Providence, Feb. 5. 1844—
Your Bulletin of today in Letter, Chorizanum is a
thing I have never seen or showing a Loganiaceae
plant with simple leaves. Tell me, what is the name
of the plant with in shape as a Cuscuta - with inflated
foliaceous & flustering called "bushy Hypericoid"? Some call
it a Polemonioid, but it has not the ghost of a crucian-
flance to show. Took some of my business yesterday
on the whole, just getting well, I would like more time
in form of sheets, but I have no leisure for any dot-
ting, contentment of Cuscuta also in Cuscuta Castrovi
and also Fernand - who, it seems is to specialize on
Cuscuta. Give my usual love to Bailey - where we are
in quite friendly to me. My hypericoid, one up, the
little pole! what will follow of you. Send me the bill
in flower - Mean of the plant to me well, my
regards to you most excellent wife,
Your son, W. H. B.

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States American



THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.



Mr. Walter Brown

1000 14th Street

Washington

D.C.

Providence, Feb 10, 84

My dear I saw,
Miss Bailey, niece
in her grandfather's, says
that you are a naughty
boy, though a good, shrewd
fellow! You can't fool
her, says she, no such
stamps as these! You want
and forget 'em!

Now, while we are both
safely got up to you for
our kind wishes & other
kindnesses, we do not want
just to spend money on one
hobby, if I saw, you can
catch some old workman's
tool-holder with an attic,
some retired painter or
dancer, and catch his tale
to write of his stamps
that is quite as the matter
and your name shall be

expressed with that of
Ben. Adams.

Yesterday I took
hold of one by class, a
"nearly class" as the
children say, though you
can even save it, I got
along nicely - and the
time went like a flash.

I have a new hint
for you - mine own, as
Guthrie would say -
"speak of a man who
presents this." He looks
like a college catalogue.
Expository doct, naturally,
that practice will move to
these close. Yes - Fitchman
will do, but always will
guess it, in the present
state. But to have a

thing better, are so, so
you can be? Then think
what a case is to a man
so long a period! I can
whiff again -

To me the odorous mixture
of ice to some old feet shines
And with them do my former
kind -

To some beyond the distant
shores
I say you take another hint,
Hamilton? So? I am a
great,
And, with my muse, am
fairly true,

Yours ever
Wm. H. W. Barry

Drink hail! My Birthday, Feb 22, 1894,
Congratulations on my 51st in
order! Do tell me how much I owe you for
the Captains, Charizema never arrived from
you but I had a lot from Goodale, Thelie like
mine, Macievery rich on Monday - but can
all right again now; that is, as much as
an Iron Am., fifteen boxes of Chess - work a-
week ahead, hold great - a party with ser-
vant gal last night, and had to call the
police; drunk & opium crazy - a lot!
Lodgement of Neta in station, much heart
sent of little family, I never see
W. W. B.



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane - Esq.,
9 Beacon Street -
Cambridge -
Mass.,

Now-forgotten historical letters
and time-crypts of which I
know nothing. I am beginning
to think, in view of my rising
short comings, that the Spectator
here right in harness is falling
on the head, a giving them a
dose of Conium. The stamp here
jolly - from whatever source derived.
The Chorizema (except a lot from
Goodale) never arrived, I cross
Florida (not of that) all the time,
But Spring comes, today the
mercenary at zero - and all
things are shadowy looking May!

Wife

Bob's

and Self

all send

LOVE -

Yours sympathetically

W. W. Bailey

Providence - Feb 25, 1894,

My Dear Deane,

I could not guess
from your letter if you knew
that I belong to the immortal
band of Feb 22d. In progressive
active it runs thus

George Washington,

James Russell Lowell,

Wm. Whitman Bailey

I am the recipient of many com-
munications, some Bureau of Florence,
and a book "Red Jerusalem, The city
falls very in my honor - and that
of my friends and much villain-
ous self-petitioners turned.

You ask of my "domestic" affairs.
It consists in having an apparently
nice cook get very drunk on
opium and alcohol. I did not say
that what was the matter, but found I
could not remove her, or do enough
to have her say with a "Yes" "you
make me tired." Then Mrs Bailey
look - hand, but he could not
make her say "No" of Lady, I have
on these confidential friends. I then
fearing an incident at any moment,
I had the girl tell Mrs Bailey
and go at and call immediate help

and the police, Of course the
telephone must at that moment
be out of order, but after a while
my cousin Charles came, and soon
after the officer and his company
had lugged to the Station,

We expected that next day when
she came for her things, she'd
be a wreck, we got in a colored
woman with orders to keep her
shut, but when she came she
was jolly, thought it a big joke,
and (the morphine part of it!)
nursed no more, she said we
did right - "just as she would
have done" and said she must
have cut it rough, she nursed, too,
that she had taken morphine for
six years. A very capable and ex-
cellent woman, apparently, in other
ways, we have no fever at the
other end of the Chicomula scale -
and have a daughter of officer's,
"a woman and a sister", I believe she
is now a wife, but the luck has
not shewn. O my America! what
you do suffer from servants - high
and low!

I should judge from your account
of morning that his day of work
was over. I am very, very sorry;
he still had those other men.

I am glad to learn that the Gar-
den Botany is really under way
and in a success, Lord! how I
want it, what are these Gray
letters of which you speak? We
have a pile of fine letters in
our Herbarium, I wonder if Mrs
Gray would care to see them? They
are to Colney. I am trying to secure
from scruffy material some Greek
plants, using Little's & Herbarium
Ca. Alas! we have not the others.
It seems funny to read an
"Ecology" - "on the Parnassian" "ad-
mirer with Byzantium at Burea", etc.,
or "on the road to Olympus", how
totemote follow that pathing of
the few, I like it, are gathered by
"The King of the Mountains", See
Edmund Spenser - for a good story,
while still only in the clasp
press, I am doing pretty well &
have amused most of my work.
This week, indeed, I take my old
private school teacher, and
in a book - as the boys all the

Providence, Mar 20, 1894.

My Dear Desne.

Lots of thanks for the stamps. Mrs Bailey is delighted. What do you think, I spent nearly all last week in bed, but now I am up and fairly chiffer in this gorgeous weather. Did you ever see the best of it? My cucumbers are a jay gasser, and the dear old black-birds and the fat robins - and the hot-lump crew wasps my soul to dance.

We have about decided not to go to Joffey - on the principle of leaving the ill we have "thou flee tho' them that we know not of." Fact is - I have rather a pull at Wachusett - knowing the land - but now quite well. Then again, it is near my Doctor, who indeed, often goes up there. Whatnot, too is sick, and today I had to run a long examination. I made the boys "perspire" - little the lessie. They all wish I were in bed again. More anon

W. W. Bailey

Dear D.,
Paw, Apr 3. 1894,
Challe Samson is trying to persuade
us to go to Shattuck & Joffe, I have you
anything to say for or against? I don't
want to meet, as we must decide, I think
what must (beat, not, kicking others!)
to visit Howard with you, already
my auto. is in the shop, and now
I am going 15 hours ahead of time
- and today - Saturday feel as light as
a water Rammer - There are

Barling
(W. W.)



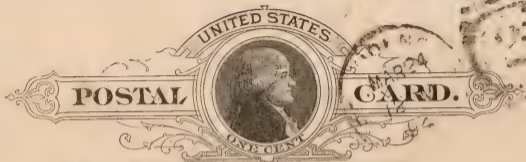
NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane - Esq
9 Branta Street
Cambridge
Mass.

Dear D. Providence - Mar 27

"By the prickings of my thorns, some-
thing wished that I may come." He will be over
then, just to see you. But let me say that
on Wednesday afternoon only we have an
engagement at Dancin' School - the last
day, and it's so pretty I never miss it. If
you could happen around about 8, with
your wife - we'll love you, at any rate we'll
be on hand in the eve, and all Thurs-
day. The adobe heater's gone, and Laura
I will stay for thee, till any other!

Thine - Building



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brewster St
Cambridge -
Mass.

Providence, April 5, 1884,

My Dear Deane,

Yes; we had a capital time that Saturday in Boston, despite a temporary hitch up that I had, after style of Caroline Woolsey, like certain "little boys who are borne on shoulders," he visited toy shops, purchased hats and clothes, dined at Copeland's (where we had delicious ice-cream!), went to Monticello (where I had a dozen on the lounge), strolled through Concord (and derived great and true gain!) and arrived home at 6,30, hungry and happy. The 2^d was white with day. He was made glad by a new fire engine and some North Branch stamps, by ice-cream, Cole and 11 chocolate mice and carolla; also by his new Boston cap and wicker hat, I have enclosed the Casson, the hymn, by request, is omitted, Visitor can, if they wish, "step up and see the carriage" of the Democrats,

second to Mrs. D. E. D. D.

POSTAL CARD. 5 ONE CENT.



United States of America.



THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane -
9 Beacon Street
Cambridge
Mass

Providence, Apr 10, 1894,
My Dear Deane, Am glad you have two copies
of the Valley of the Shadow; I can now give mine
to Herbert. He went out yesterday collecting. I am
as tramping in this cold air, but then I want to
do it in the language, he are just discharging
another wicked who would make a good wife
for Conny or Ruff or Schuch or some there rant-
ing and peevish fool. Blessed be hemp!
Keep it your strong! I am teaching my doc-
tor's too, I can get here Ciceronia, French
daisy, and Euphorbia and Peperonia, do there
any thing else in your market? Oh, please
write soon.

Yours ever
Barney

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT



United States of America.



THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane
9 Brewster Street

Cambridge
Mass

My Dear D., Providence, Apr 7, 1894.

For some inscrutable reason, mayhap
for my conspicuous virtues, There had two
copies sent me of the "Botany of Death Val-
ley" by Coville. Now, if you have it not, I
will be tickled to send you one of them. Let
me know, that I may gather the mantle of
Charity about me, the more red maple and
doctored down here. I suppose you still shiver
among the ticks, protozoa, and other feign
plants. Hunt week of Spring term closed, and
a Te Deum ordered for tomorrow.

Yours ever
W. W. B.

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United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brewster St
Cambridge -
Mass.

Brown University,
Providence, Rhode Island.

April 22, 1894.

My Dear Old Deane,

I have just done you up a parcel of my Block Island and a few other plants, which, although they may not fill any lacuna, may serve to keep other things from wobbling in your pigeon-holes.

My little family all went to Boston yesterday to the Rush-puller. I had intended to accompany them, but was prevented by the rain. I am glad to see that Coulter and Barnes regrettably part company with E. L. Greene on his vagaries. In the Last Journal of Botany you will see an article about Artemisia Stelleriana, one of the plants I send you. It is by Meschery.

I am simply frightfully sorry;

seventeen hours a week, I thought
last week I would break down. I
was damn fool enough to make
like teaching a lot of young boys
in Lyman's school, and, as Dr. Colla-
pied says (or acts) - "here's my
tail; just kick me!" I never had
such up-hill work in my life.

On our table we have a lot of
Tolmie's Gilled Snails developing. Pretty!
well, I just think so! With them in
Nepenthes acorifera - which show pretty
the transition from scales to leaves;
just too cute. The little ♀ flowers, too,
are appearing in most copious fash-
ion, as before ♀♀ always.

They say the devil is dead;
I believe it not.

We all send our April greet-
ing and hopeful smiles to Mrs
Deane.

Yours persistently -
W. W. Bailey,

P.S. Send your glass flowers. If I
come down some Saturday (I can't next
as I lecture at Normal School), will
give them to you.

Providence, April 25, 1894.

My Dear Deane, If you thought to retain
the 30 cent Columbian stamp - I sent in a
purchase of plants the other day, I knew a
little girl named May, who would like it. She
has it not, i.e., not cancelled, and a cancelled
one is valuable. I hope in my trunk you found
a pearl or two. By the by, about a package of
chat size to cost as little as all the rest? I am
dead feet, lotus, with web and have a new
by head note. I would not have my "dearest
Kenny" as I would say, have one like it.
What good zoological purpose do such things
serve, think you? I think Palau would compact
company with Bailey, whose friend this art of
bein
Thine W. W. B.

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT

United States America

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane -
9 Beacon Street -
Cambridge -
Mass



Providence, May 20, 1894

Dear Little Deme

I believe I owe thee a letter. Please accept this scribble. R. L. V. P.

Last night, J. H. Collins spent the eve with me, I have succeeded in getting him appointed Curator, vice Bennett, and life takes on a more rosy hue. With two such lieutenant as Collins and Eskelund, I am ready for a campaign even against the anthropophagi. Bennett was wholly incompetent, tricky, and disloyal; a man with a crooked heart to his brain.

Last Tuesday eve I lectured in Dudley - House, to the young men and maidens - *virginibus puerisque*, on Cross Fertilization - a happily chosen subject. I did not, however, see the flock of these meeting any brow, I myself my ear side very much, returning over a new road, via Passaic, to Providence, along side of Wallum Pond, saw whole flocks, "quack", as Hawthorne calls them, of little foot birds. I have got

daily that I was made to lose Nature
and thus rescued from Love-don,

Vaestini, like some friendly slave to the
solitary voyager, heaves in sight, I see the
palms upon the strand; I hear the birds
(and the beast), and see strange pictures
sketching through the forest which I long to
travel. My work had been very heavy this
even, and my tired legs still more weary.
Bluebird hoots in its acute form, wholly
abated, but I suffer like thunder from chem-
matic gust. Inquire among your friends who
is the best Boston doctor to see on this line,
and oblige.

Mrs Bailey, and the Guerinis,
who are well, write in a supposition of
agony and love to you and Mrs Dean
and - as for me - I'm swollen -
W. W. Bailey -

June. 1894

My Dear Leone,

All your notes have been rec'd, the stamps enjoyed and appropriated, but the Commencement season and a terrible cold contracted in the confines of Boston, have been too much for me, while up and about - I feel like Mephistopheles - late of Leipzig and friend of Faust, Thanks for the doctors, but I had already learn to see Dr. Fred Shattuck - of whom all spoke highly and whom I liked much, He told me I had no functional trouble - but has so far recommended nothing, I ought to correct an impression you appear to have; it is no longer the Shingles trouble I am after but rheumatic gout, The Shingles gives no more trouble now than for 15 years, nearly making me get up several times a night "I swear a prayer or two" and turn over, He had a fine Commencement, I had Binney with me. After the dinner a very interesting game of Lull - the University drove against

the Alumni. The letter, with
Sexton in the box, worn by our
friend. Two days ago I had
a small but beautiful lot of
plants from Lieut. H. R. Lee of
Fort Apache, Arizona, named
mostly. We leave here for New
York about July 1st. Work is over
- that is - work for other folks.

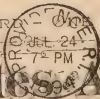
With regards to Mrs. Dean
Yours as ever
W. W. Bailey

Providence, July 27. 1844,

Dear Deane, I know you are not there
- but where are you? Just back from
West Point N.Y. - and Woods Hole, Mass.
Give over time though hot, to leave
Boston for "Grand View House, near
Wachusett, Mass." - where letters will
reach and be fully perused by
your devoted and impoverished friend
and well-wisher (as girls say to re-
spectable boys!) -

W. W. B.

POSTAL CARD 10 CENTS



United States America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane
2 Brewster Street

G. R. Watson Cambridge

Whitefield
N. H.

Mass.

Dear Deane,
It is long since in Canton last
Tuesday; indeed I spent Monday and Tues-
day with a friend at Newton, felt it no use
to look you up in day time & concluded at night
rest for health and returned with a dem-
oniac cold, I never had a worse - al-
most at the point of suicide. Saw the glori-
ous, but felted, son Robinson & his wife
and baby child, and Mrs Gray and her
nephew. Had a canoe sail on the Charles,
rich in full day - but now see a ray
of hope, though that neither taste nor smell
used it in us that we
Expect Priscilla on Commencement Day, off
to N.Y. about July 1st. Love from
W.W.B.,
June 18, 1894,

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United States of America



THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane - Esqr
9 Brewster St
Cambridge -
Mass.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

PROF. W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,

WINTHROP J. V. OSTERHOUT, A. M.,

Instructors.

J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,

Curator of the Herbarium.

Grand View House -
Mt Wachusett, Mass -

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug 13..... 1894

My Dear Deane,

You indeed distress me in your account of poor Bailey, I hardly see how a man can survive two such devilish operations! How true you describe him! Heroin, perhaps because I have it not, appeals to my heart of hearts. If you write to Bailey do give him a word of cheer from all of us at Brown. You will see our little all at the top of this page - and it is a very effective team even on land business. He are warranted to reduce the record or "beat".

Collins was with me most of last week and left on Saturday. On Friday we were joined, too, by Joseph Jackson of Worcester, Chairman of the County - and none the less a good fellow for being a graduate of old Brown, he sits out on the steps of this house and chafes off Griggs' Manual for the county, plant by plant. Jackson is revising his list and we have added many twenty plants to it. Collins and I go down Bailey to Lewis on our first of the mountain.

the other day, when he climbed it
by a new trail; at least new to
us. It led through a very interest-
ing tract, he took our luncheon
as a very interesting web - memorial
"Come in!" but he didn't come
in our own case corner, after
emptying a paper box of its contents,
Collins covered it again, made a
slight hole in it and wrote the
legend, "Drop a nickel into
slot and see the vacuum ex-
posed!" This he put up for the
instruction of other travellers, in a
conspicuous spot, he went down
the mountain by still another path
- finding two of the rare Potychnon,
Since Collins left I have added
three plants to the list, all com-
mon enough. I rather expect my
brother and daughter to join me here
about the 25th inst. He is coming on
to the Brooklyn meeting of the Assoc.,
I am rheumatic. But otherwise
top-top - or rather half way up,
Don't suppose - but for a little while
we shall go on to cheer Dean -
Yours always in the faith
W. H. Burdett

up. He says Dr. Channing fully
embraced his representations
and followed them. I like Russ,
say much when I met him;
Hersell, too, has said me some
good words. Three books in one
summer - better done or well
under weight - I think a fair
showing for me so lately on
the dry dock. I am delighted
to hear such good news of
Bailey, he was ill of late
to lose him; but I will be
more moderate than ever!

Mr Bailey joins me in
lots of love to you and yours.
He and the Fairbanks are well
and I hope we may see them
very soon, and so says

Yours ever

W. W. Bailey -

P. S. My brother and daughter
have with me last week. They are
now at West Point -

Grand View House -
Mt Wachusett, Mass.

August 29 - 1894.

Dear Old Deane,

How old man of
the mountain! I sadly neg-
lect thee, but still thou art
on my mind. Better thou
than on my back - like Sin-
bad's mule. To my wife;
Colburn left me of the less than
a week's stay - in which he pulled
nights and day. I think he
must have foreseen this fear-
ful death. I have been hear-
ing nothing like it since the Roan-
tine followed Joseph into Egypt
(where Jacob they had staid!)
The woods are knee-deep
in dust; the very air is pul-
verulent, and the woods as dry
as an orthodox sermon. Even
the trees are withering. I never
heard in almost exactly a week a-
go, and the few that remain,

have prematurely put on
their autumnal colors. No
longer left by the wayside, and
hills now in the woods. All
is parched, crisp, dry, blows
a breeze for a while to
parch chivalite down; I
for one, am open to conversion.

By the way, a minute
but we a best thing the
other day, of course as a quo-
lation, "Hasten for Christ;
hell for company," said that
delicious. From Cambridge I
received a long type-written
copy of a letter by one Allen
(I think his name is), charging
gross mis-management of
the Botanic Garden, and even
more, upon Goodale. It asks
for a commission of inquiry;
in the Army - they don't him-
self would how be compelled
to ask the same. What do you

know of the whole matter;
why the Senate in the thing
not to use outsiders, Leonard
Harrison do its own little
work? Dear me! those are
troublesome times, hell; I am at
last out of Bennett - and have
Collier. It is the first time in
years that I have not shared
the beginning of the term.

Collier is working like a
horse on the Brandt flat. He is
a trump; I, did I tell you? or
how lately re-writing my Hand
book. If you have any field
notes about vascular, polypores,
mosses, trachea, procuring etc,
let me have em! Really sent
me a full account of his
processes in the tropics; very
interesting, in every way, given
away! I had to sit on him
for poor collecting. Please, and
in third person, how is now re-
garded. Must my book to the next

BROWN UNIVERSITY
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J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,

Curator of the Herbarium.

Grand View House -
Mt Wachusett, Mass

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sep 3 - 1894.

Dear Deane,

It is Labor Day
he of the pen must toil, while the
honey-hummed parasite, such is life.

Evidently you have never read
Baileys flora and my Book, or
have it not with you, or you would not
ask me to insist in a new edition
the importance of collecting all of a
plant. Compound your importance; you
steal the idea from me. Then again,
the idea of letting M. T. do the use
of psobeta! But Baileys Herbarium
and study it; you will find that idea
there set down with much other use-
ful information. Apart from these two
don't you give me some very useful
hints of which I shall make use.
Thanks very much. It appears an a-
ppealing invitation to climb the summit
of that book as I look ahead, but I
suppose the any other peak it can
be surmounted by persistent effort. Ex-
claim in the end!

My wife. Thank you very much.

Capt for Providence on Saturday and
arrived safely. I expect to be here
till the 10th Jan. begins the 19th
and the Corescript follows next
on the 14th Jan; Blake is an
awful good fellow. I am glad to hear
that the Allen matter is no more
serious than you say; still, I think
it collected to do much mischief
among the ill-disposed, and there
are not few. I send my circular to
Colima or will forward it to you.
In my Prov. Journal articles, I have
shown for errors of type-setting, e.g.
"ground view" for Grand View!
Unhappy has he heard that night
after? Yema ago. Really was the
poorest collector I ever knew; how
did know how go he in now but
his letter of directions is tip-top.
Fennell, too, has sent me some
bits. Do look up the old edition of
help me with hints, Lord! Lord!
how I dread it all. I had for some
write a new book on a new subject
for too, but the dark Sunday.
Indeed, until today, almost such has

BROWN UNIVERSITY
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Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.,

189

Seem like the secret amount to
Moses; hidden in smoke confound-
ment. It continues, too, as day
as a college treasury, like that
of Brown. Britton writes me, say-
ing, that he is too busy to deal
me with notes. Sometimes in the
middle of a chapter I have to stop
and translate from Vahl or Coplin,
to see what they have to say. My
other books are more rapidly taking
form. Those two Botany new-
Nos 3 & 4 of that genus, I believe,
Collins can off with him. By the
way, he is doing magnificent work
at Brown. No more nonsense: he
intend having a Herb.

In haste for the mail-

Yours as ever

W. W. Bailey

I think Allen can do more
harm than you fancy, but
I hope not, he are all well
- despite the fact that my
neck is evil, More anon.

With best regards from
me all to Mr Deane, I
am an ever

Thy Comrade -
W.H.

P.S. No thank you! I
do not want Allen's will
back again. Have you seen
the Hours of the Desert? How
Raul goes for the New Am-
erican Rochester, Whiskies -
British Opium Colonization,
It was not the cables of my
heart.

Providence, Sep 23, 1894.

My Dear Deane,

I wish you would
send me your notes on
mountain (or water on the
mountain either), I do not
fear at all that the publica-
tion of your experience in the
Gazette, would at all take the
wind out of my sails, but you
see - I should like to examine
your ideas in my immortal
book, Isak? Perhaps, anything
that is as good as yours well
be, I entitle and credit, think
of being as well as Valhalla!

College is now in full blast
with an entering class of about
200. So far 80 men have re-
ported to me alone, I expect by
tomorrow to have many more.
Strange to say, this year I have

not dread the opening
scene; in fact, I rather enjoy
it. My new "Guide to Lake
Puncheon" will be published
this week, I will send you
a copy which you can notice
in the Gazette. It is only a
syllabus of lectures - and sched-
ules of work. My two other
books will take form more
slowly. I was in your inter-
esting city yesterday to see
some doctors, but the way
I am coming forth in 'em, and
in many other things.

Today I took quite a
walk with Whit and they
saw quite a lot of Phari-
an milvica on oak trees,
Asters lucida and frumica
and gorgona, and they were

yesterday, too, along the
railway, together with lucida
folia (a dear little species)
and cordifolia. In the low-
land marshes the Pulmon-
aria 'near fine.

I came back to find my
white house in turmoil
- and still it is chaotic.
For three days there was
no place to sit down, and
navigation was impeded by
churn, butter, coach-holes
et omne genus. I sighed
for my bachelor days -
when as I recall them, now
not unhappy. At any rate,
one could stop cleaning up.
He wanted to.

Next Tuesday evening
I lecture at a church here
on Cross Fertilization, which I
had the honor of giving!

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J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,

Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct 8 1894

My Dear Old Deane,

I was beginning to fear
that my little book, my heart-
ling had gone to the office of
the Dead. I am so glad you
liked it, but you are one of
those loyal fellows who stick up
for a friend right or wrong.

Neither Barnes nor Britton
have yet had a copy, but I will
send them one, I suppose. There are
but is so far done. I don't much
if it meets approval - and I see
lots of faults of omission in it,
but it serves my end.

I am very, very busy on the
Book - on which I rest my repu-
tation - the Guide Book. I have
you any field notes to send me
- say what box, portfolio, clothes,
chopper etc. I have written by those
subjects - have read down in any
"Walpole" suggestion. It reads well.

You will be looking at some of
the Chapter Headings - as
"A Beggars account of empty
boxes" - Thore, for Chapter on
"ascension". I wish you could see
the MS as it progresses - and
help me from your unfeigned
depths of love. My work is easy
and my room is light, I have
gasol in height - and feel like
the telephone cabinet - then with
the skull clean who who -
the day (compared then!).

Poor dear old Holmes is gone;
Lord how I love him - and he
"check not Laps a fear". You Har-
vard men are, and of right ought
to be, a concerted crowd!

A million thanks for the nice
stamp; they gladden the hearts
of my elect. Again, so glad you
like my booklet. I'm as well
as could be expected, but in one
year - three little letters could a
man write! Yours ever
W.H.

Write all the scenes in the
fiction and the play in
the same style.

Maggie Play.

Oct 1868

13. 1868

The Robber Case.

At Warren near Mt Hope
Bay.

Enter Mary dressing for a ball.

Oh dear the servant Betsy
will never come, Enter girl

all dressed with a white
gown on They go out

Enter Walter with thick coat
on They go out

What do I spy, some dia-

monds

What do I have a sound
He drops the diamonds & and
runs.

Enter Mary very prettily
dressed

Oh my diamonds on the floor
I thought I saw a shadow
flitting across the floor

I will call the men

"Joke Bill" come right
here But the diamonds
are gone

Scene Two Pottera Case,
a tip case hollowed out
diamond in one corner
and various treasures

Enter Potte pale and
agitated

I must flee they have
found me

Some hunters and a fair
girl are seen in the distance
the Potter try's to flee but
can not He is caught and
taken away

Curtains Fall -

My Dear Deane,

I learned to make those open
envelopes myself; from old Dr Torrey;
have always used 'em, I now have notes
from Rusby, Eaton, Peck, and Bebb.
Collins of Molder is working for me, I have
stopped the book, to finish another on
R. I. Flora, will take it up soon again.
Health is pretty good; I gain weight. You
would not know me. Goodale is to give
4 lectures here; E. S. Morse, two, the
latter will be my guest one night, Goodale
prefers to return home - foolish man!

Prov. Nov 11. 1894.

Yours and
W. W. B.

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane - Esq.
9 Brewster St.
Cambridge -
Mass.



Dear Deane, Providence, Oct 27. 1894.

If you have any knibbles on field
or closet work now in your time to forward
them, I am ready for notes, Lord; how busy
I am, and generally speaking well, but to-
day I am a little "offish" from a sleepless
and painful night of neuralgia. I cannot chew
back-nails and such ten pennies, I am so
cross. Heard Gilson lecture the other night;
the matter of course little - and the manner
too chop-trappy, but the diagrams ingenious
and pretty. Perhaps he thought he must
lith up or lose out to school ma'am,
- slute puns and all the rest. Goodbye is to
give us four lectures, Hurrah! Love over
Come agitate to the max. -

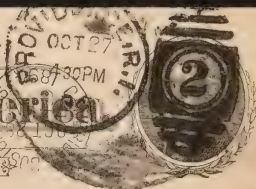
W.W.B.

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT

United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brewster St -
Cambridge Station
Boston, Mass.



Dear Dear,

Providence, Nov 21. 1894,

Koups is at 228, Yea, of course your notes on mounting were rec'd and will be incorporated. I have not yet seen the Gazette. No doubt they mis-
persted more than the booklet deserved. Thanks!
I am lolling up with rheumatism today, which is
the 999th rising Wednesday - by actual official
count. I feel, with the pain in left breast, like
the amagwa. You know those mailers, they
often accommodate, here in that respect sin-
cer, I'm sorry to stop The Look, to finish an-
other - which goes to print at once. The little
family all well - and send heaps of how-
dys and love. Love & it's pair.

Yours ever - Parker

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT

United States & America

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane - & W.
9 Brewster St
Cambridge Station
Boston, Mass.

Dear Dear, Providence - Jan 2^d 1895,
Happy New Year from us all! We
are just back from a 10 days visit to N.Y.,
- Grand Opera, Ada Pahan etc, etc, a good
time, all your very nice presents rec'd, and
we think you and Mrs Deane too entirely
good for this sort of leave, but hope, notwith-
standing you may have other things, Poor May
looks like right about a bad break - but it
is doing well, she has the setting and all
discomfort like a deer caught in a little bow-
ine, but I hope they are delighted with their looks
sharp etc, again - thanks! I expect to lecture
in W. Newton on an offer of Jan 11, Guest of an old friend
Love to you and yours. W. W. Bailey

PROVIDENCE
POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT
JAN. 3 1892
10³⁰ AM

United States America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge Station -
Boston, Mass.



Providence, Jan 5th 1895,

My Dear Deane,

You ask of our holiday
analysis, he journeyed to New
York where he stayed about ten
days. It was gorgeous weather,
allowing us to go about in per-
fect comfort, he shopped, and
went sight-seeing, and visiting.
Saw the Sphinx and the Kang-
aroo, metaphorically speaking.

On the Monday eve before Xmas
I was, with the N.Y. Alumni of
Brown, a guest at J.D. Rockefeller's,
whose son is at our college. The
occasion was a concert of the
Brown musical clubs, he had a
good supper and lots of fun; and
over I looked at the flash-photo of
Egypt and Hamrah Oil.

One night Mrs Bailey and I
went to the Metropolitan Opera
House and heard Melba in
Romeo and Juliet, an immense
audience and with enthusiasm.
Next day I took the children to
the same house to see Lockwood
with Nordie, an Opera, I don't know
such a good time.

We have called home very suddenly - coming two days of our visit by the death of my wife's fair young cousin, Elvira Penniman. She was a victim to the terrible typhoid fever, 27 cases of which have been traced to one milk man. The family are very distressed - and will not be comforted, Mrs Bailey is much with them. One daughter my cousin's to marry her sister who was a little older. They were beautiful girls together.

Our winter term began now mainly on Friday, he really got to work yesterday. I heard it like a dentist's shop. In the vacation Collins and I both moved the desk and biological material to the new quarters in Wray. You should see how good we are in those places. I think of giving a house-warming. Ah! that is the way.

I did not know Mr Bell, but his daughter married a young friend of mine from here, Phellam of Minnesota was here lately, and met through an acquaintance. He calls himself an authority: is he? This world is full of vanity and pretence.

Pittell has succeeded in getting Calverton away from me - at least I suppose, he will go to California, where he has a good offer. At present he is at Bonn. I do not know yet just what provision will be made to fill his place. After all it is a good deal like keeping house; get a servant trained and she leaves you, often in the midst of a dinner party. If one can't do all this work himself, I think not! I can rely on Collins in any way. He is a trump - and you are another, and I say to you! Happy New Year from all of us to Mrs D. and your generous self.

Yours very truly
J. H. P.

January 10 1895
My Dear Deane,

Yours rec'd. I write in haste to say that I lecture tomorrow afternoon about 3 o'clock, in W. Norton. I expect to stay overnight with a friend there, Mr. E. R. Blanchard - and will return to Providence sometime Saturday ex. I may find a chance to see you on Saturday. I know that my letters have of late been scruffy. I will "not let it occur again" as Prof. Harkness advised the freshmen whose wife had a baby - and detained from class.

They are doing nicely. I have the dentist now pain biting in my neck. I approached Macmillan & Co for the New Book. They at once sent for old edition to make amendments. If that firm will take the

matter up I shall feel made
(even wife and wife), I'll be
so content, Look for the Brown
Cut from me soon if it is out,

Yours as
H. W. Quincy

Jan 17th 1895

My Dear Deane,

I am by no means
sure that I am'd your coat, with
the welcome stamps, too both our
heartily thanks! I am so glad you
had a good time; mine was per-
fectly tourine. I enjoyed so much
having you meet my good friends.
There is no conscience about 'em, I
have known Ned since 1862 - in
all sorts of weather - and he is ol-
dways staunch. His wife was a Miss
Inmay. It wither put me on my toes
to have you in my audience. As we
were I feared Gubale, too might have
conceded, Do you know I don't think
now he will have broken me up.

Yesterday I was sick in bed all
day - having been seized in the
night with a most unaccountable
diarrhoea and nausea. I am all
right again now - and perhaps better

for the printing, but I assure it
was no fun. As yet I have
heard no more from Macmillan
& Co. I hope for the best.

Brusseau spent an hour with
us on Monday as - while en route
to New York. You asked some questions
about our college catalogue, but I
have mislaid your record, and
cannot recall what it was. Ask
again. Today I had the girls on
Choregion and the boys on
Angristplatz. The false bene-
fice then passed. As yet I cannot
find that picture of my Pa, for you
- but I feel certain that I had one.
I was fond of my own at all ages
- from the "copsat smoking and pur-
suing" to the undersigned - at the
new approach of July - but,

At all ages I am

Yours faithfully

Bailey -

Dear Dean, Providence - Jan 26, 1845

It rains as in the mythical 40 days
of Noah. I have telephonal for an ark
and such animals as care, 2 at a time,
to take passage, No response.

Your note from Hart well. Jolly idea, Marvel
I must do likewise, Macmillan's decline to
handle my work; they do not care to let
their light shine before man - disappointed temp.
my metropolitan press. I have a clear notion
that you asked me for some plant, Tell an
agent, If you read Dutton's *XXII. I*, you
will find I am in a sad way today, but don't
afflict me to 'Ebrew Jew. Yours ever
W. W. B.

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



Walter Deane - Esq -
7 Brewster St -
Cambridge, Mass.

January 31 1895

My Dear Deane,

Tonia is at hand. I have
seen much of the week on my little
back - warming my cot, and per-
haps only reading novels. I write -
enlargement and principal swelling
- till almost I cannot breathe. The
friend and faithful slave of Hiram
Alvord, who could have no such
affliction here, it is for the time over,
and I am out again, so no more of
that. Today is the day of prayer for
colleges - and I am putting up my
little utterances at home. Yesterday
is nothing on the ship in the Harb.

So far I can get no publisher to
undertake my book, on the expressed
ground of the previous existence of
the old one. Hurd lines, either
Macmillan or Appleton would, I feel
sure, take it otherwise, and yet the
book is essentially new.

Under these circumstances, I

return your useful MS - that you
may benefit thereby. Lord knows
when I could use it - great
though my desire, and essential
my purpose, I - in that man
Bates in Salem! I'd like to punch
his head.

Dear Mary is all right as
to her arm, but has a slight
cold, Yea, she is sweet and low,
white is well - but they don't seem
to know how to treat him in
school, He is a curious fellow -
very.

Remember me - when they
don't the Father of the Country.
I shall on the 22^d Nov - be
52 - unless Telly or Fletcher give
out meanwhile.

You shall have your Seneca vis-
come if I have any - The dear
old companion of my father, Mr
George Hunt, is failing at 83, I
quite to think of it I doubt if he
has again seen his house alive.
A glorious man, simple, loyal, true,
and an old time plant lover, to whom
agave culture was, may a heaven, not
the confidential man, John W. ...

Providence, Feb 10, 1895,

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand,
Many thanks for your solicitude in behalf of my book-
ling, I suppose every firm has
its own customs and may
well make it one not to
take over a book, I have been
exaggerated, for the Appletons
book about the same view, that
I referred the whole thing to
my lawyer, Hon Oscar Lothrop,
now in Congress, I have
stopped writing entirely till I
can see daylight.

I was in Boston last
Wednesday to the supper of
the Local Legion - and spent
the night with the Birneys
in Dorchester. It was cold
as an off time school room,
but I had a long up time,

It happened to be a holiday
at college - in commemoration
of the late Prof. Yankee, I was
abled to skip away and escape
the oration, therefore
I can not hear my own
chatting or read it.

I have fought fur
naces all the while - and
noted the similitudes, and
copied full of my thermom-
eter and coal bin, But
repetitions cannot be far
off now - or even gulped
Symplecarpus, I want then
new names; I want none
of em. Yes; your picture of
Beth by this wood fire
is attractive. This daughter
- Mrs. Mason, nay, of my
Love Champlain, I should
think well wish she were

with him. I have seen writing
a poem today - and paint-
ing dollies. Whit has
colored up certain prints
of foot-hill teams, and
both have seen happy. I
have seen readers the me-
mors of Pierre de Jouviller
and have read them to you
as very bright and jolly, there
was stuff in him, though a
Bourbon. Do not - on the
approach of 22^d fail to
grasp whatever to my
health. I shall fear up
with Secorn's Fifty-Food,
and am - for ever

Yours to command
in miniature -

Bush

Providence, Feb 23, 1895,

My Dear Deane,

I have just returned from the funeral of my dear old friend - Mr George Hunt, the Naturalist of Rhode Island Botanist and Entomologist, Uncle about 18 months ago he had - though 83 years old, looked an almost youthful man, thin erect face and springy step gave no sign of four score.

He had seen the composition of all my Letter books since 1868 and had botanized with my father years before. A peculiarly rare, sweet nature was this, He was a true wood lover, with ungrudging assistance about the place. The forest unveiled before him, He knew where grew the rarest orchids or most exquisite ferns. You felt that he loved every wild creature - and that they loved him. The shyest flossomed for him even in his city yard. There you found the yellow sticky-sipper and the showy one; the spring hawk and Dutchman's breeches, the painted, white, and erect trillium, Collinsias,

hydrophyllums, Columbinas, and
 erythroniums, & was a Titmouse
 garden indeed, and in it the
 dear old man was near his hat.
 He was at his hat in the
 antiseptical work, whose intrusion
 was always clear to him. He never
 found a locality. The most charm-
 ing spots in the state are pro-
 posed to his memory.

Unusually silent and reserved
 the multitude did not know
 him. He gathered about him a
 little band of true lovers, who to-day
 are ever young. The flesh that he
 leaves can't open to fillal.

How full he was of honesty,
 wisdom, and of kindly criticism!
 No harsh word was proceeded out
 of his mouth. He never did not
 comprehend a lie or act in purity.
 His kind and gentle nature grew sweeter
 and sweeter with the years.

A very successful business
 man, he retired some ten years
 ago, and since then has given his
 life up to his wild walks and
 to his garden.

3 That is your way. He looks down with gentle
 and since then there have been honestly depressed and
 gloomy. He who had then all other, the fine
 Calceatras. I have come by a fine down stroke
 which proved fatal, I did then I learned to long
 in the coffin - a head to long during his brother,
 the power of God in all his works.

April as he was (184). we saw them there
 that April it was hard to begin him. He was al-
 ways ready for the work - surely the wisest com-
 moner and friend we have ever had, the forgotten
 friend. That's what they were, as do our
 towns forget it this worst, guide, pure, and
 little forgotten, it! in, it that we shall
 not meet again!

Yours, my dear Helen,
 W. W. Parker

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

PROF. W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
WINTHROP J. V. OSTERHOUT, A. M.,
Instructors.
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,
Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 26 1895

My Dear Deane,

Do not totally forget, even
in Lent, you most attached and
humble, I am now at that part
of my Book, where I am treating of
mammals, I found I had some
graphing and useful notes of yours
which I have incorporated, Now is
the time if you wish to say a last
word. It is the "heavens time" of
the year with me, indeed, the term
breathed its last on Saturday last;
Mary who went to Hartford at the
Whitman's exam, and my self is
in permanent danger, especially from
the enemies around. I sleep 8 nights
where I can at once grasp my Thomas
hawk. Yes; Bailey's book is a good
one, but why did he leave out
Erca, and why not mention the
white species of Aluticus and Borealis?
They are not the "all-flores" of any

Britten, against which Dr. Piken
is so rightly unsuspicious,

Did I say it was vacation? It
must am I tempted to run down
and personally inspect the herbarium.
By the way, I was in Cam-
bridge one afternoon two Saturdays
ago - and did up Harvard with
Kibbitz. Did you not feel a prick-
ing of your thumb?

My snow-drops are a Hoorn
and so is little *Crocus vernus*, I
find also, in the muscops, a choice
plant of the *Araceae* - with curious
treated spathe - and gnome-like as-
pect, what can it be? It strikes like
H₂O. Deer *Scaphiopus* is in Hoorn,
all the little hills rejoice - and floods
clap their hands - yes, and the
(female) book-agent is abroad in
the land,

There are even
P.S. The school children personally -
are singing; next as
the song-sparrows, God Bless
them all.

Apr. 1895

Brown University,
Providence, Rhode Island.

My Dear Deane,

I suppose you saw how near we came to drowning the Elis on their own grounds. Fancy the excitement of my kids! Today we play of Woff P. at Philadelphia, what is on tip toe of expectation.

I do hope you are better, or while I'm hoping I'll say, well. When it was truly all things considered, that we postponed. There was the "maroty" weather, as the English say, and your kick up, and then I was in awful shape, also with a cold. Mine is a perfect Aphasemia, wondering on forever, and turning up in unexpected places. That special day I had nothing left from the crush of work and further

the dogmatic comforts of Latin
syntax, I was consoled - as I drank
a score of handkerchiefs, to know
that "musci, presertim, pudent, laetati
and pueri" govern the doctrine, By
the bye - do they? I know they will
do or are done to, and the good
churchmen, they have no health in
them. Eaton, even if he gets well, will
not teach next year. The mantle
will fall on Fitchell.

Collins came around that Friday
ere to tell me he could go, when
shall we four meet? "Shall it be
the next day or the next year?"
How about Saturday - the 11th Let
us know, On the 14th I lecture
in Dudley, Mass, we have not settled
yet upon our summer home. The time
is drawing near. Exams begin June 7
and finish June 13th. Today I made an
anecdote to Cat Swank - once my
favorite school, The anemones,
thymus etc - are making a
brave effort to hide the thinness,
dew-cats, hoop skirts, paper collars,
stone pipes, refuse leather and offal
that now disguise what was once a

Brown University,
Providence, Rhode Island.

score of Henry, when shall we learn,
my friend the Japanese, to put our
abominations out of sight? After making
a colossal pipe of nastiness, he goes,
forsooth, and tucks on it! Then we
expect health in phlegm and mucus.

Dear little Housies, how glad I was
to see their queer-tones everywhere,
Anemones, too, here in their richest
rig, just when they are tinged with pink
or purple - and have not spread the
star.

Yesterday I had two articles in
the Providence Journal - one on
"Willows - Pussy and Other" - and one
on "Narcissus", both treated con amore.
In my yard I have daffies, hyacinths,
lilies, blood-root, squills, hepatics
and crocuses, all in flower - and I am a
very floral Rothschild -

I do not care what others see

Of diamonds or of gold -
When I such wealth can ever see -
All mine that I behold!

They buy their gold and ruin the sea
What place have all their games here?

From heights serene
Where dwells my green,

My Scutums I offal -
Where Turfpe glow

And short water grow,

I think their doing silly.

I have coupons as well as they.

All due within the month of May -
While what they have may meet on

I reap perpetual dividend!

Your self-satisfied and never-to-be
utterly-disgusted friend
W. W. Bailey -

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

PROF. W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
WINTHROP J. V. OSTERHOUT, A. M.,

Instructors.

J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,

Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 4 1895

My Dear Deane,

I write you ex cathedra
herbarii. You are voted a triumph
by all hands - and especially by
that dear cuddle May, nestled
into your affection. She is now a
big shopping girl, but was 12
on the 2^d and the day was de-
scribed with becoming ceremonies.

Yes; I have in fact the notes
you sent me. I think, some time
I'll send you my MS. I think the
best way to extract your chunks
of solid wisdom, I flatter myself
you will like my work.

Do you know how very ill
Eaton is? Little chance of his
recovery. My Collins is doing
good work. He and I will de-
scend upon you some Saturday.
Tell us when. I am ever
W. W. Bailey

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J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,

Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 9, 1895

My Dear Deane,

I am laid up in dry dock, the weather being wet - with a fearful cold and low throat, & the work of the menagerie is hard. Still, if I can only quiet my conscience, I always enjoy a day in my own den and by my ain tangle. Yes, you just bet he will come to see you on April 27. I have not yet seen Collins about it - and as he is an employee of the G. & H. Co. he may not be able to fetch it. But I hope for the best. May is already in a state of excitement at the prospect. She is all your fancy presents her my pet! I am reading Guy Rouverge to her just now, and have read this winter Ivanhoe, The Tale of the Two Admirals, and Oliver Twist. The boy will listen to none of these. Still, they say in school he is now doing well. But fancy a son of his father not caring to read and being an athlete, just the

mills of the gods are uncommon
green factories. I send you herewith the
photo of my father which I was un-
able to find hitherto. It is good of
him. I understand that Cota is fo-
tally ill with some bladder or related
trouble, I suppose Lettall will succeed
him. The college has never yet taken
a new Herbarium.

The other night Mrs Bailey,
Prof Mayley and Delabore, and
Mr Oslert with myself, went down
to the Hub to hear Götterdämmerung,
he stopped at Janga. This was on
Friday, he got home at 1.20 in the
morning. I have been heels up ever
since!

Yours ever

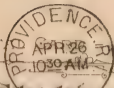
W. M. Bailey -

Providence - Friday, Apr 26,

My Dear Deane,

There is sorrow in the
House of Ward, "tears as from the depths
of some divine despair," Mrs has put
on sack-cloth and I am fight with (ajay)
a-ha, You see next Saturday - May 4 -
Yale plays here - and like the young
marrial man in Scripture - he can't come.
I wonder if it will ever be, 'Let us hope.
At any rate, to preserve your health and
sanctity, bid adieu of hope of meeting you
in Washington. Spring has come here - a-
hah, Good luck to you! W. W. B.

POSTAGE ONE CENT



United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane - Esq
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge -
Mass.

Dear G., Providence - Apr 24, 1895
Glad to hear from you. I have
been miserable all this Spring - and es-
pecially the last three days. May and I
will certainly be on board, if weather is suit-
able, and Rev. Lina if he can, he may take
the 9 A.M. train from here, which reaches
the Hub at 10.20 A.M. May has some denting
to attend to, I suppose you meet us at the
Shoreline at 12 M. he would like to ar-
range to catch the 5 P.M. express home,
if it possible. If any thing turns up of a
salaried nature - tell us it, I am sure
W. W. B.

POSTAGE ONE CENT



United States of America.



THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane - Esqr

9 Brewster Street

Cambridge Station

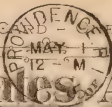
Boston - Mass

Providence - May 1, 1895

Dear Deane,

"Call me early, another dear".
I am glad to see that this merit is
recognized editorially in the Gazette, Collins
and I are more than ever of opinion that
he must see that Hortons sees of them.
Expect to see in a few weeks my "Answer
Re. J. Will Tolson". Look out for a driving.
I think of a run to Wachuset, May 18, with
Collins. I need mountain air; am in bad
shape - and here it hot for a certain ex-
pression flippant - novel case, he came
near drowning the T. R. is. Another chance next
Saturday, day comes here, W. W. B. -

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.



United States America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



Walter Deane - A. M.,

9 Brewster St

Cambridge - Mass.

Providence, May 5, 95

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand,
Yes, Meg and I intend see-
ing Cambridge - Saturday the
1st if wind and weather per-
mit, Collins can never tell
till the last minute whether
he can go, but he wants to
appear. No; that Brown-Yale
game, by rights ours, was
lost by inexcusable errors and
bad coaching, our men dis-
graced us, Tomorrow we play
Harvard, It was pitiable to
see our noble pitcher white-do
all the work, Today, with Tenney
coaching we beat Colgate 14 to
1. Please do not forget White's
desire for tall pictures; he
does so enjoy making them

2.
album. This ~~the~~ leather is
just good things of their new.

Had a letter today from
my old friend J. W. Corry
of Mariposa - the hero of
Shasta. He is a candidate
for E. L. Green's late place.
Agrees with us on women's
clature. Let the bull whig
let how the wool is going
to fly. Do you know the
gentest flock of nature?
Give it up? No did I. It is
when Mary had a little
lamb. Don't tell any body.

Our regards to the good
Lady of the House -

Yours
All the Buileys

Brown University,
Providence, Rhode Island.

May 6, 1895.

My Dear Deane,

Is it expecting us
ye are, next Saturday? We are
all ago for it. I fear we, and also
we lost our game, one easily in
our hands, two, to the sons of Eli.
It was a turning shame - and they
it in the shadow of a great grief
like Constance of old.

By the by, if you come across
any base-ball or football pictures,
say of the Harvard or Boston teams,
or for that matter of any, please do
remember the Boy. He is getting up
an album of such - and putting lots
of work in it. He is doing nicely
at school now we hear.

Down here flowers are twinkling
over each other in beautiful beauty

It is amazing how they come out,
Even wild columbines in Hoon, Oster-
that came in yesterday with Erodium,
which he didn't know till I enlightened
him.

In overhauling my
plants I find some I know you
would like. I will describe you -
as I do always, in my prayers.

Only a few weeks more - and we
can throw off the burden of the wind-
mill and breathe the air of free-
dom.

Hoping to grasp thy honest
hand on the Jewish Sabbath of this
week - I am as ever

Thy fellow worker

W. W. P.

My Dear Deane,

Yours at hand. Yes; he intends
to see you if the weather holds good,
My Papa, she will hypnotize it to do
so, he will take the 9 A.M. train, ar-
rive in Boston at 10.30, go at once to see
Dr. Hobbins - and get to Thorndike about
11-30 to 12, Meet us there, Collins
will come if he can. Am just through mid-
term test; a lot of papers to read, & how;
it's hot!! Yes, our fellows play good
base but are experts of men more than
they do.

May 9, 1895, Geo. Bowers

POSTAGE PAID ONE CENT



United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane Esq
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge -
Mass,

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

PROF. W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
WINTHROP J. V. OSTERHOUT, A. M.,

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J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,

Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 12 1895

My Dear Deane,

We arrived home safely - the little one taking sweet rest upon the whole, the Grand Boy still awake - though in classical mood, He at once found his way to the imperial bed of Angeline and the ground product of Thescoma, Mrs Bailey - and others surprise me with the intelligence that it was unpleasantly cool all day, Indeed, I had at once to close my study windows, Moral; there is no accounting for the feminine caprice of Boston - or her unaccountable exhibition of frost and heat, we all had a tawine time - and the 11th of May will hereafter have sublimed sig-

significance. Columbia is enthusiastic
over your book, as well as many
others. Today we are having a glori-
ous rain. All the Dialects are
clapping their cymbals with
joy - and the monks (the one-
handed fellows) - holding out a
single palm (palm!) for the drops.
Verily it is a dark pour, I just
went out and scattered the cut-
melting phosphate over my lawn.

Tuesday I go to Dudley to
lecture; would rather take a
whippoorwill - but I get an X, in
stead. A lecture, however, in
one of these little country places
is depressing.

I send you one of Meg's
flange. The family unite in
love to you with, I think of you
quite giving up a day to us!
And your servants is ^{yourself} with
Alonzo Ben Arden, ^{family} ever
W. W. Burges

Providence, May 21
1895

My Dear Deane,

My visit to Dudley
was about the usual kind;
a select audience of twenty-
two country boys with their
gibes; a thapsotery cold wet
ride; delay on trains - and
a conviction that the thing
didn't pay. I talked on my
Fourth Parallel journey ex-
perience. Had I spoken in
Charleston it would have been
all the same. Now to some-
thing pleasanter. Last Fri-
day Collins and I went up
to the Grand View at Mt
Wachusett and remained
till Monday. Saberting it
seemed like the Mesquites in
the snow, but we started out
into the woods "through
brangled juniper, beds of needles"

and when my little tree
and fresh was a potent
shower bath, he went right
up the mountain, too, regardless
of path "through brush, bri-
ers & briars" over rocks and
whirlpools, he made a glorious
haul of *Trillium erectum*, *S.*
crystallinum, *Clintonia borealis*,
Carolyllum, *Mitella diplyca*
(a beauty!), *Chrysothrix*, *Acer*
Penn., *Rubus*, etc. An
amplified nice time, Saturday
afternoon. It did not rain,
but was threatening and cold,
still we climbed to the sum-
mit and came back by
the carriage road.

In the eve we sat with
Mr. Hare by a big wood-
fire, "Around the fireplace
with the tricks the kitten
kneel," he told yarns, while
I was the sole carver.
Collins my sister that we

compliment, Blessed is
the man who has a few
small and pleasant ideas
and perhaps are to setting
in! Sunday it was foggy
on the mountain but we were
with a "one horse shay" down
beside the lake, A perfectly
cold, By noon I was chafed
and with tremors - indeed
had a few electric twinges,
so pulled up and loaded my
back by the arborescent flames
to wit the woodfire open-
air, Collins went off yet again
but added nothing new.

Despite the wind and
gloomy weather we had a
fine time - and gained another
subliminal day. As much in the
kindness. I feel sure.

May "Christal" over your
letter and send her love to
you and then, as do we all,
Thank you - W. W. Bartley

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

PROF. W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
WINTHROP J. V. OSTERHOUT, A. M.,

Instructors.

J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,

Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 31, 1895

My Dear Deane,

Our Commencement
occurs Wednesday - June 19th
I want you to come and be
my guest at the exercises
and dinner, and stay at
the toll house. Brown is the
our Alumni - great spot!
Do tell us you will come,
we are all in it,

Beautiful game with
Jale yesterday, Abner is in high
feather; but Sam Wine is a
crater as a school girl, he
should not have lost to the
division. Come, come, Kip.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 3, 1895

My Dear George,

There is sorrow in
the home of Grandfather
sweeping for children and none
of the family comforted! The
house is so much

But, I never had a better time
to gladden with his cheer for joy
It is what he'd up and he'd

mean
On all our Brown University
next days

I tried to win him by a game
Hussey never under good
He up and beats me all the
He is a tough man and a tough
For all? Nothing will come
He is a tough man and a tough

been in some cold and some
crampy conditions.

cheerfully to the your old school
and all Christian's schools. I
pray God, (Cephelia - slightly
depressed) Yesterday I had Peter
Maria Cooley (M.D., Lennich) up
for a while here, among other things
I gave him a composition for her, and
then by correspondence, the given
very clear, full, and answers;
"Excellent", Freshman that to be
yesterday - without an error, a
first-rate guess - and with lot
of good personal stuff.

How it not fear reason!!

When -

Our love and respect to your
good wife and self. I cannot tell
you how much I love her.

Portland, June 18, 1895

Dear Deane, Your practical experience,
and, I say, old & young, you can all
to with us to go on to struggle with
the common chicken. I see that
you, the will write you about it, which
is going into the country for a few days.
But I am on from the North; how
will I go? I shall, we are all set
up to the season, I am on with you.
But, that I may make if it pays to buy
it up. I say, let G. P. H. Parker, he will be
a valuable meeting. Love. I am to the

POSTAL ONE CENT.



United States of America.



THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane-Egan

9 Belmont St.

Providence, R.I.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

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WINTHROP J. V. OSTERHOUT, A. M.,
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Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 21. 1895

My Dear Deane,

Your carte post pulled
up at my door. Do not deprecate
your mail; there is good stuff in it.
Highlights in a person.

Something at Brown concerned
himself either the election or the
operation (the latter more peculiarly in-
sensitive). Tired me out with Chas.
Hobbs and I have been very sick
for two days. Last night tried to
go to bed; thought my heart was
bad again and didn't want to
be left today but feel the same.
Wishes and consciousness of my physical
weakness; Lord! How rich I am.

Am I near to have you at Brown
again? Why not put it down now.
I am engaged to Charles next year
I want to have a school in the
winter time during which in this way
I can be a student and independent
of the changes and chances of the
winter term.

When Bailey is wearing death and
the heart from others - he is
suffering some - when, whilst in the
country at Haver, with an uncle,

Oh! but I am such a poor
soul - it is no fun. But see all that
night. Poor has just passed by
the historical collection of specimens
in London - it tells all a fellow
has done (with private exceptions)
the case of piece dollars! etc. that
is it a plan - but let it stand, B.C.

William Thackeray has asked me
in regard to the school next year,
There is no want for the richest part
the way of the business, now is the time.

Richard Pearson paid my "fare"
at the W.C. & L. With kindest regards
from all of us to your esteemed family
I am ever theirs
in the warmest

Bailey

* On second thoughts, I am not
willing to accept, but we must

Life is full of beauty
and interest. There is a perfect
day - when there are no clouds,
the air is cool and bright,
and of the very best kind and best
in the land, and joy in
the heart, above, if you
are perfect change. Let us live!
I am ready - for all but the
length, this perfect day in
winter at any other time.

Let it be still done at Raccoon
the deer by, and by the
country over the Lake. But
in, the well known; it does
not spare man or thing; by
the way, our new college teacher
with a telescope by English, in
the recesses, to let the history
of our man - as for unknown
his face to very handsome.

Still he has for us all to
see - and the same
same. There is a deer opposite
the house.

Providence June 23. 95
My Dear Old Love,

I never shall cease
to regret - as young married
men say - that you have not
with me at the fatal hour.
Still you escape some things,
but as you get times; so
you also plundered - quite,
but perhaps by Mother. It
seems to be a temptation,
the religious members of
the church, as the whole keep,
knows, and coffee, and as in
the end of the year, may
be in those checks, which for
some time I have held when
for the conductor who has been
through the trees, however.
He has worked as the person
and had "through the trees," but

3. I hope to be on train in
afternoon. How many I like
up to you - are Pierce, Wash-
burn, Robert Brown, and I think
the rest. How many young
men, Carter Brown, with
us in Europe next year,
he shall drop out here. I
know nothing of that side
of history, and it is too late
to begin. A funny thing we
heard at the Museum, Prof
Hare of Columbia, lived here
used to deliver a speech (15
minutes) on the same subject
before. He had lectured on
peace and talked on love
and law. The audience got restless
about that, then an assistant
got fairly talked about. The
last man who spoke took a
story of a slave which he was
used to read up; then, he was
up talked half an hour.

now now you are coming to
be the historical head of
America. So tell me why
the time of history is not
also a time of progress.
Give it up. Reluctantly - so
to I. Well after a while days
with the transfer I had to
ask for the doctor in the night
chloroform finally passed me
around, but these Pinkney says
I made great remarks, and
all of them were through some
obvious allusion to our con-
stitution, moral, both
and yourself next Wednesday
and think of me.
Last night I went over
to the Fleet and then back
Columbia - and collected some
after we were joined by Harold
in Barry and began to study
some of our new books.

Providence, July 1, 1895

My Dear Deane,

I have just heard that the Devil is dead, but I can hardly credit it. The last time I saw him he appeared so well and in such excellent spirits. Indeed, he showed much of his old fire and spoke encouragingly of his prospects. He showed me a pair of shoes which partly disguised his natural defect - and spoke feelingly of many good times he had had together. Well; poor Devil - he is dead - and we never shall see his like again. He was so free - so debonair, he could better spare many another. Regret is in order!

W. W. Bailey

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Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 15, 1893

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand - full of
youth and vigor, I wish at once to re-
live your mind, The Devil proved to
be weaker - not dead, but he elph so
powerfully as to simulate death - and
to deceive the faculty - insubstantially myself,
Notwithstanding, he sets always before
himself, he desires a change of scene
and climate, but is deterred for circum-
stances - ancestral mainly - from visiting
the charming heights of El Dorado.
We expect to leave here August 1st
for Conway, Mass, not W. H., we have
engaged a little house for the month,
and I anticipate much pleasure from
gardens new, fresh - Jackson sent me to
name the other day from Mass, which
proved to be an *Anthyllus*, Collins is busy
a matter now from this State.

Rightly say - my "R. P. Field & House"
will be at this week - Preston & Roswell
- Post Post, 12°, price, 75¢. No printing
shall be without it and contain,
You escaped the muddy deluge -

of Long Island Sound, it must
be a house of qualification, too fa-
miliar with the slavery - those people
to visit one whose trust of reverence
(though increased by his hair) - is large,

Mr Bailey had two days at Pa.
last week, the in the morning,
the little ones are fine,

And I send you a poem "My Father's
I send a copy of it - Last, the col-
lecting and collecting my "poor
and worse", to it never to know

if you have seen his friends the
Brennan Top of the Crook, the
expecting a letter from you - dear
boy, he is - I assure you - a dear
old fellow - very kind and true,

Dear Mr Bailey, the Lord of the
house to day, - and she herself is
making the bill on the house,

Give our united love to Mrs
Deane - and keep us up with us
to your summer residence,

Yours truly, I hope a day long

Barney

Collier, and I are in a state
of triumph. Ten years ago
Collier took a fragment of a
rock sent from Connecticut &
after careful study and notes
sent it up, I then nothing of
it, but some three weeks ago
the same thing from same
place was sent to me by another
party; and again, later, by
a third person. The character of
material and did not even know
the family. One fine man
I bought lunch, and last Sat-
urday he made a large job of
it at the herb, it turns out
to be Tasione montana, and
is all over the island. Collier
will go down Saturday and lay
in some freshen that I saw.
But the same time I shall
look for a plant for
him.

It is a very pretty little thing
don't you know? "Let the
little flame burn." You see
how useful we are in our
generation, the new book being
fine. But we promised not to
get much. My MS of poems
came to nearly 300 pages of
very paper - and I am sick
of the list of the available.
Lord! What fools we mortals
be! But we have many occupations
now and I realize that it is
not and "sheets" are plenty.
We expect to get off to Con-
necticut on August 1st - they
want me to look at a further
meeting - but I think I'll crawl
out. My head feels like a
live infestation of wasps with
planetat phantasmagoria propelling
a la Cucurbita, into a corner
of my mind. I think I shall not

Conroy - Mass -

Aug 5, 1895

Dear Deane,

As Whit is visiting
you - I take the opportunity to
inquire a few times, he arrived
here on the 1st all well, he has
a nice comfortable house, neat
clean, airy, and all to ourselves,
he drove to the hotel - about 5
minutes off. How many a year
since I have been in so romantic
a neighborhood - full of hills, rivers,
water falls, forests and dells, it
is simply a rural paradise, he
has been over to Ashfield, where
we had a jolly supper, then on
to a charming clam bake, and
on Wednesday I am to read "Calypso"
at a dinner. The totting is con-
tinuing. Not only word, I hear you
are of collecting, am anxious
to see my book. It comes not.

she said,

At first it was much
too cool here, but today is a
sweeper, blit and I took a walk
and caught a few Lepidopts, they
is supping away merrily, The bees
found a lot of other little girls.

Tell us of all your doings
and how, even, for something
less stupid - and more capital
from

W. W. B.

P. F. B. L. Robinson sends
his picture; good fellow!

Conway, Mass, Aug 25. 95

My Dear Deane,

While you have been scaling mountains, catypping tornados, flitting
up with Flora (how pleasantly at
times!) I have been flat o' my
little back, physician attended, ^{ill} ~~ill~~
in bed, in high fever. I don't think
it reasonable, but then, it is over,
and I shall not say a word. Today
I was able to walk about two miles
to a most lovely ravine, but it nearly
knocked me up - as the English say.
It is the first day I have been really
out.

Yas cob where Conway is. It
is in Franklin Co, near Deerfield,
Ashfield - and Shelburne Falls -

To get here - you go to Springfield,
then to Northampton, then to Coarney,
Hudson. At the last place you take
a trolley car for six miles up a
glorious ravine - and then you are
here, from any of our high ridges
we can see Monadnock - and Jones
Deser. As I said in my last, it
is a wonderful country in its nat-
ural beauty, the health of the settlers,
and the very rich flora. Only the
Hudson region can compare with it
in beauty. I do not think our Transvaal
is in it.

We hire a little house, neat
as a pin, ample in every way, for
\$36.00 a month, he dine at hotel
and the whole thing is under \$100.
for the month,

We shall leave here, if I can crawl
a week from tomorrow, Monday. Perhaps

to take the children on to Blackmont
for a week. While Mrs B. goes
to Providence to raise carpets and
the devil, I have a truly horror
of the carpet business, but am
not wholly averse to poor Nicom
though I know he is in disfavor.

I write the publishers to send
you - free, a copy of my book. It
appears to take, I have had some
endorsements from Cotton and one nice
printed notice. They are pushing
it, I have in mind to try a
more ambitious thing - I have
plenty of notes - embracing New
England, what say you? ~~for~~ But
Ingersoll says - "Let the little
light burn."

All unite in a huge kiss
and H.C.G. Write to what is -
ministry of Your charming -
W. W. Bailey

By little stream in front of
my cottage - they and I yesterday
day pulled 58 species of plants
in 12 hours! I omitted certain
doubtful sedges, grasses, and
willows, Among the things were
Jussileps. With its big leaves,

I never saw *Adiantum* as
it grows here, I am it is aw-
fully pretty, *Asplenium Cana-*
dense abundant, I have seen
pressed specimens of *Orchis*
spect., Blood root, trilliums,
and anemone very when, I
have not seen *Linaria*, Does
it not come so far west? I
never have caught it at Wa-
chusett,

Mrs Bailey joins in love
to yourself and Mrs Deane,
Truly yours ever
W. W. Bailey

Conway, Mass.

Aug 28. 1895.

My Dear Deane,

I am glad you are able
to attend the Association meet-
ing. I wish I could, I should
like to see some of my old
friends - Brewer, Riley, Barnes,
Comster - Morse, and the rest,
No use. Jusketing and canoe
tires me to death, I had rather
read about 'em,

I suppose some relative will
be to the point, Britton says
he is certain I could be con-
vinced of the impurity of my po-
sition, I am dead sick of it all,
while there are live fishes a
waiting solution.

We leave here Monday next
and, of course, pass through
Springfield, I expect to go up
to Westmasset with Whit and
May while Mr B. goes home.
Yes; I think May got the
dollies. She and Roy often talk
of you.

Am sorry you were not
on the free list of my book.
It is a thank shame. If af-
ter perusing, you feel the thing
worthy, give it a lift if you can.
I look time to receive pleasant letters
about it.

Make the following corrections-

Page 20, In question, read "spring" for "ring".

Page 52 - fifth line, read "con-
nects" for "links". 12th line "read
"came" for "come". In line sixteen
read "astera" for "violets".

Page 55 "cone flowers" for "corn-
flowers".

Page 54, 3^d paragraph - 4th line
reads "pillows". Erase word
"masses" following.

There may be other errors of
commission, there of omission &
evidences are, no doubt, numerous.
Collins little Calitha comes out
well on the cover.

I am very slowly regaining
strength. May is to give a party
on Friday to a lot of little girls
and is in a high state of ex-
pectancy. Collins reports
the new cases - for now he's
well under weigh, from the
old mill will be whirling a
gain. Let me know where to
address you. On and after
Monday - I shall be at "Grand
View House, Mt Westmasset"

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PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sep. 29 1895

My Dear Deane,

Lonia is rec'd and contents noted. It troubles me to hear of another man hustling when I have reached a haven of comparative rest, I feel as David represents the Wandering Jew at the Day of Judgment; while other sinners are being fished down to torment and flames - I am gleefully kicking off my boots, "Let the galled jade wince, my withers are unwrung!" On the first day of the term - Sep 18, I was so ill with a cold that I failed to take to my little bed. Now - as in the tenth stage of man, some taste, some smell, some want every thing, now, with the exception of my accursed and ever present neck ache, I am doing well, I have 72 men in my class. He enters 236, Everything is booming. I am in my new sec-

time - 20000, a great improvement
on the old, he expects to get
wholly settled in the West, in 2
months. Yesterday I had a drive
and noted the late caters,
great favorites of mine, like the
girls, they grow prettier every year
- God bless 'em (both!).

Mary & her mother - and some
other young folks, have gone out
to the park this fine day. I am
writing ex cathedra Collinsii.

How sad and sudden poor Riley's
death in the li-cycle, it especially
shocked me as I had spoken to
him so lately in Springfield, I so
much enjoyed - and take care
of yourself. 'Tis an enormous way
of sacrificing a valuable life, he
lived all spare for Riley.

With best wishes & kindest re-
gards to Mrs. Leam -

Always your friend

W. W. Bailey

Providence - Oct 2^d 1894

My Dear Deane,

Knowing your interest in good Prof. Blake, I send you this notice from the Journal of today, I presume the letter is to the President, It is not a bit too strong. As you know him, so did we all, as the gentle one, merry, genial, able, frank and gentleman, I am now within five of the head of the Faculty in seniority, ^{What} changes I have seen.

My new women are taking shape, they are hot - hot - for steam, To day I have an off-day - and I love such, Yours ever, Bailey

Providence - Oct 8, '95

My Dear Gene,

Yes; I saw your notice of Book
and was tickled. I would send me
looking a most enthusiastic letter, quite
overwhelming me with praise, I know
I need comfort somewhere - and I thank
him for friends, I expect to run down to
the Club Thursday or to see Trina - a
little spree by myself. Saturday will
be dear Papa's birthday and joy in the
House of Bailey -

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Mr Walter Deane

9 Brewster St

Cambridge
Mass.

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Curator of the Herbarium.

Christ is ^{the} cultivated one
the Book.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov 7 1895

Beloved Irene,

Since we first fire-gathered
I think we have not encountered
it so long an hiatus (an ora?)
of silence, why is this thus?
Echo - answers - why?

I am still to be found at the
old stand - retreating to gaping
before the rudiments of our
gay science, I am mentally first
chance - and physically cranky
as usual, but is absorbed in
football, He is a tall, handsome
fellow, Our Mrs is her own
dear self, Tomorrow we expect
to go to dancing school.

I am using my new lecture
room - and they are better
than Lesderna; 90° with all
the windows open. The herbium

is not yet moved, Collins and
I are both impotent, Next year
the Prex is to be away, Coter is
away this year, at Brim,

Mrs Bailey has 35 in
her little school, I have about
50 pupils, I want to get some
outside lectures this winter,
they have one in Norwich,
they are not much as we are used
with duets, They had a tree
mill in fire in New York the other
day, all that nice tree is
utterly gone, I might just as well
have had it - better - than to
have it burn up,

Write to your co. mate
and anti- neo- American - women-
clubmist

W. R. Bailey

November 12 1895

My Dear Lane,

Your letter indeed surprised and shocked me. I thought that sickness was my sole prerogative. I always pictured you to myself as an image of health and calm peace, well, I am so sorry! Yet, so you know, that today after a more than usually trying time in class, and having been to a funeral, I feel as cerebral as a puffed gopher. I can, indeed, cry you who have shaken off the accursed tremors. As for me, I've got to wear a tell I die or am killed or it. I am alert to either contingency. My dear fellow, I had no idea that you ever worried or were "worried". I should like to punch the heads of those wreathers who did it! Collins, too, feels as full of substance as I, Hester and I well, but let some I guess

do the boys; you stick to it.

Did you see how our boy downed
the Elis? he had great excitement
character, in which Whit and they
joined. Boy saw the game; the rest
of us didn't go, feeling that it was
no use. Our boys did gloriously.
They tell me Yale was over-trained.
They have been so awfully cocky
that I am glad to see them humbled.

Lord! Lord! But I'm tired.
Yet I ought to write. I wish I were
there; as the girls say. No; I shall
send dear old Jean Paul, my jade
will not, as Sir Walter says "go off".

I plant my hills today and
hope to see some posies in Spring;
— if not these, then the celestial
asphodels. All joy and health,
calm peace, and abundant harvest
to thee; O Friend —

Always abundantly yours
W. W. Bailey

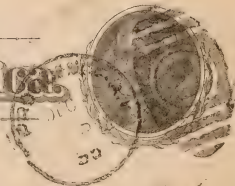
Providence, Dec 3. 1895,
My dear Anne, Yours is rec'd, Am glad
to know that despite the snow storm in
Turkey, you survive, Now look out for space
and B. went to N.Y. for the festival, and I held
the fort with the children, Madame is of the
return - and the lads are well, Ballard gives
us both a cousin notice in the Observer,
By the way, there is to be an edition de l'Esprit,
Miss Brewster had the MS of my Halloweek
and an awful show in decision, O so good for all
Kos 27 &c as to his neck, And I have
to go out this eve to a stag-party, I start
with a jolly letter from Burr - when he starts
with strangers -
Yours ever W. W. Bailey

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Mr Walter Deane
9 Brewster Street -
Cambridge -
Mass.



Providence, Jan 12, 1896.

Not that I have forgotten thee,
O Deane! Rather shall my
right hand forget its cunning.
No; but with my visit to N. Y.,
my return; the opening of the new
term; the conversation and occas-
ional payment of January bills;
and last, but not least, the open-
ing of my new college quarters, I
have been well occupied.

I dare say thou hast both
from our metropolitan experience,
It was fine, warm weather, and
we all had a good time. As to visits
we went to the Opera. One night
Mrs Bailey and I went alone to hear
Mellon and Schubert, with Jean de Reszke,
as Bomer. Next day I took the chil-
dren to the matinee of Lohengrin, to
hear one of the greatest of men Wagner
conceptions, we did have such a
good time. We were called back
very suddenly by the death of a fa-
vorite and most beautiful young
cousin of Mrs Bailey's. The trial of
lymphatic fever consisted from much,
the family were quite inconsolable
by their religion or philosophy, and

my Bailey near - for several days
constantly with them,
I guess what I did yesterday.
Give it up. Thanks! Well,
I went skating with the young
people, Margaret and Whitman
Prof Delabarre, and a lot of little
folks went skating through the mud
to Cat Swamp. Then the pond
had to be cleaned off, and at
last we had our lakes. In in-
terview I obtained the wrecks of
summer. I think of skating over my
Merryanthem. The chances are very
strong that Osterhal will go to
Cognac to join Fitchell. You know
he is now at Bonn.
Collins and myself are revelling
in our new quarters. I think of
giving a house warming. If I do,
you must come down & and do a
little expense. Mr. Voigt, Capt
of our toll house, is now my
chief assistant. By the way since
Deane is at the head of Bar-
naby house, of course he may
look for success. I can hear the
stock. (My stock is a tribute to

Ian MacLaren, Of course you
have read the Bonnie Brier
Book! If not, go at once, and
see, purchase or burglary. It
shows really a most amusing little
book by Robert Barr, called "In
the midst of alarm," I rolled a
bat in glue over it. I shall
feel personally wrong for my
skating. (Doubt that tapping
dog under my window and tall
the canine race!) I feel rather
lame and sore, but then, when
do I not? The other night Prof
Bumping asked all the faculty
over to hear Post Ambrose account
of his Southern trip. Hebercole!
if he didn't both two long hours,
was yet by Shrewsbury clock! I
had much to do, and life had to
be forced into me, and extraneous
properly administered a drop at a
time. And yet the toll was in
grinding. If ever I buy any body,
I do hope I'll be handed off a
congratulation! Signed upon oath
W. W. Bailey,

My Dear Walter,

Please let me know that you are not ill. I fear you are; it is so long since I heard of you. Tell Mrs Deane to write if you cannot, but I do hope it is not as bad as that.

I am in awful pain tonight, or would write more, I have even much to tell thee, but alas! not now. My flesh is weak.

I think am

Yours truly

Barney

We have had, and of course
so have you, a most delight-
ful win today, Pitt-
on the roof all day; soothing,
somniferous, I have not
stuffed out once. My pen
has scintillated all day.

Knowest thou the land
where the dearest tree grows?
You must understand
my remark, I suppose,
the tree that with garbache
Eternally flows,
If you find that rare plant
I beg you will write.
My vision enchant
With the marvellous sight,
In hope of which promise
I bid you Good-night!

Your ever attached
And most true
Baileys

Providence, Feb 29. 1896.

My Dear Walter,

After writing all day
on a new book I am getting
up, I feel as if I must be-
steal a little time to the cells
of friendship. I am really re-
tired to learn that you are
all right. I had begun to
inquire all sorts of horrors.
It is not at all fair that
you should be under the weather.
It is too darned symmetrical.

I have been in agonies
for weeks, months, years,
but I keep peeping on at one
thing or other, then still dream-
ing at times like a youth.
Alas! I was 53 on George's
Birthday - Feb 22^d. Many a
silver thread advance my once
brown hair.

Brown has all of a sudden
been struck with a peculiar
shill-mind, he is reducing
all wood, cutting and chise-
lising, Personage. it affects
me in the loss of (retardant
and hence of my histologic
and pure cryptos course, I
fear I will have to give it up
just as I have just since
quarters. All sorts of mounds
are in the air, he shall see
what time comes to reveal.

Hietman, whom I met at
the Psi to dinner in New York
has written most enthusiastic-
ally to me about my book,
I shall thank to tell you
all he says. Max and I are
finishing Dieffenbach with Mar-
tin Chizzler. The little one
has not had them all as

Capt Edwin Drow, who keeps
up his piano music. He
plays them all the time. He
has taken also to writing or
any body he ever knew. He
will love you to death if you
let him. A fine boy, too.

As I write on my new
book (which embraces New
England), the more names of
the plants set me crazy to
see them over more. I think
of various at West Point, the
slopes of Wachusett; the dear
silence; theapture of it all,
what a jolly scene it is, for
all; that is, your side of it
and mine. I shall give a little
D. for meniscus, punctum
vegetativus, and all that latter
day wt, I shall have lived
forty years sooner; might have
amounted to something. But

Providence, March 7th 1896

My Dear Deane,

Please add to those
who, at times, have taught
at Brown - with some reference
to Botting, Benjamin Waterhouse,
and Charles W. Parsons, with
Harvard men.

I have rec'd
my election to the W.E. Club,
Many thanks. I join on the
understanding that there are
no dues except those of initiation.
If you will let me off after I
disinfect from the goat, I'll
join, But, man alive, I'm
poor - though honest.

If you want R. I. men
for the Club - vote on these
names -

J. Franklin Collins
W. J. V. Osterhout,
Arnold Green
Chas. P. Voth,
H. W. Rice
H. W. Preston -

Harson Metcalf.

Mr H. M. Preston is my
publisher, a graduate of
Brun - a good eastern
Potomac, with a heart, he
wants to join. The others
are all first-class men
and would do honor to
any society. Mrs is reading
Lyons and sends her, Bby
is playing piano, Nature,
the boy, is wearing like
cats and dogs. But in my
golden snow-drops and
crocuses are in flower -
mind you, and God is
great throughout the age,
on ages!

Thine ever

Brady

In much love.

Pewaukee, Dec. 4. 1874

Dear Old Deane,

I totally forgot to
thank you for the Bell me-
moir. I have turned it over
to Mr N. N. Mason - my
excellent friend - whose son
Rob married Betta's daughter.
By the by - Mr Mason would
like a couple of copies, Ad-
dress Corner N. Main & Meeting St
Pewaukee. He is our best mil-
crosser - a man you would
like to know. Christ writes me
from Biele - that he lately read
a paper - I think at Zurich,
on the Revolutions of South Africa
before in Switzerland. He sends me
Enco comes as an example,
furnishing - these facts of disturbance,
Some time there must have been
a wild game of tag among the
plants! You should have seen
the Play that May and June

little girl friend got up and
acted the other day - It was
entitled "The Moorish Merchant's
Tale" and was a Lucy a
son Lucy, There was neither
now nor Paracene maiden in
it. I am facing Magnolia,
Pongolia, and Pongolia, day,
snow-drops and cresses and
a thorn, Delah!

Yours fraternally,
W. W. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

May 15, 1896,

My Dear Deane,

Your letter to ~~me~~
goes to show that I "owe you one"
- as dear old William Warren
used to say. I do not know what
has come over me in the last
month; I have hardly written
to any one, I have been busy &
worn out, inefficiently stretched, Besides
college work I have private classes,
and my whole time is taken up.

Did you go to the last meeting
of the Club? If so, please report,
I could not attend.

I have arranged for lectures
in Newport in July. Apropos, one
of the Newport papers says "these
lectures are for ladies only" - a
good one on me, I nearly died
with laughter when I read it.
The same mail brought me

the observer with an article
entitled "The Mammals of
Sino Sino" - which also set
forth my Ceratonychia
aria. My pen has fallen into
the ink, Alas!

Last Thursday I was the
victim of a series of mishaps.
I was with the President Andrews
on road to Lecture in Dudley
Mass. I have to go to Webster
first, owing to General Bridges
I did not reach Webster till 5.30
P.M. - and there was no one
to meet me. Tired, cross, and
hungry, I put up at a hotel
and, if ever you gave a lecture,
you know how awkward a
night by a d-d g-d dog -
and I am mad still, and
sorely done for, all of this from
the choir of Collins -

Yours ever
Bridges

ROOMS OF THE BOARD OF VISITORS,

U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY,

West Point, N. Y., June 5 1896

My Dear Deane,

I had fully intended to have you down to our Commencement - had not "Old Grover" done me the honor to appoint me on this Board, I am Secretary thereof - and will have to remain through this week. I expect to be at our Commencement, but do not wish to ask on an uncertainty.

I am having a real rapid progress at my old home, Every possible courtesy is shown me, I have two uniformed servants at my beck, Four Lieutenants wait upon me, constant functions are given

and seen the hallonal spot
 where I hope, after this
 pitful fever, to lay my bones,
 We had our perfect week,
 Today the weather is close
 and muggy -

Letters today from dear
 old Whit - and precious May
 report them well,

With regards to Mrs
 Deane -

Your old friend
 W. Whitman Bailey

for us, and no end of social
 pleasures, the officer's club
 extends its freedom; every one
 calls on us, it provides we
 have special seats, soldiers
 in attendance, and for
 officers as our guides and
 friends, it is, as I said, a
 really royal progress - al-
 most all expenses paid,

The sweetest thing of it
 all - is the sincere welcome
 given by the officers to me
 - as my father's son, One
 told me "His memory is
 as a sweet odor here", the
 same officer - Col Davis, told
 me that when Huxley was
 up here - he said "I will
 hunt to see in where Bailey
 lived and worked",

I have been to the cemetery

July 5, 1896.

My Dear Deane,

"The feast is o'er
In Praxinos Tower" -
and here I am, a private citizen
once more - facing fiery
dunes, mosquitoes, and other
ills. But nothing can sub-
tract or deduct or cancel
a play any other mathematical
quantity with the good time I
had at the God-Fleeced old
Point. It was olive with the
price of admittance to stand
everywhere at the dress-parade;
to hear the "star-spangled banner"
as the flag slowly sailed down over
the green trees; and to see every-
one rise and un-cover, the wear-
ing of it alone - unweave the taste
of German, Yellow - and the rest of
the crazy anarchists and semi-
anarchists at Chicago. The back of our
country of this little of liberty and

crews get control, Perhaps it
is well to give 'em full rope -
and they will tangle up and
strangle themselves.

My lectures in Newport are
to be from the 13th to the 22^d
- five in all, I heard that, but
Miss Rogers asked me to stay
at her house - and "Morningstar"
is very near the Paradise of
this earth, From the piazza we
look over twinkling daisies - and
green timothy - and polioles of
o'hibs - to the white lined of
surf - as with plumage flying, they
charge the beach.

They say Mr Deane really
ought to send her some anemones,
She is as ever, deserving.
A thunder-storm - and the
big rain comes downing to the
North, A welcome relief!

We hope to spend August in
Cromwell, Mass. Collins is at
Farmington - Maine, Hermod is
to join him and sweep the State,
There - as they are -

W. L. Collins

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

July 25, 1896,

My Dear Deane,

It is true; you have been as silent as Cathleen Barrow-need on the Harp that lives in Tarax Halls, nor do you offer any good and sufficient reason why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you.

I was ten days, off and on, at Newport, the guest of Mrs. Wm B. Rogers at "Morningside". My lecture audience varied from six to ten persons, who sat a-gape at my usual meretricious, now this "middle-aged audience". I received an income of \$80.00, Alas! I owe it all - and more, for what, to what a happy fellow must be a hermit crab - who pre-empted another fellow's house and dwells therein! Moral; protect your stern, and the prow will take care of itself.

There were several storms hot days here at Newport. When! Here, it is cool today - and sweet breeze. But to return to Mr. Deane's capital.

every day Miss Rogers and I
had a drive, sometimes inland,
sometimes by the poly-phibicarian,
Land! how beautiful that ocean
drive is, with its wild roses, the
rusty sheen of wet washed sand,
its white treasuries, its blue hang-
ings, its butterfly-like ships! Mem-
ber which I live most, the sea
on the eternal hills? At West Point
I thought, the better, as I used to
watch the play of light and shade
on our Green West.

By the way, I am still living,
and expect to be for some months,
over my Report. It keeps me pleas-
antly in touch, however, with jolly
General Wilson, the dignified Senator
Gray, Dr. Bryant, George B. Che-
ster - and other good friends on
the Board. All of them are sound
men, as I suppose you are,
Gen. Wilson, who is on the National
Republican Committee, with me taken
with full confidence as to the world.
Personally I feel in doubt, and
wish it were well over. I should cer-
tainly like of Bryan, Tillman,
and those other wild, long-haired
disposers. (See your Verge?).

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

Next week we are going from
Peershele to Dan, or, in other
words are going to visit in E.
Greenwich, at the residence of
Rev Dan Goodwin. The G's, who
have no children, are constantly
on the wing. Even now, they are
just back from Europe. They
have lots of money; ~~how~~ wonder
how it seems! My friend took
like a collapsed jelly-fish, or a
corolla flower next morning. A
serious joke, I assure you.

May is in dead earnest for
her crest and monogram, plate
her crest and arms. But she is a
dear and amiable. But she is a
darling, and old habit is a fine
merry fellow; a good cyclist, as
is his dog, Mrs Bailey is now
now off on her wheel.

Collins writes me from North
Amherst - Maine. He appears to be
having a fine time. Next Saturday,
May 31 - or rather - ~~at~~ Aug. 1st (that
one, I don't?) he will sail for Europe.

Almost then persecute me
to a Va, and late people
in the country, why not? I
love the glitter of gold
And green-trees are good, I am

But 16 to 1, I consider no fun,
That Buganix a damn sight too
told!

Did I understand you that
you were visiting someone, or was
it an epic? Allow me to com-
mend my publisher, I hasten
to add that today - after long
and painful parturition, I gave
birth to the MS of my new book
- the Nigha & the, a "houseing"
book - with a few like his darts,
the Gamp - who has discovered
my methyle "epit" - says he'll
do, and is "disposed" to praise
him, we'll see.

Be good, be true, be true
and "it will follow as the night
the day!" Thus cannot not be the
fate to Your confidential publisher
W. H. B. B. B.

Providence, July 30, 1896,

My Dear Deane,

The mercury is up
in the nineties; the air super-
saturated; mosquitoes in leg-
ion, tell me, one debate with
"Ballou" "Is Life worth Living?"
I hope we have a debate out
the August of Hades.

To add one hue unto
the rainbow, I have been in
the dentist's chair all the
afternoon - with a blanked
little wheel spinning around
in my jaw like a rotifer, and
sending urgent telephonic mes-
sages to my central office.
Well, on Saturday we expect
to escape to Conway. Having
me imprisoned on that day. I
do so hate it. My travel I
will take mostly in the books
of others from Swamp Park to
Bryant Taylor and Hartley.
There are such a pile of insects
and Cecobas in the foreign
parts, and then the Pigeon

what a good time led up
to it! we have had a succession
of magnificent thunder storms
here - which no doubt appear
on your horizon as heat light-
ning, I saw two such lively
fire-balls. I did not sleep till
it was all over, But now it
is better than ever, and the
health Report certainly says "Healthy
again" perfectly. Well, as
they say here a comfort-
ing rule, it's "good for corn",
All of us write in love
to you and Mrs. Lane -

Yours
The Baileys

Conway Mass.
July 8, 1896.

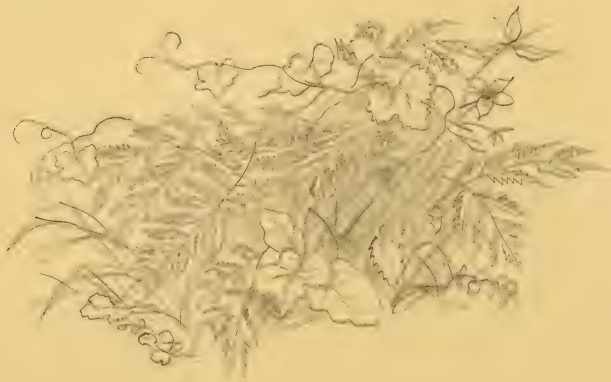
My Dear Deane,
Many thanks for
the extra letter, &c. &c.,
sent to Maryland. The mid-
dle is much pleased, and,
well, no doubt in due time,
thank you herself. The tree,
however, inherited from me a
certain chronic and incurable
the inertia, which some call
by a less favorable name. This
extremely humid and hot weather
adds to the complaint, which
is now serious with both of us.

I send enclosed a circular
showing how English may be
writ. It is almost too true.
One would not, if he tried, be
half so funny. May Brewster
would delight in this.

I do not know when I
have felt heat so much as
this summer. I have not

Learn comfort to the series I left
Franklin in peace, in Pen-
dence we had, besides the
best, Charles of vicarious
gratitude, Alas! he returns in
two months of them in Septem-
ber, At the risk of a change
of reverence, I should like
really to ask the Supreme, whether
the subtraction of a manuscript
from the general mechanism
would in any way injury
the machine? Personally I
don't it. Yesterday - he all
(Chas Bailey, Whit, Hey, Mrs
Simmons and myself), despite
the heat; perhaps rather on
account of it, visited a most
deafening noise about two miles
from here, It is a wild old place
- and in Spring much kept.
I find here too the largest
Indians. There were with

great plumes of Asplenium
flexifolium, and white and
blue c. which, Britella, Nivella,
Vitis rotundifolia, Agave etc,
Higher up there is a cave which
one explores with candles, I
have not yet been there, But I
love a number of cases (except
case concern) - and have quite
a lot of Dirk Hatterwick and
other sub-terranean stuff,
I know! But it is hot, and
I came here to get cool and
it "ain't fair" and I won't
long. I am sure what income
you may derive from summer
teaching, I am, an entire,
for this my principal,
I have practically finished
my last Prin Report to Congress
for which I have no proof, but
I have to hold it to publish, and
to embody sub-accounts. It is a
long and thankless job, but



A Wangle in der Tuck-yant-,
Caring - Mord, says 8:00

Conway, Mass-

August 16. 1896,

My Dear Deane,

I cannot collect here,
when I start I turnel
my bridges behind me; in
other words, I left all ma-
terial except Manuel, at
home.

In Conway there cannot
be found
of paper, as much as a
pound,
Even that known as "Star"
All comes from afar,
And the natives do the
greatly astonished.
Much do I regret this
circumstantial condition of
things, as the flora is un-

commonly rich, and I
have had rare chances,
But I must leave the
line in August somewhere,
and I do it at collecting.
I set my face resolutely
against any thing that
will break ache.

I had expected Collins
here for a week, but he
writes from Maine that
he cannot come. He may
join me later at Wash-
ington - when, of course we
will collect.

I am especially sorry
about this place - as I much
doubt if we ever get here
again.

I was asked about Post An-
drews; Don't quote me,
but he is a crank, and
many think, off his bal-
ance. He is now on leave
for a year. Dutta are in
the air if he ever returns
- as he antagonizes almost
every friend of the college.

I should a change,
I'd rather "have the ill,
I have - than fly to others
that I know not of. It
new spirit may rule us
with a rod of iron. —
and then - good Lord!
he may be a real, live
Baptist. How such many
Heaven deliver us!

Yours ever
Bulfinch

my better letter from Mr
Foster that he saw two Sulphur
butterflies caught by a Grover,
ghost of Daddy Lavin - what
a sight! Mrs Bailey sends
her regards to Mrs Greene,
and we hope you are both
well - and we know you are
good, of such are the King
doms,

Yours ever
Sincerely and well -
W. L. Garrison Bailey

Conway - Mass -
Aug 27. 1896.

My Dear Deane,

This must be my
last letter from Franklin Co.
You can address me on and
after Sept 1st at "Mt Washington
Mass, Grand View House", I shall
be very happy to respond,

You! Andrew seems to be
up for Silver Honors. Here he is
listed presidential elector on
that side, that - and a meet-
ing of those informal fools, the
Universal Peace Society, are the
two items in today's paper that
leave a nasty taste in my
mouth. I agree with old Bismarck
that as long as two people re-
main on earth they'll fight about
something; I also agree with Gen
Wooday that a fight is a good
thing for a nation now and then.
Perhaps half our people would
not be better in such damaged con-
dition if they had been fighting or
being killed.

My last Post Week keeps me
in touch with some prominent
Abolitionists. You Wilson writes me
very hopefully of the result. He is
on the Republican National Com-
mittee. I am sorry the Democrats
think it necessary to nominate
a third ticket, but I suppose Mr
McKinley is hard to swallow. I
wish Reed had handled our ticket,
I want it here all over. There will
be much bad work as yet
though - and there are three
civilization tithing forces, disarma-
ment, danger of rebellion and
militia. There is more danger
in their not than in fighting by-
al armies like our white one,
Bob! White Ohio Sunday-school
work. Despite my collection
not to collect, I have been
forced to assume some fees
for winter work. I had to see
straw paper - and not enough.
I have asked about some

sent to Wachuset, I hope Mr
Collins will join us there. I
have not heard of him in some
weeks. Tomorrow - I want
is to give a party to about 20
little girls. He has now one
of her Philadelphia sister staying
with her. Of course she and
what have a nice time.

I sent my Report to you Wilson
today. I do hope it is well of
my health. Mrs Bailey will re-
turn at once to Providence to
visit the dear and the dear.
I expect to be home about the 10th.
I do not have my usual dread
of beginning. Planning - isn't it?

Have been quite sick two
days this week - but am now
much better. Mulligro! Do
you know her - or have you
any fondness of compassion?
I have been knotted up in in-
finite and painful confusion
- suggesting apprehensions. Lord

Grand Old House -
Mt Wachuset, Mass -
Sep 3, 1846.

My Dear Deane,

I found you here
upon my arrival, all was, as
usual exhibiting, courtes-
ing, effulgent, radiant, healthy,
with good things. How do you
do it?

Well - as the men said when
about to be hanged - here we
are. Mrs Bailey has gone
home to take the broomstick,
and carnal mother-in-law
with her - Heaven be praised!

May has gone off driving today
to Fitchburg, Do you know it?

She is a dear old lump of
whil, stunted gold. She has
a room with me, and when I

note of I suppose, as I have
an unceasing habit of doing, I
look out upon her - and
then the Great Unit,

Whit, the dear old fellow,
has the next room, He is busy
as ever with his work, he looks
very well.

Collier is back from dress-
cloth with needles - as a pine-
tree with Aspen. He writes that
he cannot join me.

Oh! the Philopos! Aren't they
fine? Rich particular especially,
But then I love them all - and
don't old, intricate, perplexing,
fascinating water.

For all my jokes - then "Linné's
not, Horatio, how sad all can
about my head!" Another year -
What will it bring? Home - Praying

Grand View House -
at Wachusett, Mass.
Sep 8. 1896.

My Dear Deane,

Many thanks for the
monogram etc for my Dearest,
The little girl is much pleased,
he had a game last eve
in which questions were to be
framed in and discussed, they
proposed this one, "When a
man marries is he expected
to marry his wife's family?" It
brought down the house, as she
did the night before when a big
boy tried to kiss her - and she
spat his eyes. She is a great
favorite - and as sweet as a June
mild rose. Today she and I
chatted "the dark two" of the
night Wachusett - and laid in
roots and cones, as of *Clatonia*,
Trichia, *Pinguicula*, and *Hepatica*.

Yesterday I gathered large quan-
tities of fungal growths, growing a-
midst water grass, etc - *Fernia*
cl - and *Fernia*, and *sp*.

Preston, my publisher, says he
will bring out my new book this
autumn - and that it is far
better than the other one, 'Selah'!
Give me a name for it, that
will satisfy New England and
the ~~Southern~~ ^{Foreign} ~~Class~~, Puritan Posies
is alliterative - but ~~is~~ ^{is} too much
of Coleridge - whom I hate, I believe
there is existent in the womb
of Fate just the little I desire
- but will it ever have birth?

Just ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{is} meeting next
Friday, I go home that day.
Gen Wilson implies that man-
ifold changes should be made
in that report - and I wish
the devil had it. In fact, I
should like to delegate many
persons and not a few things
- and even ideas - to Pluto.

For all that - I am in char-
ity if not love, with all men
and especially with ~~the~~ ^{them} -
My Cambridge friend
W. B.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

Sep 17. 1896-

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand. Meg
thanks you for the headings.
She is at this moment playing
with a lot of little girls down
stairs, while Whit is churning
the prism.

He got home on Friday last.
The same day occurred the first
Faculty meeting, Pres. Andrews
is abroad & in more senses
than the literal one, Prof Clark
acts in his place. He opened up
yesterday with a class only a little
smaller than last year; about 200.
My class at the Women's College
fills the room. What shall I do
with all these girls? They tell me

I'm popular there. I never make
any bid for it. In fact, I should
not know how, well, I like 'em,
and they probably feel it.

The New Gazette is very hand-
some - but, like all modern
business journals, dull. You; we
must have that book of Britton's.
He told me of it several years ago,
That plate of Liliun is lost. The
petals look as if made of squashed
peelings, I dare say, however, that
the original drawing, if by Bridgman,
was fine. I have picked up some
nice children's school answers,
1st where is the holiest place
on earth? Ans; near the cre-
ator.

2^d How did Cleopatra die? She
bit a wasp.
3^d What was the religion of the
ancient Britons? Ans. The
religion of the Dudes!

To which I could add the famous
Latin translation of Inez's poems,
into English verse.

Prof Maxwell gives me this one -
as a Brown specimen.

The question was on Macbeth,
"What is meant by 'memory another
Gloster?'" And, it refers to one of
Cromwell's famous letters in Ireland,
"Well said Killen 'That against
shriftfully even the gods contend
helpless'." I could grant you many
botanical games of ass-y very severe.

Armour's beef-rump-gue
cans! I am home again. In
my ain tower. P.R.T., my Deere,
How my old tower ache! 'Liebe
Jenny Wren "my back is so green",

Mr Preston tells me that my
new book is ahead of the R.T.
Wild Flower. Pzy-the-way, via,
I want a nice, terse, crisp new
fruit, which will at the same
time satisfy New England, and
Wild Flower. Help me out!

What a looming securing L.H.,
Bailey exhibits, I have just
ordered three books of his for
the University.

I made more than thirty sketches
this summer - and some of
them I am proud of, I wrote one
poem - on the closed garden,
and in numerous prose pieces.
The Worcester Spy published a nice
long article on Massachusetts flora
written in 1895, and - I am
happy to add - paid me for it.

Oh I don't know the land
where the sweet tree grows -
I do not understand

It resembles the rose -
And all its rose fragrance
Bear eagles of gold -
(My rhyme demands cows)
And so on. I'm wet,

Doth know it perhaps?
my Mignon? blusher me the
habit - and we'll go share a
specimen. I want a twig at least,
thy foolish, fond old friend -
W. W. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

Sept 27, 1896 -

My Dear Deane,

This is Sunday - and I
can fancy you tripping off to the
village Church - "with shining moon-
air free", prayer-book under arm,
and with a serene piety beaming
from your face. For me the Sabbath
has only distant attractions,
I let the "gallad jale vines; my
bushes are ever wrong!"

Collins came in last night,
literally in a great stew. One herbain
- without using our own pipes, simply
from the steam-gear that heats up-
stairs, stunk always from 90° to
105° Foh. He says he can not stand
it. I myself never more than poke
my head in the door. Some-body, I
should say, would have to pack.

May I trouble you say much for
the readings. Try and say, don't lose
your own head. What is by me, being
poetry foot-ball extracts, will be con-
nected to anything literary? This case
bothers me. So this age I have read
Scott, Dickens - and Irving, as they
have now. There is "Woodstock" (the
first edition) and a little.

People tell me I have a letter myself in my writing this summer, to tell the truth, they rather tickle me. My health is awful; worse than ever. I now have most unrelenting nights. Still, I hope to live to see Pagan handsomely licked, though, I confess I fear. Can it be that our country is to be mis-ruled by their howling mob? God forbid, were it not cowardly - I should want to emigrate. Mrs Bailey is doing some beautiful decorative work, and I think it will pay.

No; big classes make no difference with pay. One thing is nice though, at the Woman's College I am allowed to order a lot of diagrams and microscopes - Mrs Bailey was in the woods yesterday - and says the waters are improving, he has been having divine health for some days -
Ora pro mihi! O σοφοι βοηθῆτε
τὴν κεφαλὴν ἀγῆν.

Votre con-frère -

W. W. B.

You met at Goolbslee, that
was done at the meeting?
What is the general view
of Britton's work?

What is better than
his death - and yet, only
yesterday - let me not
assume it - I had him
in his lady carriage, I
gave visiting cards - my sister
is silent, my lower jaw
drops, my joints creak, "I
smell the musk above the
rose". So you too - pedagogue
a little. I suppose I will
drop in the harness.

With best regards to your
excellent wife - I am

Yours devotedly
W. Whitman

Providence, Oct 19, 1896,

My Dear Deane,

Your letter brings me
the first sad news of the
death of the dear little Rob-
inson girl, I have at once
written to her father - to express
in a too pitiful way my heart-
felt sympathy. I was a won-
der - this child - a sort of
Maypole dancing. Her loss
must be well nigh appalling.

We have had the harbor -
unpacked - I mean the pipes
thereof - and reduced the temp-
erature to 71° from 115° Foh! Col-
dies breathe again in peace.

That is a shameless and
a valuable book of Britton's.
But damn his new science!
How will its publication affect
our "Optical"?

Of all the Boston books
published of late, I have had
the greatest delight out of
Rever. It is full of merit.

if I may use so fleshly
a comparison for a purely
vegetable diet,

I am bereft at present
142 persons. Still but 30
of these are, in one way or
another, connected with
the college. The thing are
a private class of teachers
on Saturday evening. I have
them at my rooms at college
they wife goes! and takes
her! She has made me
some superb diagrams, better
than most in the market,
I myself can slip a pretty
literate pencil. Dear May
has a most awful cold and
stiff neck. Her ps always
has the letter - a complaint
of the Pharynx - if I remem-
ber rightly, I wonder what
they did for it?
My dear Aunt Abigail

letter, that of Gen Wilson
and Senator Gray with any
counter-sign, is at least in,
Alack it Alack, and cha-
racter in his way "profit",
My way one in less.
Now put up a good game
against Garrison - but I
am more satisfied with
anything but a victory.

Appropos of the election,
a friend said to day that
he was confident of the
Kinsley's election; not aware
are the educated people on
his side, but the political
pulls are ranging over
them - and if they had seen
any chance for Bryan they
would have joined to the
Silver side. Thus show the
merits of corruption and "gold"
in every thing.
Just in Boston the
boundary of your work,

My Dear Deane,

Can you answer
this question for me
by a little investigation
at the Herb? I don't like
to bother poor Robinson,

Return the letter to
me, please, with what
you find out.

Has either of the
same Old Stems are
around,

Yours truly,

Oct 21, 1890

W. M. Dickey

Providence - Oct 23. '96

My Dear Deane,

A thousand hearty
thanks for your ever
kindness. You surely are
of the sort, I had neither
means nor energy to sur-
pass such a letter. You
have done it in fine style
- and for your self-escapism
I would deserve a high place
in the ultimate seating, say
I be there - too! but I don't.

I am a constant and
increasing sufferer from my
neck - and good nights
have lately forsaken me.

Mrs Bailey has just
my Saturday class of 10.

May and I are reading
Scott, but, I cannot
length into our séances,

What sort of teaching
are you doing - "for ladies
only" or for boys?

I really wish I could
go to Club meetings - but I
fear my attendance must
be infrequent.

Yours devoted to write
Mother - but
Ever truly
Bridget

Providence, Nov 3. 1896.

My Dear Deane,

I am waiting in
heartless suspense - as
the fellow said when they were
hanging him - for the result
of this momentous election. It
appears to me our hour and
perpetuity are hemming in the
balance. God grant that the
Winley side; I will not say
the "right side" - for you see -
even Communism can not make
that other than Ma's side!

Some-times wish I did not
take things so seriously. Nearly
suffer from our threatened mining
mining, Execution is less than
anticipation of the death-chair;
at least, from my quite lim-
ited experience, I should deem
so. I wish I could be with you
all at the Botolph, but I have
a clean early next week.

It will not do to miss it,
Perhaps the next!

My physical condition
is perhaps this autumn, yes-
terday I had even to take to
my "chick-drawn feel o' dawn",
How! I had a jolly initiation
of Poi to last Friday, the one
and I read some "prose
or worse", Had an am-
brosian oration; felt like a
boy brother of the Narayana-
seth. Gushing of love, I
have an invitation from
the Republican Committee to
sit on the platform (not of
the party - but Infantry Hall)
to hear the return. Come
in and I'm going to take
shit for a while - and
show him the fun. It is
great fun, unless the talk
becomes, when nothing is more

utterly dismal. But I have
hope! It occurs to me, however,
that some are in either de-
clined or doing some in-
sane thing. It stands to
reason that some body has
to lose, You see very much
in choke-fod of this matter,
I shall have no peace till
it is over, if ever then!

How does Britton's book
affect the Signet? Does he
not get an awl-bored pall?
Shall we here to swallow
all this d - d new theories?
Cunning Macmillan and all!
My gorge rises at it, Echow!
and alas - and alas me!

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

Is "rich" procureable? Over my lotte is a
fruiting spray of *Abutilon Arvense*, a com-
mon weed here.
Isn't it pretty?

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

Yours ever

William Whitman Bailey

November 6, 1896,

My Dear Dean,

Ehew! I do not possess
the Corlett 3^d edition of the Man-
ual. I could have sworn I had
it, but mine turns out to be
the fourth. So, just keep on try-
ing yourself in your accustomed ex-
clusive manner. Atra cura will
jump up behind yet - and I will
have my chance to gloat,

I have had a jolly big head-ache
all night - due to my car-ride.
I revolved all my sins and omiss-
ions - and recorded a grant (card)
catalogue of good resolutions. One of
these I am now discharging.

What a jolly good time I did have!

Mrs Dean is an angel of light,
How did you happen to find her?
My ain mither could no hae done
main for me, (Influence of the pre-
vailing Scotch school of literature),

I have filled William Bailey
with the greenest envy by my de-
scription of the pyrographa, the surp-
ise green such that she, who ought
to have seen 'em, didn't, while I did!
twell - Water is run, according Dickens
and there is no accounting for such,

My Colletia, Carmichaelia, Asperula,
and other oddities, come all right
- and tomorrow I torment my classes
with 'em, If I hear a squeak - I'll
smile inwardly and say - some one
has provided someone with Colletia!
They will do it, Such a magnificent
day! I pray you up at the garden
- neglecting your less religious duties
and carrying your worship - when it
should go, without the interposition of
brokers or middle-men, "The grove
see Gude's first temple" - and even now
I prefer them to the average meeting-
house. My best regards to Mrs Dean,
May send for her and Aunt, what
needs a word - end of the letter.

run down to a meeting? Perhaps I can
persuade William to accompany me,
the old and kind agents to do it as
they are engaged
in their best album - and in making
buses - and rooms with Clipping. I
have been coming very fast. I am

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

November 21, 1896.

My Dear Deane

One

the caption of
track that Ba
of the ass - ap
note that I sp

I do know a great one, but
can recognize the English
crow, and now and again have
seen crow, but as to the
jects of birds I know them not.
I think there be birds
and those of paradise, and that
they differ in glory.

As a matter of fact, I
look upon of Birds - and
all the aspects of them

PROF. BAILEY SPOKE.

Rhode Island Horticultural Society
Met Last Night.

The regular monthly meeting of the
Rhode Island Horticultural society was
held last evening in the Tillinghast as-
sembly rooms. There was a very good
attendance of the members, and those
present listened to a very interesting
papers on "Birds in their various as-
pects," read by Prof. W. W. Bailey.
The subject was pleasingly illustrated by
blackboard drawings, and the growth of
the birds was shown, as, too, was the
growth of roots and underground stems.
At the close the president made a few
interesting remarks, and it was an-
nounced that the society was invited to
attend a lecture before the Bee Keepers
society at the same place on the evening
of Nov. 25.

Jan

X-

X,

Nov

run down to a meeting? Perhaps I can
persuade Collins to accompany me,
he all send kind regards to Mrs Deane
she is engaged
in her best album - and in making
threes - and comes with Clippings. The
drama then took very pretty - I am, ever
H. H. H.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

November 21, 1896.

My Dear Deane,

One might think from
the caption of the enclosed ex-
tract that Balsam - he
of the ass - spoke! And then,
note that I spoke of Birds. Now
I do know a quail or two, &
can recognize the English spar-
row, and now and again have
seen a crow, but as to the as-
pects of birds I know them not.
I think there be birds terrestrial
and those of paradise, and that
they differ in glory.

As a matter of fact, my
lack was of Birds - and not
all the aspects of them. I am

tance, there in the Society Hall,
of which I spoke not at all.
Did I tell you the election story?
It goes that on the eve of Nov-
3d are the returns were coming
in favorable to Bryan, an Irish
man on Westminister. It remarked
"Will Bryan will sleep in the White
House yet!" "Begone!" said a
Celtic woman, "And if she does
she'll be in bed with McRiley,
sure!" Now, it's your turn, Tell
me all the news. West Point down-
ed Penn today. "My Lords, I do per-
ceive here a divine duty! I shant
either way. I am glad Harvard
has shown up so well.

What is crazy on the whole
business and keeps a scrap-
book of all the football games
and horses. Send such clippings
as you run across.

I am more than ever a suf-
ferer - but never gave so fine
a course as I am doing this
year. I have excellent support
in my staff, Collins, Whately - and
Lyon. Tell me about the Club, Will.
It cost me anything but my face.

November 26. 1896—

My Dear Deane,

It is ten years or more since I have done anything with my herbarium - except to keep the bugs out of it, I should think it must hold six or eight thousand species, more than half unmounted. All are labelled and labelled - and among them are many fine European plants.

I have retained the collection hoping that Whitman might take a notion to follow in my tracks. I see no evidence of such a disposition, In the mean time I am in financial straits. Tell me;

is there any chance to see
such a collection - and to de-
sire anything more while there-
from. Of course it is a wrench
to part with one's life work, but
I am used to all sorts of yards
at my leastest feelings - and am
now a confirmed iconoclast, And
as I said I need money - pres-
ently. My Uncle sent a turkey
writing - and he died in Fam-
ille. All are well - except
your old friend - who is an ever

Your friend -

W. B. Bailey

Providence Nov 27, '96.

My Dear Deane,

Almost there per-
suades me to be a Christ-
ian and to attend the Club
meeting on the 4th. In fact, I
will now decide to do as you
suggest - and accept your gene-
rous hospitality over night. Let
this, of course, be contingent up-
on your own and Mrs. Deane's
utter convenience. Alas, be in
mind that I myself am sub-
ject to various mishaps. How-
ever - ceteris paribus, I will be
there. We gobbled the gobbler
at home. I am now undergoing
important trials. My tea

away. Last eve to visit a
cousin, the gentle miss the
leave even for that short
time. If my Herb - were any
in shape, I might stand or
show. It needs lots of fix-
ing. This morn I have the
last session of my private
class of teachers. I shall talk
about the Gynaeceum -

Our regards to Mrs
Deane. Many thanks for
the center etc -

What good looks Betsy
is getting out! By the way
I've seen the index of my
new book. It will be out for
Xmas time - Found uniform
with the last book - and sold
with or without that. from Mrs. B.

My Dear Deser. -

I will endeavor to reach
your house about 1 or 1 1/2 P. M. on
Friday - the 4th still, in my case
that is more a possible slip, than
Collins, cannot go.

I don't botanizing yet in my
the snow. Lord! I want it pretty,

Yours,
Bentley

Dec 1. 1874

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United States of America.

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Mr. Walter L. Lane -

9 Beacon St.

Cambridge -

Mass.

Providence - Dec 13, 1896 -

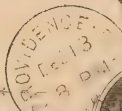
My Dear Deane, My new book, N.E.,
Wild Flowers, came out yesterday. It
is uniform with R. I. Wild Flowers
and can be had alone or with that
book, Price - I think 75cts, Preston
& Rounds, publishers - Providence -

Exams begin this week. Oh dear!
but then comes a rest. All well but
myself - and I am uncharacteristically tired.
My regards to your excellent Lady.
Yours ever - W. W. B.

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United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



Walter Deane - A.M.,
29 Brewster Street

Cambridge

Mass

Providence, Dec 27, 1896.

Dear Old Deane,

Thanks for your most
kind remembrance to the hope
ful; also for your pleasant
notes in regard to my book-kin.
By the way, it is full of errors.
See page 149 and correct. In
last year's book, too, correct Mythology
also in Index, and change the
lessor Enallagma to pumila. As far
as I know, fruticosa does not occur
here. Peckham made the Index, but
I should catch the damseling.

A new edition of the R. & H. flowers
is out, with new pictures; among
them one of your uncle in Totamail
guise. Do you know I seriously
propose to run down to the
meeting next Friday? If I do, I
hope to take Colburn with me.

Isn't the weather gorgeous?
How about your crew? Are they
training? Among other nice things
I had for Xmas, was a very
pretty illustrated copy of the
"Mimulus in Themselves". How very
delicious it is!

Christmas are. I had as my
guest one night, Prof James
Leth, now of Cornell, formerly of
Brun. To meet him he had
in Prof Manly, and he made
a night of it, with much to eat
and something 'ot to drink, there
was much flow of soul withal.
The presents "were numerous and
costly". Speaking above of lithograph-
ic errors, etc of our papers
Lately commended the energy
of our severable Bishop by saying
that in one year he had con-
fined three hundred ladies. The
notaries hardly exceeded such
energy as this!

Good luck to you - and
peace to upon your home -
"throughout the year on year",
See the words of Penikewig, ex-
pressly Law Watkins!

With salutations to your Better
Law Shirts - I am always

I remain at command
W. W. Bailey

Dec 30, 1894

My Dear Deane,

It seems like a Haddon
imposition on you, but of course
I like the idea largely. Yes,
I will accept and be out on
Friday morn.

Collins has made
no appearance this week.
His address is 106 East
Ave. No; I never, never, later
room with any one else, but
I feel sure he could not abuse
her anyway. I am a fuss-but
get on that point; moreover, a
sick man. A thousand thanks
to you. In haste —

Baile

Providence, Jan 3, 1897.

My Dear Friend,

I write on this gloom-
ing paper to indicate, so far
as the environment can, my
appreciation of my delightful visit.
I have a down right sense
of shame - a conviction of sin -
as the Baptists say (and their
experience is vast) - that I failed
to thank your good wife enough.
Do tell her how deeply I feel
all her thoughtful - and untiring
kindness. So soon in conviction,
after all, it is a great surprise
to me, but I think must ang-
stly on that reckoner ought to
be charged. I had a nice inter-
view with my friend Carlson -
the florist. He is an amazing

fellows on the train I met quite
a number of Providence people;
and not more than I can see in
Providence itself.

I was up very late last
night waiting for Mrs Bailey
and Prof Lott to get through
luggage - and today I am dead
beat, which wants to hear
some music, though, so I am
going over to St Stephen's.

I found the usual deluge
of January letters awaiting me
- but alas! no response, Harpo!

All well - and some are
fair -

Thine ever

W. W. Bailey

Providence, Jan 6. 1846.

My Dear Deane,

My good friend
and publisher - Mr H. M.
Preston, who, by the way, is also
a good botanist, has invited me
to spend next Wednesday with
him in Cambridge, at the Botanic
Garden. Can you not manage to
meet us? I should like so much
to have you know Preston, I pre-
sume we will be there either in
the late noon, or early afternoon.

I have been desperately ill, but
am now all right again. Chances
of weather were "agin" me.

Preston tells me he is hurry-
ing up my "Botanizing". I have
been very busy and I am full
o' work. I am enclosing in Rhode
Island. My regards to you
most excellent Lady!

Thine ever & fondly - W. W. Barley

PRESTON & ROUNDS,
Booksellers and Manufacturing Stationers,
98 Westminster Street.

Providence, R. I.,

Jan 9 1896. &

Please send for enclosure to

Dear Deane,
Mr Preston is delighted at the
idea of meeting you and Mr Deane
at luncheon he had at 1 P. M., he
both accept with pleasure - and
hope for health, wealth, happiness,
wisdom, good politics - and clear
forebode, Pardon delay!

Very truly,

Baileys
PRESTON & ~~ROUNDS~~

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United States America

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



Mr Walter Deane -
29 Brewster Street -
Cambridge -
Mass

P. P. A stupid oversight of mine, with-
out more, not to have mentioned
him at first;

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

January 14, 1891,

My Dear Old Deane,

You and your wife are
pillars of the earth, Lot's wife
was not in it with you. She was
a mere saline pillar; you two
form a ~~terraz~~ alope rotunditas (or
should I say "i"?)

Preston had a time equally
grognous, and rather of lotanizing
ever in the "Forest of Deane".
By the way, there is such a frost
lack of West Point,

And now for a little business
in re the matter of Preston. It
is not my habit to urge the
advancement of my friends, but
I do want him in the Club.

Here are the facts,

- 1st He is a graduate of Union of high standing,
2. A fine scholar and literatur,
- 3^d. An excellent represented Librarian,
- 4, The possessor of a good habit-arm, and an active collector in N. E. districts, especially in White Mts,
- 5, A man of comfortable means, and with fine library-
6. Lastly, he is a gentleman and of pleasing manners and address,
7. He is the representative bookseller of Providence.

He desires to belong - but I put the thought into his head, "Now there" - as girls say, you have it all - and can present it to the Council, It will be a great thing for me to have a companion who will attempt.

Just back from Danvers School, Good night - and goodbye to you and dear Anne - with mutual thanks. Yours ever - W. H. Channing

My Dear Deane, ^{What a joy to hear} Yours is at hand. I have
been frightfully ill, and am now
hardly any better, with my old chronic
sympoms, but there is nought "dising"
about it, I am well-nigh desperate,
but shall attempt to try to run some
of my classes, My heart is still
true to Yale, Barnes sends me his
glorious boy, Spencer Collins will in
due season, Do you have any
printer for to send me? Oia pho^{com} m^h
sape, sape! Vale, longum vis!
My best regards to Mrs Deane. Paula

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

JAN 25 1891

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY



Mr Walter Deane -

29 Brewster St,

Cambridge -

Mass.

Providence - Jan 27 1894

My Dear Deane,

I am up and doing my
work - but ought to be in bed. I
get no better of my cruel disease.
Today I shall try another doctor,
Lloyd, Chamber to you, writes that he
sends the fungi, & heart in prospect.

I am invited to read a paper at
the Brown Alumni dinner in Boston
next week eve, and then Friday come
Claf, I am so ill that I do not know
if I can do either. That Friday - May 1st
will be with me at the dentist, Hollins, who
must go, he all here to return Sunday, I must

A good letter you are, B.

could not
the pictures in

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

AN 27 11

United States America

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



Walter Deane Eager -
29 Brewster Street -
Cambridge -
Mass,

My Dear Deane,

No show for next
meeting, I am mostly in Feb,
Hope you will all have a
good time - and don't forget

Yours truly -

W. W. B.,

Perrineray - Jan 30, 1897 -

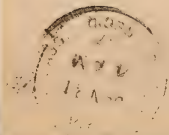
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United States¹⁹⁰⁷ America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY



Mr Walter Deane -
29 Brewster Street -
Cambridge -
Mass,



February 3, 1897

My Dear Deane,

I am tentatively up about the house, after my long and painful illness. The doctor will keep me in the week,

Your note disturbs me somewhat, though I hardly think my attitude requires so serious attention. The matter in a nutshell is this,

The Librarian of our Public Library desired a note on the book for this month's Circular. I thought in standing clear of the discussion of the women's clothing matter, I was on safe ground. I took it for granted that the platform, made by me—

like Brigham, who had rebel
for Farlow, now all right, I never
questioned either, nor did I suppose
anyone did, the accuracy of
Britton's descriptions. The circular
has been - and I thought of no
importance anyway, but to please
Britton, who had always been
very kind to me, I sent it him.
He made use of it, as he had
a right to do, as a puff, and
my smoke becomes all at once
flame. Herndon's remarks - and
even by you and Robinson here
my first suspicions of mischief.
Now it seems I made a mess
of it, and to review a book one
must read every line - and be
an authority on Carey - and a
skilled draftsman. As soon
as I heard the discussion at the
N. E. Club, I knew I was in for it.
I have 'not examined any
'authentic portrait.' I wrote in
consequence - but trusting to the
scientific reputation of Britton, which I

had never heard improved;
Meyra Hure and Goret two
and their classic took on
China & Tibet, which I have
read,

"The zeal of a writer will not
always suffice to describe coun-
tries in which he has never
set foot + + + Although it
has been the good fortune of
the learned orientalist, J. Klop-
with, to discover the Potocki
Archipelago without quitting
his closet, it is, generally speak-
ing, rather difficult to make
discoveries in a country which
one has not visited".

I plead guilty; I had not
visited the country of Butta-
-and hence my account does
not hold water. Pecuni!

I am very sorry to hear of
Mrs Deane's illness, I do hope
soon to hear that she is
doing well, I myself - have
lost three weeks of valuable
time, and find the Venetians
say (but they don't know) - is
money, Do not undertake to
defer me to any body,
My Administrators are not
worthy of serious consideration -

Yours truly and

W. W. Garrison

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

February 10, 1897,

My Dear Deane,

I am up, out, about,
and doing my work, so, as
the diplomats say, that in-
cident is "closed". It did not
come to the desired arbitrament
of war.

So, it has a joke, the Low
Walker says of his father's in-
terim laughter, "I wouldn't try
it again". I did not recognize
the symptoms, perhaps on ac-
count of conscience guilt.

In the last Journal of Bot-
any read the 'cute account
of 'Hoy Bee, my joy,' upon
my visit, after the Schenck

of recent articles, what is dear
old Botany coming to? Will
she, in her old age, be a
nosy, gossiping old lady? Alas!

Thanks for all your kind-
ness to the Madam, I hope
she has responded for her-
self. How much I need not
be able to join those jolly
fellows at the Botany!

Did you find any plants
of any use whatever?

I hope Mrs Deane is
perfectly well again - and
checking all your little frien-
dships, folks - and grateful
kindness, Your friend ever
W. W. Bullock

are, I am still having
mineral fun over Warner's
big book, & is the most de-
lightful professional work I
have done for years; simply
full of suggestion and expan-
sion.

Examinations begin
next Thursday. I have one
on Saturday, and another
the next Friday; then comes
vacation. After that, India,
Sydney, and the Spring term,
after that - the deluge.
You know you are coming
to our Commencement this
year. It is recorded in the
unmistakable laws.

What, the dear boy, is play-
ing William Tell from memory.
They is with her mother & she
he all send heaps o' love-
dags and love!

Whole bunch of requests
to Miss Deane -
From friend Mary.

P.S. Miss great about Boston!

Providence, Mr 7, 1897,

My Dear Deane,

Your Jeremiah ar-
rived this morn, and I can
easily sympathize with your
feelings, when I recall my own
sense of desertion as I stood in
the pitiless ruin on your door-
step. No Mrs Deane! No Deane!
No both! No walk! Nature her-
self wept as we turned to look
you up at the ancestral man-
sion. But even there we found
no comfort, the place that once
knew you, knew you no more,
then said my wife, who is a
creature of resources "Let us find
him, & seek him at the Garden!"
he started to do that - when
Nature oppressed, having quite
made up her mind by this time,
poured buckets of cold water
on our project, Mrs Bailey then
soothed, and my share of
swifts and not so many a
Cambridge reference, & all in -

continently fled for a car,
where he was soon joined
by Dr Goodale.

I had felt fear-
fully ill all the morning
and concluded I had better
strike for home. At the station
he met Dr Kennedy in sin-
gle flight. Now, while you
have brought in a measure
the "philosophic mind", there
are things that make me
kick like a steer. I find my
mind made up for that
meeting - the both and the
diet, and the smoke. I feel
distinctly defrauded, like Henry
I did wish, But isn't it
mean to be so hampered by
health? I never feel certain that
I can keep an an engagement
make a week in advance;
indeed, the chance is scow-
est. Goodale told you once

Mrs Bailey's, Here's one of
mine ain't. My wife was go-
ing the other day to a co-
stume party where each one
was to select the name of
some town. She said "Whit",
how shall I go? "Why" - said I,
"obviously as White Lige!"

As a matter of fact, she
went as "Lost in London"
with the pencil all over
her. Not bad that, either.

Did I ever tell you how
they had to pack the steam
piper in our clerk? They used
to give us a heat of 115° Feb,
after the fault was remedied
with coverings - I left a note
for Collins saying "See all
the trace-bambs! Had we
should come to their circus!"

My snow-drops are in
bloom - and great in Mrs
hometh! How dare they
flutter out in this bleak
March weather. But then they

Saturday we went part
of Sunday Sun. We arrived
here soon in camp,

Godsright and
Updell -
Capt. White,

Providence - April 19, 1887

My Dear Deane,

It is not so warm
in Cambridge today, I fancy,
as it was some 130 years
ago! I always feel a deep
pity for those poor British
soldiers of the line, who had
to be pulled at by the fur
men from behind fences.

And now war has broken
out between Greece and Tur-
key - a grimy situation cer-
tainly, my sympathies are
with the men of the republic.

On Saturday Metcalf and I
took a car for Mount Miller
- one of the prettiest places
in our country, he found
Hemlock and Taxus, but
will they not feel rich woods?
Heat is peculiar, it has
been a little and we

coming here today, windy
and with clouds of dust.

A windy day, causes
me, if that be possible,
more agony than other days.
I have had, on the whole,
a miserable winter. As a com-
pensation, the University has
slightly raised my salary. As,
however, no assistance is
provided for next year. I am
still in bad spirits. Metcalf
will have to leave, and he
was used to my ways and I
to his. Rand writes me very
often, what a nice fellow
he appears to be!

Preston, Collins, Metcalf
and myself think of going up
to Mt Wachusett on May 6
to botanize for several days. I
may stay a week. By the way,
the Woodworths, Leachman, and
William Flagg have been

are up and in bloom. Again,
I must say, how silly of them!

It has been often re-
minded that we have no
Spring. That's so! but we have
one or two days that are
awful near it.

My parents in law, who
have been with us about a
year, left for New York today.
I do like my house to-
morrow. Whitman now reads
freely. He is in high
feather tonight because a Roman
Feast Holy Cross today is
Worcester. Sweet cherry - grows
even sweeter. Bear in mind,

you are mine for Com-
mencement; particularly am,

I hope Mrs Deane is all
right again. Do give her
our sympathy and bring
remembrance. How you can
"Fletcher's book" for next

Grand View House, Mt Wachusett,
Peru, Mass., May 8, 1897,

My Dear Deane, I have had to give
up and run away for a while, Preston
came here with me and put in 2 days bot-
anizing. He went home last night. I hope to
gather Collins up here, *Trillium erectum*, *Asph-*
nodium, *Viola rotundifolia* & *pubescens*, *Chrysan-*
themum, *Erythronium*, *Antirrhinum*, *Viburnum lentiginosum*,
Lonicera caerulea, *Clintonia* etc - etc, *Pieris*,
Beautiful, *Yucca* fine and warm, but
the cold has been sufficing. I can hardly
fancy you among *Viola*, My nearest relative
in the North - Mr Wm. B. Bailey, once my
quarrelsome friend the day I left, I was too sick,
however, to remain, until we have till *Patent* sold,
Pardon to Mrs Deane, yours are Bailey

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brewster Street -
Cambridge -
Mass.

Dear Deane,

On my back again, if
I get up, as I hope, I shall go
on Thursday with Collins & Preston,
to Mt Wachuset, they will re-
main over Sunday, I expect to be
gone a week, So sorry to hear of all
your sorrow, will write again when
stronger and better, Must be heavy
for week - a case of wobbles. No; I
can't even grin, May 3, '97 Dwight

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

MAY
United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



Mr Walter Dean -
9 Brewster Street -
Cambridge -
Mass.

reflection for half an hour,
Now - I live children dead
- but there are some that
confirm a Lachetia must fix
at ideas. I expect to be here
till Monday, and hope to get
two or three fine days after
this rain. By the way, as this
season it is as difficult to
get or send mail as if one
were in Samov or Thessaly,
- I hope it back; there goes due
time for it now, Bismillah!

Remember that you are
engaged - with Mrs Dean -
for tomorrow at Brown, you
are to go to dinner with me
and Mrs Dean is to wait on
feed from the gallery with Mrs
Bailey, then we will go to the
Hall and see the Harvard
Brown game! Eh?

Don't regard this as a festive
thing, I know, of course, you sit
motionless, but will it not do you good?

All the parties write in
love to him who loves their bodies.
There are Bailey

Preston promises to bring out
my "Pete-bark" and "Botany" at
once, the last is my collecting book -

Mt Wachuset, Mass,

May 13, 1897,

My Dear Deane,

I dare say you have
heard from Randal that, for
my good, I had to flee "like
a bird to the mountains". Here
I am not only "weary of sin", but
of rain as well. It has now
poured for two days - and the
wind is not yet, ^{fixed}, I ought
not to complain, I have seen less
a week and all but these last
days have been superfluous, Mr
Preston came up with me last
Thursday, Botany with me
all Friday - and Saturday morn,
and returned to Providence on
Saturday eve taking my vasculum
full of flowers to our respective
wives. Since this departure I have
seen much diversion in upon my-
self - and realize the notion of
the old poet that I need
"A friend in my affliction."

Whom I may whisper
Solitude is sweet,
As long as the weather kept
good I had lots of fun in
the woods, I have collected
Trillium erectum & *eruthrocephalum*,
Clintonia borealis, *Rhodora Cana-*
densis, *Vitis pubescens* and *rob-*
orifolia, *Caulophyllum*, *Parquianum*,
Erythronium, *Prunus Canadensis*,
Antilla difflera, *Chaytonia*, *Lonicera*
ciliata, *Epigaea* - etc - etc, Many
of these I have pressed for the Club.

By the way - let it be known
that I keep a limited supply of
drying paper here for use of real
botanists, and intend to add to it.
Let the Club do the same elsewhere.
- my at Joffery, Crawford House etc,
St. James Woods of Brattle.

I have made while here some
pretty sketches and drawings of
vegetation in *Carya alba*. These
also seem much interested in pollen
protection in our native plants.

It is funny to follow a plant
up this mountain - or hill,
from fruition at the base, to the
very peak at the summit, so far

distance, in *Acer rubrum* & *op-*
cation, it is strange that *Liri-*
myza does not occur here, *Oxa-*
lia acetosella is confined to the
north and west of the mountain,
Preston got one specimen in bloom
of *Diandra cuneata*, it is rare
here, the only plant I have so
far added to the Collins-Bailey
list is *Prunus Penn.*

I had hoped up to the last
minute to have Collins with me,
but fate and business intervened.
It is a shame, so I never saw the
woods more likely - but in, when
the stars take up I spoke of inter-
spective, I am literally alone in
a house of 40 rooms, All the
other people are the property and
his family. By the way, he has
a hat that pervades the whole
house - and makes me respect
Herod - King of Israel, when I
could wish it, that is that young
one; when I settle for real before
the parlor fire, in she comes
with a hunch, jumps into a squeaky
chair, and from that into another
- till I fly in despair to my room -
then there - "Hanna" in evening

Providence, May 20, '87

My Dear Deane,

I am awfully sorry
that you and Mrs Deane
cannot be with us in the
last month of June. I
thought it might be good
for you both,

At the request of
Mr Rand to send in any
name - if I thought of one
for election to the Club, I
have sent, with Collins, the
name of Mr Harsen Metcalf,
my very acceptable Assistant,
he will all be delighted to add
him to the Providence contingent,
See what you can do;

He will soon be an A.M.,
and in addition to my work,
is in charge of the Boring at
Methodist Episcopal Summer School,
a modest, quiet, gentleman,
with regard to Mrs Deane
Yours very truly W. W. Boring

Summer solstice -
June 21st 1897 -

Yes, my dear Deane, it is utterly true, eh? I have been confined to the house for a fortnight and during the Commonwealth functions, to my little cot. Yesterday - "to gild imperial gold", my eyes gave out and I had a most painful time with 'em, they are much better today.

We are quite in the dark about the summer. The financial problem complicated proportionally otherwise most easy of solution. 'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour. We shall not go to Comum. Can you leap us to Jaffrey?

My "Note Book" will be out in about 10 days, and Peston from -

called the "Botanizing" in August. The last is the new edition of my Collector's Book, which has the notebook adopted by Worcester Academy and the Virginia Summer School.

I was very sorry not to see you at the last Club meeting. I was sick there, as usual.

When my eyes allow, I read, read, read, the trouble in the eyes was not caused by use; it was a cold of some sort, awfully distressing. I was quite nervous from the pain of it.

I hope you and Mrs Deane are now perfectly well, reasonably happy, & palatially helpful, and I am now, as you are sure to find me
Yours Place to Command
H. W. B.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

June 27, 1897,

My Dear Deane,

I have managed to stay up and around this week. And what a gorgeous week it has been (especially for Cornell)!

Well, well! What a surprise that we were to every one here-away, I had felt certain that Harward had it, but sportsman very little to surprise,

I have now an invitation from my friend Denton to West Point but I doubt if I can go, financial reasons, where we will event really bring up this summer is not known at this writing, but probably at Wachuset in August

My brother's people desire us
in Frederickton, but it is much
too costly a trip. Have you seen
how all the newspapers are
stirred up over Brown, the Board
of Trustees, and their action to-
wards President Andrews, many
think he must resign. I ex-
press no opinion, I do not see
that a change could much ef-
fect me now. Yes! I was at the
Last Club meeting (and very
uncomfortable with my peculiar
sore!) - I returned to Providence
the same night, I was very
glad to meet Trelease, he
seemed a nice fellow.

My note-book will be out
in a few days, and I hope that
Botanizing will appear in Aug.
Did you ever get a Journal I
sent - with reference to your Herb?

Miss Bailey has given up
her school here - and entered into
relations with Miss Hazard of
Boston, I hope now to have the
semblance of a home, I shall
my regards to Mrs. Deane. Yours are
W. W. Bailey

Providence, July 12th 97,
("Cuppies come down!")

My Dear Deane, I write you on
the anniversary of the Battle
of the Boyne, & it is about as
hot here as there. In some
ways I shall be glad to get
out of it, especially as mosquitoes
have come, these are now!

We expect to go to old
Wachusett in August, there
we will be rid of sheets, any-
way. Brown matters are in an
awful whirl - thanks to an
unhindered press! I am trying to
follow Dave Crockett's advice - to
hold my tongue, it is the only
safe attitude! Collings is back
from Maine; I have not seen
him, but he dropped me a note,
Metcalf is at his work at the
Univ. School. Weston is here,

He still promises me my book,

I am very busy writing all the time, trying to chase the elusive dollar, and only rarely cornering it. Still, I think it is well in hot weather (perhaps not at the hottest!) to keep busy. Groaning is in itself exhausting, tiring! but it is hot, and sticky. I don't like it,

Ya! to!

Quincy

We all send regards to Mrs
Deane

The children and I go to Wachuset on
Saturday - the 31st inst, write me as per
caption of circular within -

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

July 25, 1897 -

My Dear Deane,

You are at hand this
pleasant Sunday, what a nice
time you offer to be having! Is it
not queer that you and I never
yet fore-gathered in the field? What
shall we - shoot of the meadows
of asphodel?

Yesterday I had a visit from
Prof Mc Dougal of Minnesota; he
offered to be a nice fellow and
with "no tri-gonal nonsense about
him", he put in an hour or so at
the herb. In the afternoon Collins
and I, with Whit, went botanizing
on our rail-road route, we
found Gnaphalium opacifolium and
Carduus acanthoides in abun-
dant; the latter in flower.

He noticed too the rapid spread
of Lactuca scariola - unknown
here three years ago, By the
way; it is a superb composite-plant,
really very handsome. If you stand
north of a plant you see nothing
but leaf-edges; broadside on - the
leaves - and especially the white
mid-ribs, are conspicuous, Aw-
fully pretty. In this same meadow grow
Antennaria Loboviscaria, Glycyrrhiza -
Plantago Rugelii, Populus somnif-
erum, etc, etc, He was chased
to sudden cover by a heron-storm,

As we were passing Brown and
Sharpe's machine-shop - we could
look in the window and see the
functions of creating. It looked much
like h - L, as the virginist
sawyer it. The men dipped out molten
fishing net as if it were drawn
butter for a great salad. Such lights
and shadows were there as would
depress the soul of a really great
painter - a Pulverer - say,

Now - I suppose, I ought to
say somewhat of our condition on

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

the hill, but so desperate is the
challenger that even silence is not

safety. All I can say is - Dr
Andrews has resigned, according
to your politics, creed, or other
determining factor, you can de-
cide whether he or the Corporation
have the right of the matter. Cer-
tain professors both of a remonstrance
and desire me to sign it, I refuse.
I can conceive of situations under
which I could support the majority's
course - but this doesn't seem one
of them. However, it is a most
unhappy chance at the opening
of a new college year. There may
be many souls to Hades,

Tom Keller, an extremely nice
young man in his seventies -
says that "when you are shuttle-
cock, and two leagues the better

does, you had better keep out of
the game," or words to that effect.
It seems to me that the lightning
is off to be high - and some-
what focused, on the fellow who
stands between the Trustees and
the President in a row like this.
I may be wrong; I may be craven,
but I shall want to feed my
fledglings and their dam -
dam if I don't! Collins has been
up in Maine, up Kinnear etc, but
is, as the French say, of the re-
turn, He may put in a day at
Wachusett, Do tell her more about

the birds; dear creatures, all
except the English sparrow and
the mosquito, There is a sparrow
that equivoques on one high-pitched
note from 4.30 A.M. to 7 P.M., every
day of his life, just outside my
window, He really makes life a burden.
For if, to pause a moment, I am
looking anxiously for the next squeak.

Health? Just the same as
ever. Cold limited equals to this
degree, Your girl does much desire
letter-books and costs, Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

Wrote with col. like ha-
bit, then intended to bike
up to the hotel, but had
to ride, then - I lost my
lumper - never arrived at
the best of times - and without
the help of a horse; no - Achilles,
in my letter! My wife, who
is suffering if not excruciating
depression, me that the day
will be sent on next train,
but I will not believe it till
at 10 P.M., I was glowing
over its simple but essential
viscous. Now, the consequence
of all this is, that today
I am wretchedly ill, I thank
the abrupt change of air,
often so affects me too, But
It is a glorious day - a
rare one of June - as strong
in August, Indeed, it is
here now this year quite

Grand View House -
Mt Wachusett, Mass.,
August 1st 1897.

My Dear Deane,

It certainly was a
joy to be welcomed home
as it were by that old
man of the Mountains, Wil-
helm von Deane. Your letter
was handed to me on the
door-step redolent of woodsy
odors (I mean your letter, not
the door-step!) - and musical
with bird-notes, the music
and the marks, I think it
is lovely then to develop two
such closely-related sciences,
Entomology is the other pillar
on which I wobble in my
two limited empyrean.

Here I can hear you say
'Damn his writings,' or
whatever is the gentlemanly
Episcopal for a similar de-
nunciation of conspicuous
folly - "invidious ignorance"

well, 'It is pretty bad,
but then there is ~~an~~ the
comfort that you are not
compelled to read it, &
suspension or exclusion con-
science affects in no way the
sense or continuity.

Margaret - who, by the
way, has gone to church -
has delighted with her lecture
Lecia etc, the second also,
melted right, to appreciate
the place of peace entrusted
to me as proxy. By the way,
she is a fine girl, I had a
most distressing begin-
ning, in the first place,
one house, as perhaps I
write, is in the hands
of the horny-handed, like
Noah's progeny, I literally
had no place to put my
foot, Painter to right
hand; papers to left of me,

volitional and cheerful,
Then came the news of the
sudden death of Prof Delahay's
father, and Mrs Bailey had
to go comfort and aid the
Professor, He came on the train
with me as far as Worcester,

The crew were as hot
as the Anderson - I met
him, then - we discovered
we had left behind a trunk -
bag containing the miscellaneous
necessaries for the night; items
three workshirts; item three
hair ditto; item three coats;
item four rapers - one, at least
unfamiliar to the majority
familiar, I have seen a bottle
of fish, I was completely spent,
when what spoke of the beauty
of the country - I was crossing
stupidity in general - and
arrogance in particular, Then we
came to Princeton Station
in a violent shower - and I
got my legs wet, a thing I

spiral columns consideration,
Those fleecy clouds are
much curlier of form, and
the depths of blue between
are bluer, And then the
green of meadows, hills,
and fields, How infinite!
how beautiful, I am not
near enough to see or enter
the fringe of Solitaires along
the walls, It is there "all
the same" - and Autumn
whispers in my blinks o' nights!

Mrs Bailey thinks of
coming up next week - when
the magic circle will be
complete, What a comfort it
is to cease, even for a while,
all the irritations, worries,
frets, and frictions, and to
strike into the pathless woods!

My "Note-Book" has been
unaccountably and pro-
longedly delayed & it was not

get out when I left town,
In the mean-time Metcalf
is dependant upon it,

Did I tell you, I have
written steadily ever since
I left my bed the week
after Commencement. Besides
the books, I have penned
any quantity of magazine and
journal articles. I do not
know that they will ever
see light, but there's 'opin'.

And now I must bid
you farewell. Be good, be
happy - and write often to
your friend - and Mrs
Dennis -

W. W. Bailey

the coral of bunch berry, the
ovary white base-berry, the
vermillion fruit of the honey-
suckle, the orange clusters of
viburnum, the speckled berries
of Smilacina, Honeysuckle fruit now
are scarce in such places, but
we saw glorious ferns - and the
mosses, the orchids of Hepatica,
Anemone, Cypripedium, and
Mistletoe. It must be closely
to keep over on another science
as you do, and birds are such
charming creatures! Do tell
me all you know about them.

Mostly write that he had
his classes at Cottage City, A
good boy that! Collins, I think,
must be in Maine. I do not
hear of him. Honor to whom
honor is due! I sent you
that Note-book, or had it sent,
I really am quite proud of it -
I mean the book, not my merit
or my charity in forwarding it,
for me it presents quite a flavor
of originality.

Grand View House,
Mt Wachuset, Aug 13, '97.

My Dear Wal Deane,

Who at the same time art
forever young, all hail, Salu-
tation! Your letter finds me on
one of my very worst days, fol-
lowing an almost sleepless night,
fortunately this particular phase
of torture comes but seldom - per-
haps twice in a year, The sensa-
tion - no doubt due to indigesti-
on, is of my sternum and vita-
lity and incessantly com-
pressing the vitals; also, without
the "victrola"! It always re-
minds me of that gruesome tale,
the "Iron Throat", when the dis-
tressing prisoner daily sees his
apartment crowded and close
upon him, one misdeed after another
disappearing, what strange things
"nature gives way to in repose"! Last
night as I "lay a-frogging", I

found myself concocting non-
sense botany - as per sample -

A botanist living in Britain,
went out for to gather some
dittoing,

The prime old soul,
He asked in the whole,
And now offers thanks in adoration,

A lady who once had a sister
Presented bouquets of marigolds,
Not liking the smell,
He bid her farewell -
Though sadly tempted to shoot her,

Mrs Bailey, who has been with
us a week, left for home today
where carpets are still up, cur-
tains down - and chaos un-
ravelled. She will rejoin us after
bringing peace to the troubled
waters. I think I've told you
she has definitely given up the
school and is to teach in Boston,
going and returning each day.
Our Brown matters are such
in a dreadful state, and we mean

can foresee the outcome. The
Trustees meet on Sept 1st when
a new phase of the crisis may
be expected, I decided to put
my signature to the document
of the young professors, I see
not the crown of martyrdom,
My private belief is that the
men who signed that - or the in-
significantes - are in danger. To me
it seems a sort of mutiny. Mrs
Bailey and I differ radically in
regard to the thing. But enough
of it! "Far from the maddening
crowd" - I care for neither college,
camp - or dock, while I drink
in the elixir of pine, bayberry -
and sweet fern.

Yesterday I took
Mrs Bailey and Macdon a
very wild scramble through the
forbidding woods. I shot down the
haz and we got mixed up in
Kalmia grove, sphagnum bogs -
and copse of beech, he was
all thoroughly soaked, but it was
fun too, he saw lots of the
superb blue berries of Clintonia,

for thy benevolent old philo-
sophy, It is scolding a mine
of suggestion, fact, philosophy
discussion, no book since the
Origin of Man has interested
me so much, for light reading
I have Dumas, Thackeray, Pul-
ner and Crockett and Basant,
I read a good deal to Meg.

I grudge every day that
passes away, Surely this is
peace, and oh! the colors on
those hills, forests, and dale,
and the blue of the skies! If
Toronto were a more deeply
agree campy - it must indeed
be caerulean, My wife's Uncle
Aunt - and a pretty young cousin,
- Simmonses - are here with
us for the month, there are
other pleasant people too, If
my Aunt well, what has
been to his usual summer
hunt for Sitona Carver, He
is very acute in finding them,

A lovely boy to walk with, but
with much less range of
information than Meg, He
likes to play the piano, ball
- anything rather than read
a story, Yes; I have nearly
all the stuff I ever published
in journal or magazine, When
this ~~specimen~~ I drew heading
for my books, claiming that a
man can surely plagiarize
from himself - or, as Sam
Rich used to say - "has a right
to steal his own work", In-
deed my fancy was much
keener that years ago than
now, I was rarely of late my-
self itself! Good night - Old
man o' the mountain's! Please
tell Mrs Deane what I think of
you - as the gold o' the earth,
To both - which are one - my
best regards, Lovingly and true
and earnestly,
M. W. Bailey

Do you observe that on the
fly-leaf Peaton commits him-
self to the statement that
"Botanizing" is in press; that
means that possibly I may
yet see it in print, that,
if any thing - is my professional
memento.

I have another
popular book at the type-eri-
cator, to what publisher shall
I offer it? Peaton thinks of
bringing out a limited edition
of my poems - a selected few.
Of course there is no money
in them, the 1st edition of the
note-book sold freely - and it is
now out of print.

Before me I have a dish
of growing *Drosera rotundifolia*.
It has inspired me to write
an article, Did you tell me
you had not read Kerner's
Nat. History of Plants? If so,
drop all else and read it; I,
who have a sneaking fancy

Grand View
House,

W. R. Howe, Proprietor.



Mount Wachusett, Mass., Aug 26 1897

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand, red-
dent as ever of the woods and
fields - and the pipes of Pan,
You speak of receiving my work,
but do not say what you think
of it, Don't you know that a main
body - or perhaps I should say - a
romance - should always be
praised? Personally, do you like it?
For I do, and think there is stuff
in it.

I expectet Mrs Bailey back here
this week, but she will not come
till next Monday. One would
think she was building Solomon's
temple by the accounts. Well! the

more done now the less there will
be to do hereafter, And a week
from yesterday the Trustees will
meet to decide the fate of An-
drews - perhaps of the University -
a gloomy prospect, I wish we were
all well out of it.

Today - as if I had not enough
of other woes - I have a bad tooth-
ache - perhaps an ulceration, I am
going this afternoon to the village
Dish-puller to see what's up.

How miserably it has sailed!
I suppose Whitehall is not excepted,
and how is Jaffray to survive with-
out it's Dean? Can any vicar do
the work? Your account of the
slide fills my soul with envy. The
scenery here is tame in comparison.
I wonder if I will ever see the
White Hills again!

All these years I have been

Grand View House,

W. R. Howe, Proprietor.



Mount Wachusett, Mass.,

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writing on "Beautiful Berries" - a
nice subject, By the bye - I have
here about half of my third pop-
ular book - "Wood-patter" - in
type - left, I want to try one of the
ligger publishers, Have you pull
at Gould & Houghton's - say?

My made a quite admirable
sketch of me this morn. As to that
he is drawing a good part of the
time, Yesterday he and I walked
to the Station - five miles, re-
turning by the stage, we coralled
the Larvæ of Polyphemus, Ce-
cropia - and Turnus - and had
a nice walk, we lunched in the
avala - and had superb black-

berries - like the bates in the
woods - between whiles, they
are very plentiful here.

Today the weather is beautiful
- and the horizon - line at length
clear. But this inspiring spell will
soon be over - and the grind will
re-begin. Oh! that some benevolent
fairy would now perceive me off!
I'm teaching - but I dread in-
expressibly these changes and
chances of college life, why should
I be mixed up with this? Yet
how am I to escape it? I never
yet could hold my tongue, What,
then?

My regards to Mrs Deane -
she probably leave for home Sept 1st or 2nd.
Yours fondly & faithfully
W. W. Barker

Conway - Mass - Aug 31,

Yes, My Dear Deane,

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Yes; simple "Conway" is enough.
Fame cannot be hidden; such
treachery cannot be concealed under
a bushet. Honesty will shine.
Meg looks for your letter beside; she
wants then for an album - Hot as
a boiling Democrat today, Cool waves
desire - Pray on my best Point
Report to Congress - With affection
Hoping you W. W. Burleigh

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

United States America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



Mr Walter Deane -
Shattuck House -
Jaffrey -
N. H.

Ha! Ha!

Take some less
intoxicating Letter -

Bailey

Providence - Sep 3 - 1897

This was in reference to a letter
which I sent him, written to
F. W. Batteulder and put into his
envelope - W. W.

Meg is busy with other
little girls, I had a
sweet time with her this
summer - always seeing
her off to sleep. My wife's
parents are now with
her, he always manages
to keep a house full.
Where is the Club to
meet this winter and
under what auspices?

I sent off type-written
copies of new book today to
Lington, Chiffins & Co. I have
little hope that they will
love it, but I know it's
good, Egyptian!

Our united regards to
Mrs. Deane, Yours faithfully
Walter
So sorry you've been ill.

Providence, Sep 7. 1897.

My Dear Deane,

Yours enclosing the
draft of Mr. Batchelder,
arrived today. He must
be a jolly good fellow. It
is funny that he too thought
you were right; there must
be something in it.

It seems odd to me, who
have been nearly a week
at home, to think any-
body left stranded at this
season in the country. Our
house at Wachuset was
nearly deserted when we
left. I devoted my last
Friday here to squiring
some clams and damselfish
up the mountain. Peggy
went too, to keep me in order,

we are still only in the
caper in the Andrews
matter. John Brewster
Walker appears to hold
the key to the situation.
Even at Watsup's meeting
the doctor failed to de-
clare his intentions in
relation. I signed the paper
asking him to remain; I
could do no else, as the
Trustees had so acted,
but strictly between you
and me, I now hope he
won't. This letter about the
classics etc, killed him
for any purpose of mine.

Mrs Bailey is engaged
by a Miss Hazen of
Boston - and seems to
regard the whole plan

antley. At any rate, we
are rid of the school, and
have renovated and beauti-
fied the house. You don't
know how pretty it all
is. Did I tell you I was
a grand-nuncle and
a God-father? Yes, my
niece is the happy mother
and I had a proxy. The
wifery is a marquis; at
least it was concealed
in Australia. I am doing
up the collection as a
loss sponsor.

Whitman has been to
drawing all the time, in
pen and ink, and wants
to be a new-fangled illus-
trator. He really neglects
proper exercises. Dear old

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
Professor
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS, B. S.,
Curator of the Herbarium
HAYDEN METCALF, A. B.,
Instructor

SEP 20 1897

My Dear Deane

Welcome back to the
Lowlands! Go work - you jile!
as Walter Scott used to say.
You have had too much va-
cation; now bite of your vocation!

I hope to get to the Saints'
den next Friday eve with Collins,
Preston, and Metcalf, but my mousey
scheme may gang a-gley. I now
have a ^{chills and} cold, yes-
terday I was in bed all day -
and had the medical man.
Today there are symptoms of
dawning intelligence - quite hope-
ful indications indeed.

The college world is as calm
after the late cyclone - as if its
placid surface had never
been disturbed. I am thankful
that the waves are allayed.
I am teaching about 80 persons
- ten of them women.

I have never felt a keener
sense of intellectual power,
It is a joy to teach and lec-
ture - and I have excellent
help, Time goes like a flash
with me, It has often occurred
to me that it is a curious
paradox that we should most
enjoy the most rapidly passing
time, we - who can plainly see
the guillotine in the distance,
the shouting mob and signs
of execution, we well think myself
have felt the hinging moments!
Isn't it all queer?

The Independent of this week
contains a long piece of mine,
Did you see Constitution since notice
of my New England? I have not
yet seen any important review
of the Note-book, I don't care
what they say; I know that is good,
I sent an MS to Houghton, Chiffin,
Of course that will come back;
I expect it - May send a review
and Arms! With regards to
Mrs Deane - Yours ever

W. W. B.

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Professor

J. FRANKLIN COLLINS, D. P.

Director of the Herbarium

HAVEN METCALF, A. B.

Assistant

RECEIVED Oct 3 1907

My Dear Deane,

I was so very sorry to miss you from our Herb Symposium last Friday eve! I heard from Paul that you were on the dry-dock, I hope by this time all your wheels are removed and you are afloat again. Pardon the maritime allusion.

It is too bad that you are not in real, rugged health - as I always used to figure you. It does well enough for "an amateur such as I am" - to be more or less of a cripple, but the world can not spare such as you.

Our dear Meg now goes to school at Miss Brown's.

and is very happy to thus
take ring, The parent kind
wishes her first permanent
flight to Boston on the 12th inst.
Her school is Miss Hazards.
Among other things she is to
teach Botany, Melody was
with me in Boston - and had
a nice time, The other fellows
didn't go, I myself did not
stay to the supper; when I do,
it gets me home so very
late, and I do so suffer al-
ways, My sister in-law and
niece from New Brunswick are
with me, but expect to leave
for home tomorrow, Our new
President - whom I fail to dis-
tinguish from the old! - grinds
the Iron ship through the year,
he hope to avoid all local
and Cosmopolitan epidemics!

All send love to you
and good Mrs Deane, The
Blessed Power be kind unto you! -
W. W. B.

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HAYDEN METCALF, A. B.,
Lecturer

NEW HAVEN, CONN. Oct 4 7

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand. Our
trump of a friend, Raul (what
a good fellow!) - was misled
by Metcalf. I was no sicker
than usual, but very tired. So,
when I thought of that long mid-
night train - and of reaching
home at 1-P.M., I concluded to
boot. But I shall always regret
that suffer that I might have had!
I left the room - thinking it better
not to enter into a Liberal Lec-
turing. I am just as usual; no
more; a mass of aches and
pains and twinges infernal, but
doing my work and betwixt sing-
ing, ~~hunting~~ the nose? The cramps
and Zies are here for keeps; the
only thing is to - in a measure -
ignore 'em. I am so glad to learn
you are at again - and well,
~~dear~~ dear! Don't do it any more!

My sister-in-law and niece
from Canada are with me,
but leave tomorrow, By the
way, I've picked up Joe in
Boston again - and he are
very friendly. The boy has a
lot of left-right views with which
I do not agree - but I laugh
and get on very well with him.
He seems to be doing well -

Mrs Bailey goes to the Flat
on the 12th. They are now at school
at Miss Bonner's, Philia at the
Latin Grammar - and I at the
Bonna. One Anderson is head
master - a fellow with odd
views of the classics. He seems
to have confused them with his
Racine and Sterne.

I have some summer folders
to send you - All unite in re-
gards to good Mrs Dean -

Yours ever - truly and faithfully

W. W. Bailey -

both milled - and the
gun aches like Hades
now. I suffer martyrdom from
back, neck, and bladder, but
thank God, the heart is
true to Poll.

Judging from the taste
down Sicilia when the gifts
of the Greeks were resented,
we are to have a rich
festival, No telling if the
wooden horse and Sinon
may be there.

That idea of bringing
some Club-ites here is fine,
Mrs Bailey says "we'll
have 'em all to dinner",
You know an idea of mine
is to have the Club hold
a Providence meeting in
an Herb. room of an after
noon, if more convenient for
return. Then ask Andrews

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

Christmas Day - 1897.

My Dear Deane

We all thank you
most heartily for your cheery
remembrances. I am so glad
that my ship came in. I
hope it was well laden with
freight. I know it stopped
at Bagdad on the way, and
loosened at the port of Cathay.

Now I want to tell you
what I am doing, while ly-
ing sick and thinking. It
was "Come in upon me" - as
dissenters say - that I might
raise somewhat for my De-
partment. Said I, it is as
easy to raise \$1000 as \$500,
so, two weeks ago I set to
work mainly among my friends
and now there about \$200 in

hand or promised, some
of my class-mates and society
men have done nothing, neither
Pres nor Corporation know
what I am doing - with the
exception of one of the latter,
a classmate, He tells me
that if I succeed, the Trustees
will literally embrace me!
I'm bound to succeed, my
idea is to tip every one. I
know to be off, I do it in
such a way that any one is
perfectly free to decline, Only
one essay letter as yet, that
from a man down on Dr
Andrews, But "what's Heub
to him?" The thing is person-
al to me, "I'll draw the
plate some service, and they
know it!" Hitherto I have
asked no help.

By the way, I need this

money for apparatus, I'm
thick I intend to sponge
on you. I know you are not
in the situation to help, but
you can aid me by a hint
or two, Would Dr Kennedy
or Knicker help? I wrote
to the Doctor but have had
no reply! Would he be likely
to get offended?

I have let up just now
to give people time to recover
from Xmas and New Year;
after that I shall resume
my mission. Pray for me!

I have been more than
usually ailing all the term,
My Physician has sent me
to an eye, ear and throat
specialist, Consequently an
operation on a cartilage in
the nose. There was no
pain about it - but great
shock. Then I had a cold

and a few influential parties
to the supper or dinner
exhibit the rooms to the
public, and boom the
Department. Give it your
earnest thought.

Metcalf has shipped
for the woods of Maine;
Collins is somewhere about;
I dare say he may all at-
tent the annual, I shall,
as Whit would say, "make
a fluff at it".

All send love to the
twenty-nine Brewsters!

Affectionately ever
W. W. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
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W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,

Professor

J. FRANKLIN COLLINS, B. S.,

Curator of the Herbarium

HAVEN METCALF, A. B.,

Instructor

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan 3, 1898

My Dear Deane,

This letter will be presented by my excellent friends - of whom you have heard we speak anon, the Harbain Brothers of Lebanon Springs, I know you will enjoy every minute they spend with you. Do show 'em your herbarium, the seedlings - and all you can - for my sake at first - for theirs - whom you will be proud and rejoiced to know,

The fund is growing - but I want lots more help yet. Hope to see you Friday. Our regards to good Mrs. Deane.

Yours faithfully

Bailey -

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

January 24, 1896--

My Dear Deane,

I have so far raised
in actual money - \$450
and I have many good
promises - among them
one from Dr. Ambrose him-
self. Now is the time I
want help. Tell me of
any one who cares enough
for our gay science to give
me a gift. He is the fellow
I will embrace, I am not
nigh hard - perhaps too
hard, on this matter, and
my heart is Socratic.
The little family is
well, but drawing all

the time, and Mrs engaged in many young womanish or maidenly occupations, the mother of the Gracchi goes each day to the Club. The sun ^{now} rises on her departure. Can a man tell his own mot? It is a countering of the individual instinct, but here goes.

At the President's reception the other day, Judge Stevens of our Supreme Court - turning his arm about me, said to Dr. Anderson - "This man, you know, was a schoolmate of mine!" "Yes, Judge," said I. "The Chief Justice

yourself, and I, all sat on the same Bench!" I submit that this is not if not gently - some of us hope to be at the next Club meeting, with objection un-repaired - and minor accidents.

My earnest regards to Mrs. Deane, the keeper of the house - however, by the way - speaking to her children - dear and her leading the old fellow - dear I never knew her was that strong was with him -

Yours in the
Moony - (Dear Club -

Wm. Lloyd Garrison

My Dear Deane,

I have been confined
to the house - and mainly
to my bed, since you saw
me. Am now convalescent,

My fund has reached
nearly \$800, A man
wrote me yesterday that
when I got \$900, he would
add the remainder! Now
I am after \$1500, If I
can do that - I shall have
a permanent fund.

Please read the in-
closed and pass along
to any firm man, Damn
it all! I'm mis-pleased
the list, All send love -

Yours ever

W. W. B.,

Providence - to Valentine's

Feb. 14.

1890

No 6 Cushing Street -

Providence - Mar 4, 1896,

As I write, My Dear Deane,
I can fancy the Botanical
Boys - old and young, your-
self among the latter, gathered
at the round table of # Bot-
any discussing cheese, beans,
and botany. It is a regular
Club night - windy, snowy, "a
fine night for a small family
tea-party". Well, I am not there,
for, my medical man says I
mustn't as yet go out o' nights.
He is a Cogar - and I dread
Liberia. Hence I obey his man-
dates. Yes; I had a sort of
relapse into a state of barbarian
illness. Indeed, have had a
hard time all winter, But, and

enriched in with it - are no -
masters of peace - and even
joy. The children are always
that.

Again - my friend has
proved a working success. I
have now practically a \$1000,
In promise even more, but I
have in bank \$850 - and one
more says when I get \$900,
he'll finish the score. Now I
have promises to take me to
about \$1200 - I think. Of course
a promise is not like the ac-
tual feel of the tin, but the \$1000
is certain.

You will flush - for me
if you could send the letters
and come with the money!

My dear fellow - they are often so lacking and
I feel a big gap,

Had a visit today from Weylth and
Ledy muscicaps over - and a very interesting fellow,
then sorry to miss Dr Kennedy - who is so
romantic, My Galanthus muscicaps is in bloom
and it is growing like the very Lucifer! But
we are the majority of nature - Our family re-
gards to the Dean.

Yours ever fondly
that old doctor

Wm. B. Bailey

Providence - Mar 28, 1896

My Dear Deane,

Mrs Bailey wishes
me to ask you if you will
not kindly write and send
her an introduction to Mr
Greenow of your old school;
— or any other teacher there!
She is still full of her hobby
of teaching "slow" children, &c.
I think it hard enough to propel
the rapid. My fund now amounts
to \$1029. I look towards you
and home. I do hope to be at
the Club meeting next, looking
especially as I am to dine with
Dr Kennedy. Vacation ends to-
morrow.

Pauline my slinking those vari-
colored papers and envelopes,
It so happens I have no other
— envelopes at least, tonight.

I am still on the strain
about this Spanish matter. I
hope we will be firm, just,
wise — and undevoted.
There are worse things than
civil war — for instance — C-
masculism. I don't want to
see my country ravine like
China — a prey to all the
harpies of Europe. How much
would you bet on the loyalty of
England if we were in trouble?

Yours ever

P.S. Be sure to write in regards Pauline
to Mrs. Deane.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,

Professor

J. FRANKLIN COLLINS, B. S.,

Assistant Professor

HAVEN METCALF, A. B.,

Lecturer

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 5, 1888

My Dear Deane,

Mrs Bailey is much
troubled and thanks you for your
kindness. Yes; I was taken very
ill last Friday noon - and had
to telegraph Dr Kennedy that I
could not keep my appointment,
Too bad, Collins failed him too,
But now the good doctor writes
that he too was unwell - and it
things perhaps resulted for the best.

I am deeply interested in the new
Journal, he ought to get 20
subscribers here, My fund now
amounts to \$1054, I have turned
over \$1000 to the University Treasurer,
Very anxious about University's doing
in Washington, I am not a peevish
at any price man!

When a man comes and kills
my son on my own doorstep, in
broad daylight - I am not disposed
to beat him gently - or try his patience

or except dollars for it, If I am
on hand, I shall go for him there
and then, despite Pope, priest, or
Miss Street Phelps, The police
may even prevent me, Guigo! Hell
of the be guigoin — or Solisturi-
anism (notice the politico-botany)
make the most of it!

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey -

Providence - April 25, 95

My Dear Deane,

Glad of the action of the Club,
Have sent out all my circulars - got
some 1/2 doz subscriptions - and expect more,
be are all thoughtful over the war, God
lose and save the dear old flag, will
England remain true? or go back on us
as in '61? I am indifferently miserable
- and a pitiable wretch - but my heart
is true to Poe - and to thee -

W. W. B.

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



Walter Deane - Esq -

29 Brewster St

Cambridge -

Mass -

Providence - May 8, 1848

My Dear Deane,

At the last moment I was so very ill that I could not go to the meeting. Mr Mason alas was under the weather, and Collins could not get off. I begin to despair of my attendance.

It is raining again today as if it never had before. I am feeling painfully anxious about Dewey and his fleet. The silence is oppressive. Still, I have great confidence in their success - gallant fellows!

I hear you have gone and been fifty. How I like

known I would have slain
the adipose heifer - and
sent you a bit thereof - with
a poem, "Well - Deane, good
and faithful!" I, who go you
far better, congratulate you
upon your fullness of years,
It shows you now to forsake
frivolities - and to walk so-
berly all the days of your life,

May good luck attend you,
May Heaven befriend you -
And Happiness send you -
In the prayer of the friend who
woud something more send you
In order to spend time
And make the world bend, too
So that all you desire -
May be had for the price -
We all unite in hearty
good-wishes - Last night Fey
and I did wait to a party -
I am ever to the end



Providence - 6 Cushing St.
May 30, 1896.

Dear Deane, I am very slowly
but surely, convalescing from
a very painful and dangerous
illness; an abscess at base
of tongue. It was operated upon
twice. I can do no more work
this Academic year. Of course
will not be at the meeting.

May has taken first place
in drawing at the R. I. School
of Design - in a class of forty-
two. Characteristically, she turned
over the money to a poor girl
who stood next! Regards to dear
Deane. Miss B. enters in Boston
business. Love ever Mr. W. Bailey

June 24, 1896-

My Dear Semi-Centurian,

or Centennarian, which is it?
How are you and the birds? Where
are you - in what planet, or what
sphere? What are you about? Can
you not ever take like the rest of us,

I am taking my dolce far niente
up among the elm-branches in my
study. The breeze stirs them to ocean-
like murmurs - and I am set a dream-
ing - and after a-napping.

Did I tell you that I have been granted
leave of absence on full pay - till Jan-
uary '99? Now, if I could but shake
off the whole debt and get out! Here
I shall have an unmarked way a
general to me for rotation, I shall be
reither out nor in,

Shall you go to Jaffrey this

summer? We hope to all get up
to Conway, Mass, in August. We
are well - except your rheumatic
friend. Already I dread heat and
mosquitoes, fleas, flies - and all
six footed varmin's,

Now I read, I write, I dream,
I doze, and it is "the breathing time
'the day" with me. I am deeply in-
terested in the war as I have
scores of true friends at the front,
Moreover, as I think I have said be-
fore, I believe the cause righteous,
and the time auspicious. If I were
young I would be there too.

Your friend Poo has grown out
of mind, with her manifold occupa-
tions I see too little of her and
she does not care so much for
Poo as once. I sigh! "When the
little wings are stronger, baby too, will
fly away."

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

Conway - Mass.

Aug. 6, 1898,

My Dear Deane,

I rejoice to hear
you are at Joffrey and send
this o'er line late to your old
stamping-ground, we arrived
here - a party of twelve - on
Monday - the first inst, we all
dine but one little - and are
with the exception of two, a few
of the party. Those two, however,
Prof and Miss Dodge, are of
our party. My family proper,
consisting of wife and self, the
children and grand-parents,
with a cousin of Miss Barlett's,
occupy our old house, which
we rent furnished,

We are a hilariously crowd, Paul
of Langdon, an the rule, the laugh
ing, shout, read, loaf - the house
any. Most of the time it has
been piping hot - so hot that

and today are delightful - 2
cool and autumnal, I assure
you of this beautiful country
- where every turn presents a
perfect picture. As to myself
I am a credited professor, but
I try to discount that and
keep about, it cannot cost
less. By the way, I have
permission from the War De-
partment to buy my horse at
dear old West Point - with my
people and among the horse
and live-herd boys and
servants of the Academy and
the Nation, I am much grati-
fied. Over our prairie grow
a few trumpet-creeper, now in
full flower, where humming-
birds hum, sing, and I regret to
say, fight. Even doves do not
fly the way. I suppose you note
that we live on Prex. I

3 Then and there a word of report from my
body. Still, it cannot be denied that the old
man did much for him, his usefulness is over
and we ~~not~~ all feel that a change is needed.
I think I told you of my
the January report, I received \$1300 on my fund,
\$1000 of it stands as the Bailey fund, as my
man will live in away - out of the - raised other
the out of the January, my old pupil, I think
I mean to board October, where I, and I regret to
in the. All are well, I
wonder we all are doing -
I am very much interested

Conway - Mass
August 10, 1894.

My Dear Deane,

Tickle to hear from
you after so long and oftentimes
like a silence. Your letter
finds me housed on a rainy
day. Drip! drip! is heard
abundant. The hews stand
on one leg under the shelter
and cars. The hill-tops are
thru with mist. Everyone
has taken to reading French
novels or to writing letters.

The worst of it is that
it is Conway's most festive
day - the High-school dinner
day - rivaling the similar
festival at Ashfield. Miss
Bailey has gone to it. I, with
the difference of the feast
is not.

I do not expect to attend
the Boston dinner, but am
probably tempted after all, by
your news of the intended
reception by the Club. I fancy
my conversation days are over,
I shall be lucky indeed if I
am ever able to attend the
Club meetings. In front of
my window, overlooking the
Piazza - is a beautiful
grecian. It is on this that
live so many humming
birds. My wife's cousin, Miss
Kate Finmore who is with
us, is a bird-sharp. She thinks
this a fine bird-place. I
can testify to its botanical
riches. No, I am not collect-
ing; am too crippled. I tried
to get Collins up - but he
could not get up.

Is Miss Finmore with
you this year? Her school was

a total failure. She has
never forgiven us for sending
her elsewhere. By the way,
you should see your girl; she
is a jay for ever, so healthy,
fresh and free.

If I knew my old self,
- nearly forgotten, but still
kept for - of twenty years
ago, I should visit in the
vicinity of this region. It is ex-
ploration would require several
seasons. We had an arrival
last eve of a young Lieutenant
of N.Y. Volunteers from China
manga. He is engaged to one
of Mrs Bailey's children who
is with us. He is a fine, manly,
whiskered looking young fellow
- and has a Prof. Furlough.

Let me hear from you now
and then. We all wait in
kind regards to Mrs Dean
Yours ever H. M. Bailey

Conway - Mass -

Aug 26, 1898 -

My Dear Leane,

I must count on you
to give me a complete bulletin of
the Boston meeting, Did you meet
all the cranks? Have you after
to tubulate any of their Rochester
prints? I send you Collins' prothetic
reply to my invitation to come up
here. However, it is just as well
he could not come; I have been
too ailing for any field-work.

Today is Mrs Bailey's birth-day
and Mrs gives a party in her
honor. Great preparations in the
house. We expect to leave for
home on Sept 1st. The "sheets" are
there waiting. Otherwise I shall
be glad to reach my own sanc-
tuary. Tell me all the news,

With regards from us
all to God bless Dear

Yours ever L. B. Bailey

Account of the old Harwood
valuable History Club one of the
praiseworthy things I ever read I
have glad to hear from Boston
that he represented you at the
St Botolph meeting, I suppose is
here in order, I did not collect-
ing at Conway; in fact was not
at all well there, I feel as I am
I feel better at home, I wish
(Dog still at it, I wish
he were with his third ac-
cused horse in Egypt - and
Kitchener after him.)

My regards to Mrs. Darn
Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

Dog still yapping - on some
insane Ray & there in
nature a bigger one than a
silly dog!

No 6 Cushing Street -
Providence - Sep 4, 1894.

My Dear Deane,
The arrival home at four
P.M. on the 1st inst., on the hot-
test day ever, up to that date,
created, since then there has been
arithmetical progression towards a
still higher standard, and now
every one is ordering manometers to
their thermometers; those I mean
who are not decelerating for cold
drinks and a sponge on the fore-
head. If Chalmers had projected
his once famous book on the
suffering city in this month of
peace, the answer would be "he
gave it up; life is not worth a
thought; I suppose you are refriger-
ating on the glacial slopes of
Chalmers - and I envy you your
joy, keep cool, old man, don't let
your danger rise! What a good
time you appear to have had in
Boston. Nice as it all is to read
about, I just could not have
borne up under it, the long ago was

1860 I nearly died from the fatigue of an Association meeting. (In parenthesis, allow me to remark it is not - and the humility at the point of paper estimation). I have been much troubled this week to receive an announcement of my election to membership in the Rhode Island Historical Club - and of appointment as poet laureate. It is in recognition of my having received my professional education (though I have no degree), from that institution. My Rhine-Island friends did the "poet laureate" business, knowing how in Psi W I have turned on the Puerian spirit. This time, I fear, they have got me into water deeper than the hell of the muses. Indeed it is not hell at all!

(In parenthesis, damn those 4th dogs! There are at least 40 un-human morpels on this hill; eternally yapping.)

I told you, did I, that they had a party, there were some

dozen village girls present, they met and frolic in their light summer gowns. They played various games, had prizes, partook of ice-cream, and seemed to enjoy every minute.

Our people here have taken a haul, Col. R.H.T. Goldsaul fitted out a vessel, and today 65 poor rich soldiers, mostly Bay-ala, come to the Rhode Island and St. Joseph's hospitals for treatment. This after-math of war, mismanagement, and recrimination following such deeds of heroism, is sickening. If any body is to blame I hope it will be the Council and possibly exalted.

(In parenthesis - the D.D. is still yapping, along a course light on his grand-mother's grave - the son of a dog!) The locusts are going - trying to beat the thirteenth on high water. One has become so fat that my ear fails to follow him, "How can follow the flight of song?" Was not Garbina addressed amusing? I think the ac-

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
Professor.
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS, PH. D.,
Director of the Herbarium.
HAVEN METCALF, A. M.,
Instructor.

PROVIDENCE R I, Oct 3, 1888

My Dear Deane,

I hope somewhat against
Lure, to be down in Boston on Friday
next. I have business in the city
that will detain me till 2 or 3 P. M.,
after which, if you are home, I shall
love to run out and see you, take
a dish of Tea with you - and come into
the solemn conference of botanists. Tell
me if my plan is feasible; You can
omit the description of Thea if un-
desirable - and all that in connection
it stands for, I seriously - I should like
to rest before the tree - and may so
far will trespass on your patience.

Lick o'fat today - until just now -
5 P. M. Do you know that kind
of a specially compassionate fly that
- as it nears, takes off his coat, rolls
up his sleeves, wades in - and wades
around all over the room, singing a
"Hot Time." A purposeless, cursedly one -

My friend Christ of Bile, a raging Protestant, fills his letters with prayers
that he will win his own religion. Lately in the Spanish language. He would
me to interfere
with President
McK! ! !

getic "horrible loss of a" fly; a de-
mon of unrest; a lother and a
love? Do you know him? He has
been after me all day, D.D. Devilish

Diptera. Margaret is a glorious
creature - a thing of joy; in the
half-bloom of June maiden-hood,
Innocent & pure as a wild-rose,
a delightful vision.

Mrs Bailey begins in
Boston tomorrow, I am reading Plessen-
son's wonderful Letters from Samson,
I wish he had written some more of
em, Paulus the carnal pun.

Found the other day on a waste
heap a grand specimen 4° & 5° high
of Dipsosaurus sylestria. You know
my love of waifs, the gannets and
straps of vegetable life, sometimes they
are of the Kingdom, often not.

My Dear, goodbye!
Never say die!

Remember me daily -

The Rheumatic Bailey,
Lost Liberty B.
Is much better for me.

Yours ever phat.

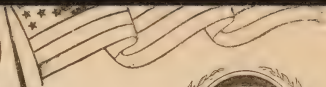
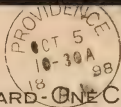
My Dear ~~Friend~~

Don't say a word; it is all
right. I shall somewhere find a rest-
ing spot — if I can at all — which is
ever doubtful. I am as much obliged
as if I were to curl up on your feet
again! I know what it is to have
an earthquakey house, I have been there.
I have cheeked to write myself in such
a d-d uncomfortable manner.

Yours ever

Nov. 5, 1896

W. M. B.



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Mr Walter Deane -

29 Brewster St

Cambridge.

Mass



Providence, Dec 6, 1898.

My Dear Deane, Since the mountain cannot go to Mahomet, the prophet must come to the acclivity, & though profit rarely comes to me in any form, Ever since that ere I lost you I have been practically bed-ridden - and am even now confined to the house, You, who now take a birds-eye view of the field of nature, must stamp upon me a summary of the occurrences therein, How are you and yours? How the Club? How are you and yours? How are you of these in these latter days? Drop a line to the drowning. Any thing in prose or worse will do, I hope to resume my duties on Jan 3^d, but just now the prospect is not bright. Mrs B. goes to Boston each day in all weathers. Regards to Mrs Deane -
Yours ever W. W. B.

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Walter Deane - Esq
29 Brewster Street
Cambridge -
Mass.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

December 26, 1895.

My Dear Walter,
Peace; goodbye!
I threaten to thank you in the
name of the little family for the
brave words of remembrance, we
also hope that you and Mrs.
Deane had a "bloomin'" Christ-
mas with baskets of good cheer.

Though painfully sick on the
24th I was up yesterday and
managed to eat my turkey, I had
to draw the pudding time at the
turkey, Prudence I fore-went,

We had no tree. but the
usual give and take of presents,
None of mine here of a technical
nature, I am now hoping to be
well enough to take up my duties
on the 2^d prox, It has been first
Christmas! A Happy New Year
to you both! Sincerely in Flora

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

Providence - Dec 31st 1895

My Dear Deane,

I had a most enthusiastic note of praise from your Better Two. friends, which I hasten to prove that I do not deserve, Witness the enclosed sentences. My "Long" is nearly at an end, Next Tuesday we, nominally begin again on Prospect Hill, but really we do not get under way for several days. There is the new registration to take place of much detail to be attended to, the loss time in getting under weigh - but it seems unavoidable. How have I spent my vacation? I give you a record of one of my hell days - or wellish, as detailed by a skilled reporter, a La Busch with his Bismark,

This distinguished savant, who we understand is also a writer of indifferent verse and a dabbler in water-colors, arrived at 7- A. M.,

has on his free and hands,
dresses - and reads his Journal
till breakfast, which is at eight.
At this meal he has one finger
cup of coffee, a roll, an egg, or a
muffin. After breakfast, having no
share, he checks his postal, at
times himself in art of love viz,
and proceeds to the University where
he secures a part of his mail.
Here also he passes the news
and jokes of the day with his
colleagues. Refreshed by social
converse and intellectual attention,
he next proceeds to the Athenaeum
to try for some book, which is in
various art. Next he proceeds
to the market of trade - and then
returns to his humble home.

By this time he is exceedingly
Kai ra porara arger, and repairs
on his lounge to read some
light novel. Upon, he jumps
to his desk to catch a capital-
offence idea, Pinning it to paper

3. He returns his trifling book, it may be said,
Eubynus like he returns, but in the last hour
is not without a few lines. At 11:30 - by direction
of medical man, comes whiskey and milk, at
1:30 the professor takes a special luncheon of
white fish, 8 o'clock a supper, the change has milk
the afternoon is a repetition of the menu; the one
of the afternoon, By 5:30 P.M. the bed and wash
get in some very handsome work and the servant
- a man of few words - but precise Microscopist, begins
darning to bed, 9:30 P.M. to 4:30, P.M. in
books, boning, uphanging, with glasses in the "Lent
of conversation", such is the record of a day. The
All the nights are unbroken, 'How then to you bed!'
Good luck to you, Hoppy, 'How then to you bed!'
Barnes son, W. W. Bailey

W. W. B. in certain cases - but others
I have no other will be good.

Jan W. W. B.

Providence - Jan 9. 1899.

Dear Deane, I am at work again, go-
ing ahead at full steam, fresh draught
I feel first rate (for me). Today I gave
three lectures - interviewed the acting Pres.
wrote an article - etc. "something attempted,
something done, to win a night's repose". I wish
I may get it. Rhoda is at hand, my
personal belief is - that if he desire to retain
non-professional subscribers, he will have to in-
crease some ecology, exploration; anything to
make it readable. It is all well for use, but
desperately dull for the amateur. Your little piece
has what we that interest me. The systematic things
are important to

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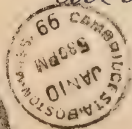


Mr Walter Deane -

29 Brewster Street -

Cambridge -

Mass.



BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

February 10, 1899-

My Dear Deane,

Last night Maxey Hall, B. U., caught fire and the Botanical Dept is temporarily in bad shape. The fire, which was very obstinate, was in the top of the building - and he lost all our economic exhibit, the herbarium was well wetted down through ceiling and on floor - but only one case of plants was injured and that only slightly. The floor was a pond. Books - some of them fine, like Engler & Prantl, Verner & Oliver, Century Atlas - etc; more or less soiled, he has saved all the apparatus in very fair shape. Our charts are not improved by the washing. The room looks like the second day out at sea - nasty. The floors are shining with wet plaster and charcoal; beads of cold sweat hang on the walls. Papers litter the floor.

I had a very anxious evening I assure you and thought all was gone, but have cause to be thankful. It need ought to renovate the room. Pray - wasn't I too present of 'em? I hope we will not elect a new Pres. often if his absence is to be followed by such a bon-fire. Metcalf asked about all night - like a Cassobianco - "where are all the seeds had fled?" and he and Collins are busy nursing the wounded and shivering the dying. Darn it all; I forget, I saved my trachea, crackers, ginger-snaps and cheese. Great in the house but where is the profit? Think how happy we are on the West! Yes (the good)

have heard from Carina Marina, sitting alone
amidst the ruins of Carthage.

Our classes are of course suspended; all
this with the mercury rising the full- and
the mind musing around the camera, why
should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Travelling, over the

Wm Whitman Railway

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

February 16, 1899-

Dear Dear,

Your friend, my air
wife, was stalled in the
big snow-storm, for twenty-three
hours at Sharon, in an
attempt to reach Providence!
Perhaps it is quite un-nec-
essary to add that she has
not felt or warmed by the New
Haven Company during that
time. Oh, she saw a Provi-
dence man run over by a train.
Her experience is active and
graphic - I am back at the
opt stand, doing a botanical
pithing business. Trade is look-
ing up. We lost all our fruits
berries, and flies. The herbain
was practically saved. The Lodi-
etc had a slight netting off

parastha rescued in fair con-
dition - Books and charts
suffered. he shall get some-
thing by way of insurance -

Thursday Dr Collins -
Hale, and myself, met in
solenm conclave over my
new book. I read and they
commented, now and then
the author interpolated notes
which appeared to amuse
his audience - Today I don't
feel at all jaunty, the wife
called Lumbago has me
by the os coccygia - and
wrenched and pinched as
if it were not my tail he
is pulling -

Laura
Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

March 3, 1879.

My Dear Walter,

Your little friend,
our darling Margaret, is
ill with scarlet fever - this
week past, she is, thank
the good God! - doing well,
Indeed, she is, for me with
this cruel sickness, very com-
fortable. Always her gentle
self - she calls to me as I
pass through the hall, I can
not see her, I am, indeed,
guaranteed in my attic, so
that I can go to my classes;
this by authority of the health
officer. Mrs Bailey is, of course
cut off from her work in Boston
and our expenses are tre-
mendous, we have a travel
nurse - and Mrs Bailey's mother
is here, Robinson was sent

off to another house - and
is homesick, poor lad, but
all right. Despite the
gloom - the ~~burden~~, the
anxiety - I feel deeply
grateful that our little one
gives good promise of recovery.
She is infinitely dear to me
and to many. God keep her
with us! Personally I am
beginning to keep out of bed
to which my aching toes
incite me. I lectured yesterday
on "Coxsack-pollenation"
and sowed so well. But I
am ill - and there is no
mistake. Collins continues
gives me much anxiety. He
has been hoarse nearly all
winter with tracheitis. If we
could only free him from his
shop duties - and give him
Buenos Aires! With love to Mrs
Deane
Yours truly & truly
W. M. Bailey

Providence - Mr 7. 1889

My Dear Walter, Our little one is doing
very well; is cheerful and happy, erect
looking, rejoicing from her bed! I feel too glad
for judicious tutelage, that is still at a rel-
ative, Mrs Bailey is shut off from Boston
- just when she needs the income, and I am
doing my work as usual, Of course I cannot
see May - but she calls to me, and I do her
errands and visit things to bring her.

Metcalf is going to leave me & and I hope
to have Collier in his place and get him
out of the shop, In the absence of a Pres, however,
the authorities often offend to originate anything,
Yours as W. W. B.

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Mr Walter Deane -

29 Brewster Street

Cambridge -
Mass.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

March 21st 1899,

"The Equinox"
Look out for storms about this
time, Francis Almanac,

My Dear Deane,

I should have sooner
written for Margaret in reply
to yours which she so much
appreciated. She is doing first-rate,
singing and happy - and en-
joying her weeks with a coarse-
textured goat. Behold it is
I who know what that means.
One time this autumn I could
have eaten both nails and cream,
Don't omit the cream. Nails are
poor without it. Mrs. has quite
a daily ovation. She sits at
the receipt of many flowers -
and multitudinous notes. Of course
she cannot respond. The other

day her whole school sent her
a big box of flowers, accom-
panied by their autographs
and songs. I repeat for her
in verse - as follows -

Unlike Pandora's box of old
which only grieves sorrow held,
until beneath the weight of sin
Sweet Hope has seen to smile
within.

This box outside a hope reveals,
And naught of evil else conceals,
A casket full of precious ware
And jewels rich beyond compare,
Yet, sweeter than each floral gem
The thoughtless love which comes
with them,

Recorded on the lengthened scroll
all verbal and signal, I now
behold,

Though all the heartless souls
may fade,

Of this, dear friends, be not afraid,
Henceforth the record that you give
will cause each flower again
to live,

Prudence is there at another house - and
quite homocidic nature, Poor boy! I know
how it feels, debated with it early.

He lost his deep love been a trial
of course, why for hyacinths find we
cannot to come it; I hate it that what
may have departed them, and in early flower
that solaces we fast, blessed is to leave
as for love, I hope to leave Cordelia
in his place, saving him to see that I would
see him and feeling the dead man I know
in the place, when I find our affairs are in
the hands of fate, that best regards to me
of the dead it never -
I have seen friends
and friends
and friends

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
Professor,
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS, Ph. D.,
Curator of the Herbarium
HAYDEN METCALF, A. M.,
Instructor

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 5, 1899

Dear Deane,

I have written to
Ternstedt to ask him to secure
good words of commendation from
Goodele, Robinson, Greenman - etc.
about Mr. J. F. Collins.

I cannot nicely tell you till
the end of next week the whole
of the story. Suffice it that Collins
- to make room for an irresolute
but man whom I do not want -
and had no idea of even suggesting,
is threatened with dismissal -
just to get the money to pay the
other fellow. For a week I've been
leading a night and day fight
against this outrage and I don't
see this to a soul - have over
half the Executive Board pledged
to back me up. Think of a man
clothed for a few months only with
the toga, having the gall to

changes in the personnel of
my Department - not even con-
sulting me; then letting me ten
days after he had written to
Cobden - what he had done,
The Board of confirmation meets
the 12th - Now I want testimonials
from you all - on a sort of warrant-
writ - on Harrowd paper, not
in form of protest, mind; that would
get me into trouble, but letting in
strongest terms what you know
of Collins. I must have the paper
by Wednesday next, Mr Collins
does not, and must not know
of the fight till we bury the pos-
sible dead, If he knew
that for ten days I have waded
day and night, in pain and in-
somnia, intervening, telegraphing, rais-
ing the very devil, he might readily
dump over all my work, Hence,
silence is golden, But I count on
the aid of you all, Arnold Green
is in it with me, God works to cheer
Dean, "Lord! how this world is given
to trying," Yours ever - Bulfinch

Brown Green testifies to Judge Duffee one of the
Brown, that it would take some
BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.
W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
Professor
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS, Ph. D.,
Curator of the Herbarium
HAVEN METCALF, A. M.,
Instructor.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 7th 1899

Dear Deane - Yours rec'd, I thank!
I am, with the help of two Trustees,
members of Executive Board, making
an heroic fight. They think they have
three others at least pledged, but
the meeting next Friday will tell. I
am really crazy with anxiety.
The facts in brief are these, two
months ago when Metcalf announced
his intention to leave, I put in an
application for Collins to combine the
office of Curator and Instructor, the
Active President told me some one
(I know now it was himself) objected
that Collins was not a graduate
and had not taught, I replied that
he has one degree honoris causa, and
if the degree meant anything, they
expressed competence. Moreover, that
Collins had taught, and of captivity
well; on record so in President's Report
for 1897, I had him there!
I have now my friends, the Prov
letting me nothing would be done
this May 12 - and got promises of
support. Judge then my surprise and

Very do something, I think; our correspondence is not to blame. My own letter was
present knowledge of my position. You may read all the Boston W. M. B. paper.

indignation when, upon my return
from an excursion on the 29th inst,
to find a letter from Ross Clark, say-
ing he had offered the place to C. P.
Worth, a graduate of three years, now
in California - and whom I had said
I did not want! Later I learned that
to get him - he had offered \$1000
and to get the money, would turn Collins
out! I have protested deeply - and
quickly telegraphed to the Union him-
self by advice of a Trustee, with with-
out saying "Danvers you know the
negotiations etc". My reply was "Letter
a surprise to me, not accountant with
my plan". Then I wrote him in full
and now I am writing, half wild, or
my gaze for the secession of Friday.
I have secured Collins in place ten-
guarantistly, but that is not all. I
must have the Trustee
brother! If this other man is appointed
- it will be simply hell every minute
Think of it! having to meet a man every
day that you have plainly told he is
persona non grata! Clark's action
will be outrageous for an actual Pres;
for an ad interim - It approaches the
outline of drenched impudence, Now
cannot some one sketch a portrait, even
if he doesn't absolutely know, in regard
to Collins' attitude as a Trustee? Perhaps

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
Professor.
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS, Ph. D.,
Curator of the Herbarium.
HAVEN METCALF, A. M.,
Instructor.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1881

What do you think? After passing
through business trials and the
fire and flood of Maxcy, the MS
of my "Botany" was about $\frac{1}{3}$ ^d
destroyed last week in the big
fire in Boston, when Boston showed
the scorched poppy - and it came
over me how Mephisto was after me,
I had to laugh! Collins and I
spent all yesterday afternoon in
re-arranging, re-writing, and pre-
paring and we will go again
to press at once, But I do think
that the fates are rather hard
upon a poor harmless devil - who
has done them no great harm,
Rusby's contribution almost all
destroyed, The illustrations are
safe. Have just been with my
daughters they seven miles into the
country - where we listened to Jack-
in-the-pulpit, saw bell-verts and
four species of violets - and simply
revelled in nature and each other.
Yours ever - W. W. Bailey

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Instructor

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 12 1899

Dear Deane,

The nasty riper
whose name is B. F. Clarke, Prost
professor - Prof of Mechanics, is scolded,
not smoked, I want to utterly
crush his whole vertebrate system -
if he is of the higher order.

The Cawling letters confirmed
Collins as Curator, my word is
given - and he are left to gather
testimony for him as a Teacher,
Nothing is asked about the other
fellow, I say - their whole thing
is a damnable insult to me, It
is not settled and my friends
still hope, Would you believe it?
Wott had the gall to telegraph
his acceptance - after receiving
my letter in which I told him no
gentlemen ever do so, fancy
my having to meet him every day!
My Rhode friends have done
nothing and will not let up,
Personally I am almost wild -
Yours always Wm Bailey

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PROVIDENCE R. I. May 24 1899

Dear Deane,

Prex was hot for Nott,
Nott got when the pot was hot,
Prex would have shot, but now
I hot to know the rot was
not a blot - or even dot or
spot that could injure Collins,

After a months campaign
the enemy is routed even beyond
the fear of guerrilla warfare, yes-
terday the Executive and Ad-
visory Board of the Trustees con-
curred in my entire programme,
Collins was nominated for both
Instructor and Curator, Please
do not give any printed publication
or utter any word arising to the
matter till after June 23rd, Nomin-
ations must be confirmed by the
Corporation, as a matter of fact
they always are, My dear fellow,
you can have no idea of the
intricacy of my fight, of the present

energy with which my friends and
I have contended, of the liter-
ary assistance enquired, of the noble
support I have had.

As old Tackleton says -
"I crunch my cricketer!" The Pro-
tem has been so mean, but I
chuckle over his discomfort -
My dear fellow, there is a God
in Heaven!

Yours as honest
Benny

Rockaway House -

East Gloucester - Mass.

August 11, 1899.

Deane-us Mens Carula,

Twee rectus, Ili sum,
Temi ad hanc villam yesterday,
Enderver ege davei spadp tis
severely old, and at Magnolia saw
mat Bailer enter the chae and
quite surprised her by a hail.

I am just back from a
three week trip with Collins as
far as Chicago - where I was detained
by illness for a week. Collins' my
journey was a triumph. It had for
its object to see and study the
botanical plant of various institutions.
We put in a day in New York with
Bulter visiting Bronx and seeing all
things there, outside and in, the suc-
cess of Columbia. Then we sailed by
day of the Hudson, spent a night
in Albany, saw the former state capital
of etc. Next day, Aug 21st we took the
Empire State Express for Niagara Falls,
putting in Sunday at the sublime
spot. There we saw all that it
was possible to see, we stayed at the

Columel House - and can
comment it. Neither of us had
ever seen the big fellows. They are
beyond my wildest dream. We
expected great extensions - but they
are there still. Leaving Niagara
we went by Michigan Central
through Canada to Detroit, and
then to Chicago. I found Bauer
awaiting us in a down-town
of mind, with him was Prof. Mark
J. B. Brown, who took me in
and did for me during my en-
tire stay, Carter, Patterson - etc
Saw a big plant, the second B.
Lectures - and saw all his outfit,
Botanical with Charles in South
Chicago on the premises. Collins
now accompanied him on a trip
to the Lakes. By the way, the
flora here we met with joy,
Spina of *Amorpha*, *Eupatorium*,
Petalostemum - etc, growing, not
breast, sunny; all about Lake
Michigan. Cobble, *Lithospermum*,
via - *B. cyrtoloma*, *Antennaria*,
Camelina - etc, all various, grow

3
as they do here at the moment. How about the
old idea of their heading south? I was surprised to
see this has been - but we expect to see a lot of
Cottles or young *Antennaria* - who thought me to have
friends here. When we went to Erie, Pa., where we
took a *Golden* exhibited we then drove. To-day we
passed by Lake Erie R. R., along between Lake
fronts of *Antennaria*, *Thalictrum*, *Spina* *fruticosa*, about
which we took a. Put in two hours that day at
West Point, and started home about with Bauer and
Collins. There is my old home here, and myself,
John Day, that a big party, and myself,
have been with me the night after the storm. The
idea of us was not some one here, but
here a separate colony put by the hotel, and, that
at night, Spina and Bauer - when to have seen
anyway and still have - when to have seen
anyway and still have

Rockaway House -

East Gloucester, Mass.

Aug 14. 1899

Amicus carissimus,

How very funny,
and what a little world it is,
and how few are the elect that
dwell therein! Yea, it is possible
for them to all know each other,
hence your meeting with Delobran
who is one of our inner circle and
who is an especial friend of Mrs
Bailey. He is of Belgian origin,
his father, a rich manufacturer,
owned about all Conway, Mass.,
and left untold descendants,
and himself is rich and a bachelor.
Those who know us here
say high are a scholar. Two years
ago he filled the place of Anna-
letters at Harvard - while at
that in Germany, at the same
time he filled the chair of Pre-
history. He is full of invention and

resource. Personally I know
him mainly as a jolly fellow
- very entertaining among a crowd
of such. He helps Isabel
live and die live with Mossy
tell the latter's flitting to Chicago,
Brany, Isabel and Leth. see
one an peculiar crowd, and
only D. remains, Leth is at
Edinboro Univ. His brother and
himself occupy parts of the same
chair - or better, You should
have seen Peggy in "Alice" in
the Mal Sea Party the other
night. She was capital, as
children were all the girls. Peg
is now quite a young woman,
two inches taller than her dad,
A splendid creature - and a
great favorite. Is it the habit
for Alice to go to become
deep red near the coast? How
it is simply splendid.
Yesterday the U.S.S.
"Maine" dropped in here for an

I have, but won't me around her, and let
the U.S.S. U.S.S. and U.S.S. U.S.S.
of which is best. U.S.S. U.S.S. U.S.S.
best was Victoria again with a pack of Chicago
If you see, though but in flower, a U.S.S. U.S.S.
at Washington U.S.S. was the U.S.S. U.S.S.
of U.S.S. U.S.S. U.S.S. U.S.S. U.S.S.
first high - it. U.S.S. U.S.S. U.S.S. U.S.S.
presents, and U.S.S. U.S.S. U.S.S. U.S.S.
one of the U.S.S. U.S.S. U.S.S. U.S.S.

Yours ever

Wm. L. G.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
Professor.
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS, PH. D.,
Curator and Instructor.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 15, 1899

My Dear Sir,

It may be said may grow
much in five years. Witness the Count
of Monte Cristo, Rip Van Winkle, Franklin
Barbarossa, and other heroes of history.
Beauty, however, shines through the
and shines up on stage, illuminating
and elevating genius. Collins and
I thought you would be surprised; we
did not anticipate the shock, Cross
history certainly does not improve
the complexion, still, that group, with
the face of affairs, is I am sure as once
known - when Rome was young, I am
sure of it! If not, turn to Page 113
and see how the world, to which I refer,
have been omitted, even any error be
met? My excellent reaction is in
consequence. The children, now in town, and
I, with the girl, or at least, like the
three immortal men, the nation.
I am just back from the great festival
meeting under Dr. Sumner, West Hall
day the Annual procession starts up in
appropriate music. This need, in my
opinion of course, I have been substituting by

an actual action of excretion; some
even a few years ago, Hobbs,
John, Johnson and plain Hell, will
not express or demonstrate the agony
of it, well, it had the grace to come
in vacation. You should see your friend
Margaret; great well, splendid creature;
a shy queen, Collins and I are full
of her for one year. Metcalf had
arrived out at Torr, promising, before
he went, He seems very happy.

Wife I like her very much,
I hope the pleasant impression will
continue, James Danson etc

Very truly yours
Wm Whitman Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
Professor,
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS, Ph. D.,
Curator and Instructor.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept 23, '99

My Dear Deane,

Churchill put in last
Thursday with us at the B. W. Herk,
the Bailey and the Collins Herk,
overhauling the Legumes. He filled
many barrels, then he took him ex-
ploring on the Case Herk and showed
him *Gusidella squarrosa*, *Cardium ac-
curata*, *Russellia triata*, *Antennaria Ludo-
viciana* - etc. He was radiant - and
even discolored with delight.

I am very at work again, the
have high hopes of Dr. Farnes - and
may be live and prove!

You should see your Peggy. Live
creature though I say as I should it,
Barnes writes a note approving the
acid book.

Yours

Bailey
W. W.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
Professor.
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS, PH. D.,
Lecturer and Instructor.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sep 28. 99

Tush, never tell me; I hate it much
unkindly. Despise me, if I do not,
'Tis the curse of service. Preferment
goes by letter and affection, what,
have you lost your vote? 'Tis better so
it is, where will you but I go to
answer this, your charge? Now what
the business? God be in you, I have
done; I humbly beseech you, proceed
to the affairs of state.

Coleridge, having run away with
Protestant's daughter, a more than
million's Lizzie, there also sketched
with my exordium. Hence, the Lizzie
It is a noble and Ramlin idea,
to have your name sub-scripted to the
multiple auto-graph of yourself as
furnished by that humor Collins. Al-
most am I persuaded to be a X's
and here it likewise done.

My hope at present is to see you
and the other Rosi-cruisers at
the spring of St. Boston next week,
Your friend Peggy is dining with
and now dining fair, by the way.

the true goldfish is made known.
Chamberlain, my son-in-law, is
also one of the Club, But, do you
rejoice - what the Consolidated has
done for us But mentions - by missing
of him? Either he must stay to suffer
or at the meeting, May I, this one
time, say damn! Did you see that
my old summer home, the Grand
View had gone up in smoke and
flame? It is still doubtful if the
House survive their injuries. I had
many friends there at the time. Had
he been there - the chances seem
good for our roasting live herrings. A
fire took the roof of the summer
hotel - and the end is not yet.

The same day came the news
of the drowning - while botanizing alone,
of my dear friend Mrs. Prof. Bates
Anthony - of Bates College - Lewiston,
Maine - a very great shock.

With regards to Mrs. Deane

Your old - and still older

Friend

W. W. Burley

Providence - Oct 6, 1899

My Dear Deane,

I had intended as you'd been told
To be with you all this guest night,
But 'tis raining and blowing like very -
Hades,
And going to Boston would not be right,

Last eve I saw more than usual ill
As Maggie Fleming perhaps might say,
And so, I could not meet the bill,
I'm little improved in guest today.

The other fellows conclude to go
For they are young and never shy -
Perhaps their characters you know,
I wish for an ocean, or not I!

Well then I see then the pot o' beans,
The fine raw oysters done in ice,
The salad of lettuce and other greens,
Tentative potatoes - and all so nice,

What have I done as a Botany man,
That I too cannot have my fling?
This human life is but a span,
Why must I cease to laugh and sing?

The medical men my pulse they feel,
Look wise, and ask to see my tongue
But lend a bit my neck they heel
I wish the Faculty well 'twing!

I smoke my pipe, compound it all
And think of Paul and Walter Dean
I wish that they could come to call -
Grant thanks for, but we'd have a
scene

Yours doggerelly
W. W. Bailey



BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE, R.I.

December 26, 1899

My Dear Deane,

Many thanks, old man,
for all your pleasant remembrances
for me and mine, I hope you had
a most jolly Christmas - and may
in the New Year flourish like the
green bay horse tree; we had a very
jovial time - and in consequence
I lay awake all night counting the
interminable hours. I do not know
when I shall see thee again - but
when I do I shall hug thee as of
old, thy slave to command -

Wm Whitman Bailey
To dear Deane we all send good
regards,